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The Australian

July 1, 1964
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 1/-

THE BEATLES ON TOUR
Pages 9-11

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Visiting cookery expert Marguerite Patten is very impressed with the high standard of cake decoration in Australia.

"WE do a lot of cake decorating in England," she told us, "and I have seen decorated cakes in many parts of the world . . .

"But I have never seen such fine, delicate work as I have here. The flowers are so beautifully executed that they seem to float!

"Before I leave Australia, I'm going to learn how you do such beautiful work."

Mrs. Patten has already spent some of her free time between demonstrations in watching our best cake decorators at work.

★ ★ ★

IT will be a long time before author R. A. Moncrieff opens this issue of our paper and sees his story "The Oak Tree" (page 35).

At the moment Mr. Moncrieff is somewhere in the middle of Simpson's Desert, that lonely and almost unknown stretch of land between Birdsville and Alice Springs.

With a companion, he set off from Toowoomba at the end of May for an expedition across this notorious desert (where, it is thought by many, lie the bones of the ill-fated explorer Leichhardt).

The reason for his trip: to collect material for future stories — and, as he says himself of the desert, "It has a fascination that never leaves a man and calls him back again and again."

Our Cover

● This is a Birthday Beatle: Paul McCartney celebrated his twenty-second birthday in Sydney last week. Our cover picture, taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow, shows Paul (note his fashionable boots, too) surrounded by some of the congratulatory telegrams, letters, and presents which flooded in from all over the world. Gifts from Australian admirers mostly had a local flavor — boomerangs, koalas, and kangaroos — with a few Scandinavian trolls for good luck, as well.

SYDNEY model Justine McCarthy — who originally wanted to be a nurse —is now rapidly climbing to international modelling success overseas (see pages 4 and 5).

It took Justine exactly two years of hard work and determination in Sydney to save her air fare to Europe. It took exactly two days in London for her to be signed by leading agent Peter Hope-Lumley.

Next month Justine flies to Paris to spend three weeks modelling the Autumn Collections exclusively for a prestige English magazine . . . and it was just two weeks ago that she left her family and country for the first time.

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New bells for St. John's

St. John's Church of England.

A CHIME of eight bells, specially cast in England, is soon to be installed in the historic church of St. John the Baptist, in Canberra, as a gift from the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, in memory of his late wife.

Lady De L'Isle died at Government House on November 16, 1962, only 15 months after taking up residence in Australia.

Canberra residents are delighted at the form Lord De L'Isle chose for the memorial.

With an octave range, the bells will be able to chime a wide repertoire, uniting the community in calls to prayer and pageantry and sending tidings of gladness—and, at times, sadness—echoing for miles.

It's planned that ceremonial openings of Parliament will be among State occasions they'll proclaim.

Installation of the chime, which will be dedicated by the Primate of Australia, Dr. H. R. Gough, on September 17, is coinciding with an appeal by the Rector of St. John's, Archdeacon F. M. Hill, for £5000 to restore sections of the 120-year-old church in urgent need of repair.

Maintenance and restoration work on the tower include reshingling the steeple.

St. John's suffers acutely from birds in the belfry.

They swarm in through holes in the old shingles and menace the tower with heavy deposits of bird lime. Deposits up to 15in. deep have to be cleared from the flooring every few years.

Archdeacon Hill said the £5000 could be raised without great difficulty in the parish.

But because St. John's has so long been such a widely loved landmark, donations are being sought from well-wishers throughout the Commonwealth and in England.

A book with subscribers' names will be kept in the archives of St. John's, but the amount of individual donations will not be stated.

The picturesque bluestone and sandstone church, with cedar fittings, is the best part of a century older than Australia's Federal Capital, which has grown up round its gates.

Many of the beautiful English and European trees which help to make "exiles" feel at home in Canberra owe their existence to the Rev. Pierce Galliard Smith, Rector from 1855 to 1906.

Old-timers say he went round with his pockets filled with imported seeds, lovingly planting them all over the parish.

St. John's owes its start to Robert Campbell, Sydney Free-Settler merchant and original owner of "Duntroon," a sheep-run in the Limestone Plains - Canberry Creek district. He named the property after Duntroon Castle, the Campbell family seat in Scotland.

By MARY COLES

The homestead area of "Duntroon" is now the site of the Royal Australian Military College.

With Campbell backing, the foundation stone was laid in 1841 and the church, with seating for a congregation of 200, was completed in 1844.

Besides being rich in links with early Australian history, the little church is also a shrine for a stone from Westminster Abbey.

The baptismal font has a cover with crosspieces of wood from the altar rails of a church in Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, where Nelson's father was vicar at the time of the Admiral's birth.

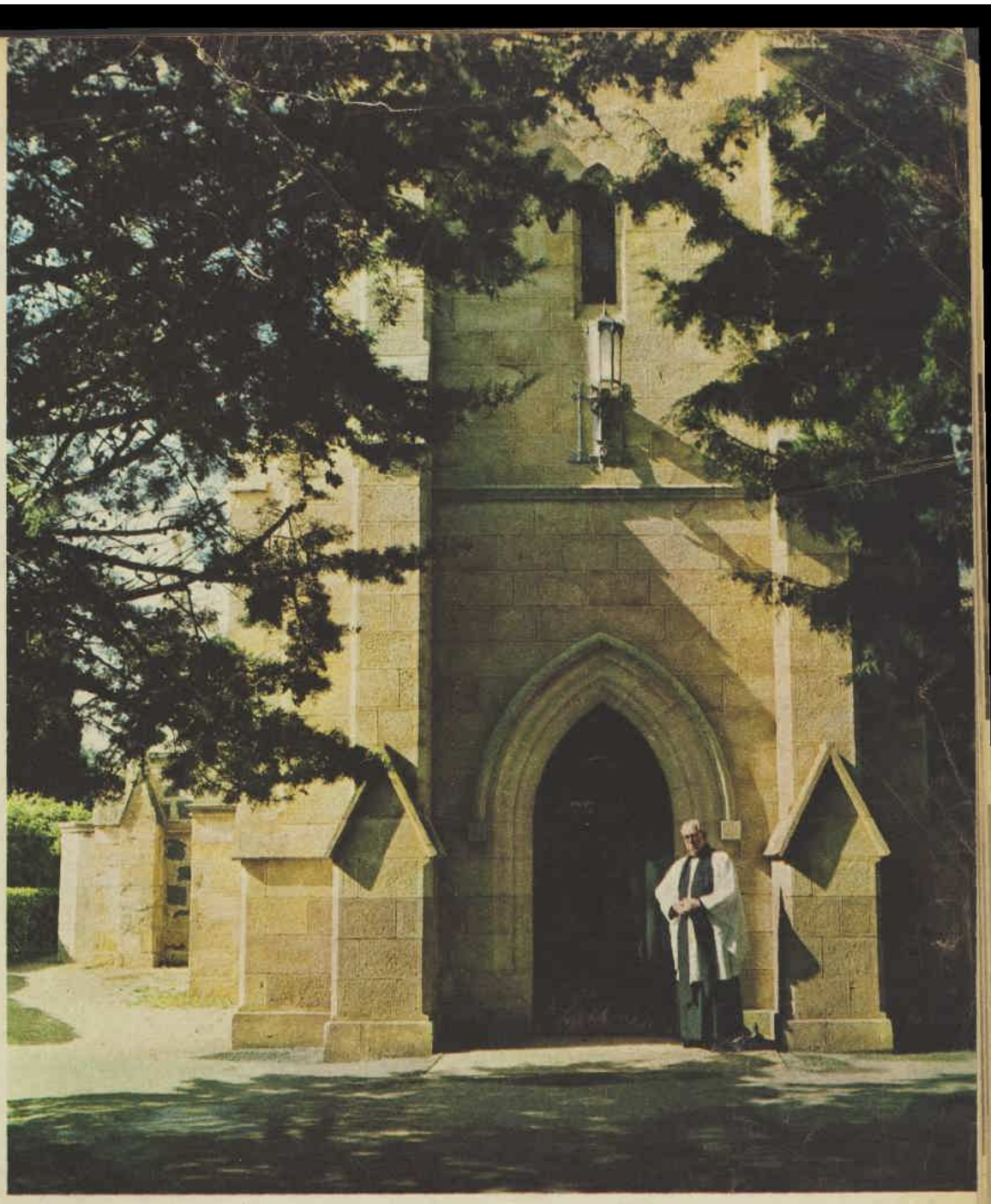
Two little windows in the tiny vestry were assembled from fragments of cathedral stained glass collected on Somme battlefields by a former rector, the Rev. F. G. Ward, during World War I.

In a lighter vein there's an original pew with the inscription A KNOX LLB.

It's believed to have been scratched (prophetically) in 1878 by Sir Adrian Knox, a former Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, when he was a lad.

The chime presented by Lord De L'Isle will replace a small "clanger" cast in 1854.

Besides summoning to worship, the old bell rounded up generations of children to attend lessons in the Old Schoolhouse, built next to St. John's in the 1840s and now used as a Scout hall.



RECTOR of St. John's, Archdeacon F. M. Hill, at the entrance porch.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

ARCHDEACON HILL (right) and Mr. C. J. Shakespeare, of Canberra, at the Guise family vault, earliest (1844) grave in St. John's. The churchyard is closed as a cemetery except for interments on sites already reserved.

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ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN

Homesickness

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Justine McCarthy, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., currently top model in the world of London fashion magazines, owes some of her success to a bout of homesickness.

EXPERIMENTAL SHOT of Australian model Justine McCarthy, taken by London photographer Michael Boys. Excited about her quality — "the ideal type for the new look" — he persuaded her to change her style. He took this test picture in an English wood.

"I WAS flying round the world on my way to New York to try my luck with the Eileen Ford model agency when I was overcome with the most incurable homesickness," the 18 - year - old Sydney model told me.

"First stopover was Hong Kong, and it was new and exciting. But when I flew on to Athens it was not Greece I was looking at but my own miserably sad face in the mirror.

"I had never been away from home before, and I was overwhelmed with longing to be back there.

"So I cancelled my plans, packed, and flew direct to Paris, where I stayed with friends, then came to London with only one idea—to go straight back home again."

Then Justine's destiny was changed by Peter Hope Lumley, who runs one of the most successful and live-wire model agencies in Europe.

"What you need, Justine, is plenty of work to take your mind off your homesickness," he told her, and straight away sent her on the rounds of magazines.

So successful did the beautiful Justine become that she now spends every waking hour in front of the cameras.

In order to interview her, I had literally to sit on the doorstep of her Chelsea flat round about midnight to catch her coming in.

It took a fortnight of torrential rain which washed out camera work to break into one of her days and to photograph her.

"Justine is booked solidly every day, including weekends," Peter Hope Lumley told me when I asked where I could find her.

"She has gone to the top quicker than any other model girl, either Australian, English, or French. And I'm persuading her to stay with us and postpone going to New York, at least for this season."

Justine told me:

"I'm fascinated with my work and I so love London I've forgotten all about my homesickness."

Peter Hope Lumley, who is a nephew of the internationally famous dress designer Captain Molyneux, and his pretty secretary, Jill, took Justine under their wing.

"It is so nice to have a good agent to lean on," Justine said.

The English photographers did the rest.

"She's a natural," said Michael Boys excitedly. "She's breathtaking and one of the best models I have ever worked with.

"She is the ideal type for the new look for London—so very young and at the same time so sophisticated.

"She poses extremely well and has all the qualities of an actress."

FIRST PICTURE of Justine published in London, which appeared in "The Tatler." She has had her hair cut now and builds it up as required with hair pieces.

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HITS THE TOP

drove her (en route home) to London triumph

As well, Justine's praises were being sung in the offices of the social glossy "The Tatler." The magazine's fashion editor, Unity Barnes, said:

"She has the clear good looks of Grace Kelly, is so wonderfully elegant and grown-up in sophisticated clothes, and so charmingly young and girlish in others.

"We just love her sweetness and her flair for fashion photography."

And Justine herself?

"I felt a provincial at first," she told me, "but I soon was more with it.

"I had felt stiff and my poses looked wrong and old-fashioned. I didn't realise how much I had to learn, and I'm grateful to Norman Eales, Michael Boys, Barry Lategan, and all the photographers I've worked with for the help they gave me.

"They encouraged me to 'go off my head'—and that's what I love to do in front of the cameras."

In this way—just letting herself go—Justine's pictures took on a more natural, carefree, and exciting quality.

Once she had made "The Tatler" she was well on the road to success with a fabulous pay rate per hour.

"Her pictures are so vibrant," was the comment. "People will always look twice at them."

She has had her hair cut to give her the boyish look she likes to achieve by just "flinging herself" everywhere.

"And I'm buying hair pieces to give myself the build-up for sophisticated hairdos," she said.

Her success in London soon led to foreign assignments.

"I flew to Germany just for the day," she said. "It was an experience working with a German photographer, who spoke to me in German and I replied in my fluent English.

"Nevertheless, we seemed to be in tune in front of the cameras and everyone was delighted with the shots."

Justine is off to Italy for a week for some fashion photography, and after that to Portugal.

With the Paris dress shows only two months away she is already heavily booked.

JUSTINE, looking unrecognisably grown-up in a "Tatler" picture.

"I would love to conquer Paris," she said. "I couldn't quite catch the spirit of it while I was there just as a tourist. But when I'm back in fashion work it will be quite different.

"I have been so lucky in London I don't know when I will go to New York now."

Down to earth

Justine has no illusions about her success.

"I soon learned to be completely detached from myself," she said.

"I feel sometimes I am two persons. One is Justine the model girl who must keep well in advance of new ideas and fashion. The other is myself.

"I lead a quiet life — contrary to what is expected of a model girl with a flat in Chelsea — and I work so hard there is little time to go out."

When Justine came to London she knew "exactly, absolutely nobody."

"After all, I was not expecting to be in London, so how could anybody be expecting me," she said.

Nicholas Cripps, a kinsman of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, whom she met at picnic races in Coonabarabran, N.S.W., where he was jackarooing, heard she was in London and immediately invited her to a country weekend in his beautiful home in Gloucestershire.

"He was waiting for his inheritance when in Australia, but I had no idea he had such a lovely home," she said.

"It is small by his standards and is a converted mill house with swans and green banks, lovely trees, and a whole raft of servants to look after his guests.

"Nicholas was just as helpful as Peter in getting me settled in London.

"He introduced me to one of his debbie friends who has a flat in Chelsea and wanted someone to share it.

"She only uses it as a pied-a-terre and goes home for weekends to her family in the country, so I have the flat to myself.

"As she goes to so many deb dances she isn't home until very late and she sleeps late.

"We have a large printed notice, 'Sleeping,' which I can put on the door handle of my room.

"This makes life together quite equable."

Justine, who was typed as a teenager before coming to London, said that one of the joys of working with photographers here is they don't "type" models.

"And that is what every model girl wants," she said.

PORTRAIT (above) of lovely Justine McCarthy, 18, by photographer Michael Boys. AT RIGHT: In raincoat and headscarf she leaves her Chelsea flat on a morning job.

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The Royal family steps out

● While nurses mind the new babies, members of the Royal family are again able to take their place in the British public scene, as these pictures show.

PREMIERE. The Queen arrives at the Festival Hall for the charity film showing, "An Evening With the Royal Ballet."

BANQUET. Princess Alexandra is accompanied by her host, the President of the Sudan, General Ibrahim Abboud, at the Dorchester Hotel, where he gave a banquet during his State visit.

DERBY. Princess Alexandra and her husband, Mr. Angus Ogilvy, with (left) the Duchess of Kent at Epsom.

RACE TRAIN. Royal racegoers in conversation at Victoria Station. From left: the Princess Royal, the Queen Mother, the Duchess of Kent, Mr. Ogilvy, and Princess Alexandra.

EPSOM. At the racecourse the Queen enjoys a talk in the sun with the Duchess of Norfolk.

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The likeable lads

It's understandable that The Beatles have put the scream into teenager. But no one can yet explain why four nice, average members of a nice, average singing group capture oldies, too.

PAUL McCARTNEY with Lord Mayor Cr. Curtis and presentation boomerang in Melbourne . . . The cherubic expression is a misleader, say our reporters; Paul's an imp.

EVERYWHERE The Beatles have gone in Australia it has been much the hectic same.

Simply by being a reporter interviewing them, Rita Dunstan, of our Adelaide staff, gathered a fan club of her own.

Teenagers outside their hotel swarmed round her wanting to touch the hand that had touched The Beatles.

"Did you touch them? Oh, show me," the girls cried.

During their four-day "occupation" of Melbourne The Beatles tore the dignified city wide open — and Melbourne loved it.

Freda Irving, of our Melbourne staff, attributes the "capture" to their enthusiasm, obvious enjoyment, spontaneity, and seemingly carefree attitude.

She said:

These qualities come out just as strongly in John, Paul, George, and Ringo when they're away from the stage.

You can't say "when they're off-stage."

For as long as there's any public around they're on their own personal stage, clowning and wisecracking.

Sharp as tacks, they puncture the pompous questioner, sidestep the tricky, turn the trying-to-be-clever back on himself, send up the stupid, and generally have a whale of a good time chiacking one another.

GEORGE HARRISON . . . wet hair made him look more than ever like a basset hound.

Whoever said that a silly question deserves a silly answer must have been thinking of the four likeable lads from Liverpool.

When you get them on your own, she says, you find they're hard workers and clear thinkers, with few illusions about themselves.

"We know we could be only a passing phase and we don't know how long the public will want that phase," said forthright George.

"If we did, we'd take bets on it," he added with a twinkle in his big brown eyes.

Close to, she found that George looks rather like a depressed basset hound, but his sudden smile lights up his sad expression like a shaft of sunshine.

George told her his future was in music, no matter what type.

"I don't know anything professionally about music, but I've learnt to play a guitar, and once you can play one instrument I reckon you can find your way on others," he said.

"Ringo and I have a lot of fun with our piano and our organ in our flat.

"How on earth did we get an organ into a flat? Well, it's a big flat, and the organ's not that big."

In Adelaide, Rita Dunstan was astounded when Paul paused at the Town Hall reception and said, "Hello, Rita . . . The Australian Women's Weekly. I've been reading you."

Then he grinned impishly at her astonishment and pointed to the name card pinned to her dress.

For the rest of their Adelaide stay Paul's cheeky "Hello, Reet" and "Goodbye, Reet" became a standing joke, a ritual he always observed.

Meanwhile George Harrison and our Adelaide photographer, Vic Grimmett, were getting maty through their common interest, photography.

George was out of a certain color film he wanted. Vic was able to give him a film to go on with, and from then on these two enjoyed a sort of flashlight friendship.

That's how it is with The Beatles, said Rita. If you can get near them it's instant friendship, but it can only come in flashes because of the tremendous demands made on them.

With everyone they meet they are patience personified, courteous, kind, and considerate.

Obliging

They are ready to do anything in their power to oblige fans and Press people who wait for hours to see them.

One thing Rita admired about all the boys was their effort not to give silly answers to silly questions even though they do like to fool around.

When a young girl told John Lennon that his book was the best thing she'd read since "Winnie the Pooh," John said, "I like 'Winnie the Pooh,' too."

At the Adelaide airport, Rita added, George took Vic Grimmett's picture with Vic's film, and "my little mate Paul" said he would like her to send him this story and the pictures.

Just before the door of the plane was closed, George took another picture and called, "Send me your address and I'll send you a copy."

As the plane took off, Rita admitted she had a bit of a lump in the throat as she said to Vic, "As far as I'm concerned, The Beatles can hold my hand."

Masculine

Robin Adair, of our Sydney staff, says that John Lennon could well be called The Strong Beatle.

He radiates an atmosphere of masculinity, and seems physically strong, with a compact, powerful-looking body, strong hands, and purposeful stride.

He has a strong face, too — its firm line accentuated by a nose that looks slightly flattened.

Despite his protestations that sport and physical exertion don't interest him, he looks the sort of bloke who'd be handy to have as a mate in a "blue."

John has a personality to match his apparent physical power.

He says what he thinks — often, it seems, rather bluntly, and his wit is as sharp as the proverbial razor.

Before meeting John, Robin added, he'd had reservations as to whether he had actually written the off-beat-funny book "John Lennon in His Own Write."

Now he's convinced John did.

And what of Ringo, that little figure which somehow gets every woman feeling maternal?

"I'll just go along with the others with what happens," he told Freda Irving in Melbourne, talking about the future. "But in the meantime the whole thing's grand foon and I'm looving it."

Ringo has been called the lonely, the shy, the sad, the ugly Beatle. But to many fans he's the greatest Beatle.

Kerry Yates, of our Sydney staff, says he seems smaller than his 5ft. 8in. ("You know, I'm only 2ft. 9in.," he joked), and with his long, long hair looks the truest Beatle of them all.

The golden-brown hair is silky-soft and seems to run at least two inches under his collar.

"I must admit I have to get it trimmed once in a while," he said. "Otherwise it would grow down to my ankles."

Reserved, yet friendly, with big blue eyes, Ringo's sudden shy smile makes him instantly likeable.

He brought his four favorite rings from his 3000 collection. He proudly displayed them—two gold and two gold-and-black onyx rings.

"The gold bands are my grandfather's and grandmother's wedding rings," he said, "and the other two are presents from special girls of the past."

Ringo was amused when someone asked him if he's trying to stamp-out hairdressers by growing his hair so long.

"As a matter of fact, I'm trying to promote them," he said. "When I get back to London I hope to open a chain of hairdressing salons."

But that was a joke, he said in Melbourne, explaining that, like George, he feels music is his future.

"You've got to say soomething, you know, when people keep on asking you things," he said with one of his droopy-mouthed smiles.

That remark of Ringo's tells you a lot about The Beatles, Freda Irving summed up.

They'll give you what they think you want, but they keep most of their personal feelings and outlook strictly to themselves. Very politely, but quite firmly.

Save for one thing — SLEEP.

Give a Beatle a few minutes off the chain and he's asleep in a chair, on a sofa, on a bed. Anywhere, in fact, that's handy.

Apart from these recurring catnaps, they sleep solidly most mornings right through to lunchtime, when they have breakfast.

That's why they're late for pretty well any appointment before 1 p.m.

RINGO STARR and rings . . . ugly face plus sudden smile equals instant likeability.

JOHN LENNON . . . an air of strength and dominance, with personality to match.

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Quartet for Didgeridoo

in B(eatle) key, of course

FANS have showered The Beatles with presents during their Australian tour. They seemed to like particularly the didgeridoos given them in Melbourne, where this picture was taken by staff photographer Les Gorrie. Other presents include opals, toy koalas, and boomerangs. After the riotous receptions in Melbourne and Adelaide, Sydney's welcome last Thursday was comparatively decorous, probably because many parents had been disturbed at sight of the frenzied crowds in other States on television. But the youngsters who did mob them, either at concerts or on arrival, screamed as ecstatically as more boisterous fellow fans elsewhere. When we went to press The Beatles hadn't seen much of Australia, except from planes. At each city visited they spent most of their free time in their hotel. But Australia has certainly seen The Beatles. After their New Zealand tour they return to go to Brisbane, and then leave for London from Sydney airport on July 1.

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JOHN LENNON in his Sydney hotel finds a familiar landmark on an illustrated map of his home town, Liverpool. The map, bearing a message of welcome, was presented by a travel organisation.

LUCKY FANS in Sydney — they were at The Beatles' hotel, and accidentally met Ringo leaving an informal Press conference. The Beatles rarely ventured out of their well-guarded penthouse.

Pictures by Keith Barlow and Barry Cullen.

GEORGE gave a pleasant surprise to a telephone caller to a room in The Beatles' hotel. The room was "borrowed" for a Press conference and George was closest to the telephone.

ALTHOUGH he can only roll over and bark (not Beethoven), Honey, pet of Margaret Smith, of Potts Point, N.S.W., was a bewigged fan, amusing crowds outside the first Sydney concert.

SOME fans in the audience at Sydney Beatle concerts screamed and writhed; others took it calmly. Less "with it" photographers crouching near the stage plugged their ears.

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The solution is Scholl Surgical Stockings. Light and seamless, these stockings cannot be seen under ordinary nylons, yet they give *scientifically accurate* support. Exclusive soft-grip top and instep afford complete wearing comfort.
With Scholl Surgical Hosiery you can get *genuine* relief without spoiling your appearance. All fittings in either nylon or elastic yarn, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.
N8880
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When children seem "nervy"
try this, mother, for recovery overnight

Most children don't realise the importance of keeping "regular". When they seem off-colour, grouchy or tired (or lose their appetite) wise mothers suspect temporary constipation. Keep the easiest answer in your medicine cupboard — Laxettes. Laxettes are squares of delicious chocolate that contain tasteless phenolphthalein, the gentlest, surest laxative known. Easy to give. Easy to take. No water. No spoons. No griping. No embarrassing urgency. Just Laxettes at night — and tomorrow an easy thorough motion and a happy, healthy child. Only 3/3 at your chemist, in a new pack that protects the chocolate. When Nature forgets — remember Laxettes.
LAX3

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS

WITH the arrival of winter chills snow fever has broken out in epidemic proportions. It is at the moment spreading like a plague and is proving more contagious than ever this year. The peak of the epidemic varies directly with the fall in the thermometer and if everything is right for ski-ing.

It is hard to get accommodation and even harder to park your anti-freeze-treated car —in fact, I wouldn't be surprised to see parking meters in the snow country one of these days. However, in spite of these small difficulties and the occasional breakdown at one resort of T-bars and chairlifts, you can't resist the snowfields when the surf beaches have no further hold on you.

Surprisingly enough, the girls with beautiful hairdos and bikinis who only paddle by the shore in summer have their counterparts at the snow—girls in the most up-to-date fashions complete with fur hats who never get their ski-pants wet.

And, contrary to the popular belief that at night skiers sit round log fires and sip gluehwein, the majority of them—in centrally heated lodges with a dying cigarette-butt the only blaze in the room—drink beer and twist and stomp until the early hours to the music of The Beatles.

★ ★ ★

THIS season's fashions at Thredbo, Perisher Valley, and Smiggin Holes are lovely. Skiers in pants and parkas in all the colors of the rainbow are vividly silhouetted against the snow-clad slopes.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the prettiest skiers was Dianne Klippel in an all-pink outfit which she bought in Switzerland, where she skied earlier this year. She teamed a rose-pink silk blouse with the palest pink ski-pants and a slightly darker parka. She stayed at Mittabah Lodge at Thredbo with Margot McKay, Libby Pilcher, Peter Stevens, David Barnett, and Carolyn Quist—who's now living in Canberra with her stepfather and mother, Commander and Mrs. Laurence Merson, at their new home in Red Hill.

SANDRA and JOHN LANCE spent ten days at Smiggins Hotel before going on to Thredbo, where they stayed at Thredbo Alpine Club with Sandra's sister Mrs. John Maude. John, an excellent skier, gave the girls, who are both beginners, a few ski lessons. Sandra, who looked smart in ice-blue ski-pants and a midnight-blue knitted sweater and matching hood, will make another trip with John to the snow in July. And later in the season, in August, Mrs. Maude and her husband will spend a couple of weeks at Thredbo.

★ ★ ★

SKIS from Switzerland along with ski-pants and parkas from New York and London were part of Mrs. Frank Barr-David's snow luggage. The former Cherrie Beaumont, she and her husband are spending a two-week honeymoon at the Coach House Inn, Thredbo, before going on to Melbourne, where they'll live in Toorak. They'll return to Sydney on September 4 for the marriage of Cherrie's sister Nicole to John Carter at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, and will spend another two weeks at Thredbo on their way home.

★ ★ ★

AND fellow newlyweds Paul and Patricia Despas, who honeymooned at Smiggin Holes for a fortnight, are just back and settling into their new garden flat at Vaucluse.

★ ★ ★

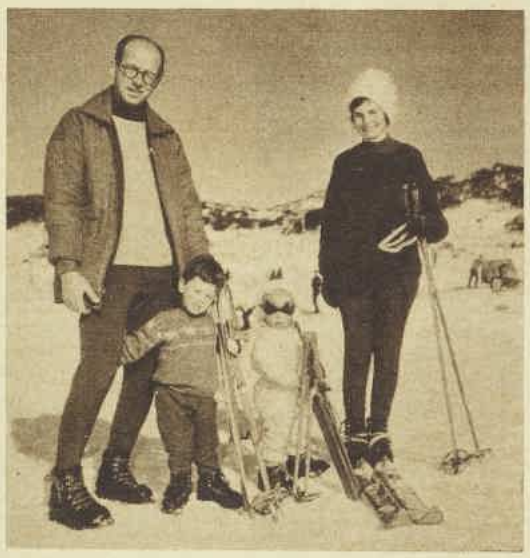
ONE of the highlights of the first week's season was the official opening of the Alpine Association of Australia's Redbank Lodge at Thredbo. The largest club in Australia, the Lodge has been built by all-voluntary effort over the past three years, and the committee hopes to add the finishing touches in the next year. After the Commissioner for the Snowy Mountains Authority, Sir William Hudson, had cut the ribbon at the Lodge entrance, seventeen children wearing colorful masks ran round the outside of the building, screaming, chanting, and making as much noise as possible. It's an old Austrian custom to frighten away the evil spirits and to ensure the safe-keeping of the people who use the Lodge.

★ ★ ★

MY tip to beginners — wear your socks under your ski-pants—never outside. To have them showing above your boots is very non-U and labels you a snow bunny!

—*ITA BUTTROSE*

SKI enthusiasts Miss Catherine Wood, of East Lindfield (left), and Miss Elizabeth Blacket, of Pymble, who skied together at Perisher Valley.



AT LEFT. A family of skiers, Mr. and Mrs. Arvid Lejins, of Island Bend, with their three-year-old son, Zigurds, and two-year-old daughter, Erica, at Perisher Valley. Both children are regular skiers.

BETWEEN DANCES. Miss Laurie McNally, of Sylvania (left), and Miss Pamela Osment, of Kirribilli, chatted with Mr. Neil Bennell, of Darling Point (left), and Mr. Jim Fountain, of Darling Point, at the Twist party held at The Man from Snowy River Hotel, Perisher Valley.

AT RIGHT. Rugged up against the icy winds were Miss Helen Peel, of Wahroonga (left), and Miss Carolyn Condon, of Bellevue Hill, who skied at Thredbo.

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.

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FRAMED by skis, Miss Jane Vickery, of Bellevue Hill (left), and Miss Marie Conson, of Bellevue Hill, were among holidaymakers at Perisher.

ATTRACTIVE skier Miss Brigitte Rosenberger, of Rydalmere, pictured beside an icicle-covered gum tree at Perisher Valley. She holidayed with her father, Mr. Kurt Rosenberger, at Sponners Inn.

AT LEFT: Happy group at Thredbo (from left) Sir William Hudson, Mr. Clarrie Lawler, Mr. Peter De Courcy-Brown, Mr. G. J. Dusseldorp, and Lynette Whitehouse and John Grainger, at Redbank Lodge's opening.

FOURSOME (from left) Miss Barrie Sullivan, of Randwick, Mr. David Miles, of Blakehurst, Miss Ann Oxenham, of Rose Bay, and Miss Dorothy Payten, of Randwick, were among scores of visitors who skied on top of Crackenback Mountain at Thredbo.

ABOVE: Mr. Bruce Farrar, of Pymble, helps Miss Ann Brannan, of Cremorne, adjust the binding on her skis before they set off for an exhilarating run down the slopes at Perisher.

AT RIGHT: Snow fans (from left) Mr. Paul Deller, of Clareville Beach, Miss Barbara Chapman, of Balgowlah, Mr. John Deller, of Cooma, Miss Susan Rolley, of Williamstown, Victoria, and Mr. Jeff Burnham, of Wahroonga, relaxing at Thredbo Alpine Village.

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"WHY DOES IT automatically have to follow that if the woman of the house is dieting the husband has suddenly developed too much weight, which could cause a coronary?" — *says a correspondent who doesn't dare sign his name.*

Now he plumps for those wifely curves

● As a mere unworthy male I would like to say a few words about the current dieting mania among women.

I realise I am sticking my neck out, but I do so in the fervent hope that my wife will read this. I am sure she will, because she is an avid reader of The Australian Women's Weekly, and, in fact, any other paper in the world that mentions the word "diet."

ONCE I was a very happy man with a nice plump wife.

A treasure to come home to.

Not too plump—just cuddly, and simply wonderful to snuggle up to.

There was nothing wrong with her heart or her liver or whatever section of a woman's anatomy is affected by sugar, pastry, butter, roasts, sweets, puddings, and everything that goes to make a man blissfully contented in his home life.

Whoever wrote the words "The way to man's heart is through his stomach" knew what he was talking about, but the poor mutt wouldn't survive the hazards of living today.

Why, oh why, do women want to diet when their husbands love them just as they are?

And why does it automatically have to follow that if the woman of the house is dieting the husband has suddenly developed too much weight, which could cause a coronary?

My wife was a pearl of a cook. The good old-fashioned type that was well taught by her mother to serve up a tasty dish out of nothing.

Life was heaven till she spotted an article in an American magazine, together with pictures of a woman who would have made at least six of my wife, but who had now lost five stone in as many weeks or days or something.

That was when the dieting bug insidiously worked its perfidious way into the mind of my up-to-then perfectly sane wife.

We started with bananas. I lost three pounds in two days, while my wife remained at the same weight, but consoled herself with the thought that diets take a bit of getting used to before the pounds start to shed.

I quelled the banana craze on the third day when I attempted to swing from the chandelier in the living-room to the breakfast bar.

Thereafter we ran the gamut, with every diet that has existed since Eve fed Adam an apple.

Did I mention apples? I can tell you every kind of apple on the market, but only little apples that weigh no more than 4oz.

"WE EVEN FOLLOWED A BOILED EGG DIET—UGH!"

We tried boiled eggs. Ugh! Boiled eggs for breakfast and boiled eggs for dinner.

What would have happened to me if I hadn't been eating a hearty lunch every day I shudder to think.

Then we started on steak. Just steak. No luscious mashed potatoes and green peas. Just plain, unadulterated steak till I could have shot every cow in sight.

The bathroom became a jungle of weighing machines, skipping ropes, and a ghastly belt thing that was revolting to watch in action.

It had to happen, of course. My wife started to lose weight.

She would prance out in glee and show me all her perfectly good frocks which had to be taken in an inch, then two inches each side, which meant, of course, a new wardrobe because the old frocks reminded her of the past.

That wonderful, peaceful past when I had a normal wife who did normal things and acted like a rational human being.

She became a bit snappy when she saw me quaffing my before-dinner whisky and soda. That was one of the pleasures we used to indulge in B.D., but now she considered that if dieting forbade her to drink, that should go for me, too.

At this I really rebelled.

Now I'm beginning to need two or three before-dinner drinks as a variation from the never-ending theme of weight reduction. It is becoming more and more obvious to me that before long I'll either be joining Alcoholics Anonymous or fading away with a coronary or a nice fat blonde.

All the time my wife gets thinner and thinner, and where once there were curves we now get BONES.

Bones that continually stick into me when I turn in the bed, which suddenly seems to have become twice as large.

So please, please, Momma, if you read this, forget about dieting and come back as you were to your very loving husband.

Let's forget all about apples, bananas, skim milk, and ungarnished steak.

Let's throw out the weighing machine, the skipping ropes, and the revolting belt thing. I swear I'll love you more than ever if you weigh twenty stone.

—"ANONYMOUS"

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Australia is his Shangri-La

● Negro organist Kenneth Goodman considers that being colored — and NOT being a jazz musician — has been the greatest asset of his career.

"ALL over Europe it is something of a novelty for a negro to be a classical musician. They expect him to play jazz," he said. "I feel that is one reason why so many people come to hear me play."

Mr. Goodman, a small, sturdy man with a cheerful, beaming smile, came to Australia in July last year, bringing a large electronic organ which packs into five units for transport.

He planned to stay about two months—but has stayed a year.

"That has often happened to me" (that beaming smile lit his face).

"I don't have an agent—I go into a country without any fanfare or ballyhoo.

"Then I'm asked to give more concerts, play on radio and television.

"Australia has been like unto Shangri-La to me.

"When I was in New Zealand I thought the people were the friendliest in the world.

"But they said to me, 'No, we are reserved. Wait till you go to Australia—they will really take you into their hearts.'

"And they have. They are wonderful. The only time I have been made to know I am colored is when I look in the mirror."

Kenneth Goodman showed great musical promise at an early age, but his family lived in near-poverty, and he earned the money for spasmodic music lessons during his boyhood by scrubbing steps or selling newspapers.

In 1945 (he was then in his twenties) he got a four-year scholarship at the Juilliard School of Music in New York.

"Dean Dixon was the resident conductor in my graduation year," he said. "He has been my greatest inspiration."

KENNETH GOODMAN

The most memorable experience of Kenneth Goodman's career was the time he played for Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

"I was touring Sweden in 1954 when he invited me to stay with him in Alsace. I spent three wonderful days playing for him—and listening to him play.

"I felt constrained to do something to help in his great work in aiding those suffering from leprosy, especially, and also other diseases."

The "something" Kenneth Goodman gave was almost a year of concerts and radio broadcasts in Britain, Germany, and Holland to aid Dr. Schweitzer's work.

During his stay in Australia, Mr. Goodman has given recitals for the A.B.C., has appeared on "The Sound of Music," on TCN9.

He loves teenage audiences.

"They are terribly underestimated," he said. "I think they are magnificent.

"I've played before over a million teenagers in less than three years, and I've never yet had to command attention due to an interruption. And I've had some tough assignments, including New York State."

INVESTMENT GUIDE

By MARY BROKER

THIS WEEK: Retailers and the wage rise

● Following the recent basic wage increase of £1 a week there is going to be a reasonable rise in the money available for consumer spending.

MANY economists have immediately screamed that rising wages will only lead to another "wage-cost spiral."

All this expression means is that as wages rise, costs to manufacturers will rise; these costs will be passed on to the consumer, who will find that he cannot really buy any more with his increased income, and will therefore demand another wage increase. And so on, leading eventually to dire inflation.

Costs of manufacturing, especially in industries which employ a high proportion of labor relative to plant and equipment, will rise, but one can only hope the Federal Government will check any inflationary spiral.

Meanwhile, benefits from the increased availability of consumer money must be felt somewhere along the line.

My own opinion is that the sound retailers are going to show up well, particularly the stores retailing cheaper goods. These stores rely for a great deal of their business on people in the lower and middle wage brackets.

The two chain-store giants, Coles and Woolworths, who, as they say, retail the cheapest goods in Australia, stand out as among the largest beneficiaries of the increased money.

G. J. Coles and Co. Ltd. are just about to have a rights issue. Not that you can buy the rights — you can't, since Coles' directors have the peculiarity of making non-renounceable rights issues.

This means that if you have 100 shares in G. J. Coles, you will be enabled to apply for ten new shares at 2/6 premium after the books close on July 29. But you will not be able to sell the rights, as there will be no "rights" trading.

This is, however, still a fairly good deal. At current prices of around 18/3, 100 5/- shares would cost about £93 (including brokerage). A further ten at 7/6 would cost just over £3, bringing total cost up to £96.

Average price of 110 shares works out at 17/3.

This, I feel, is a relatively cheap entry into this excellent company.

Coles earned 16.7% on slightly higher ordinary capital in the year to June 30, 1963, when group net profit increased to £3.7 million. A standard 11% dividend was paid. Profit compared with a return of 15.2% in the previous year, when the profit was £3.3 million.

Sales for the year increased slightly to £38.3 million, and an interesting feature of the annual amounts was a breakdown of sales into categories.

Supermarkets

This showed that 70.98% of profit before tax came from variety stores, 20.16% from grocery and supermarkets, 8.02% from property companies, and 0.84% from wholesale operations, which are now being cut back.

Coles are now spreading into food in a big way, with more than 50 supermarkets established in the past 18 months. Immediate development policy is aimed at establishing more in suburban Sydney and Melbourne.

Long-term, with food occupying such a defensive position investment-wise, this should prove a wise move.

Woolworths, too, have realised the potential, and for some years have been developing their supermarket activities.

With more than 800 stores now operating in Australia and New Zealand, Woolworths are branching out into South-East Asia, and the company's name has been registered in Malaysia, Thailand, Hong Kong, and the Philippines.

Woolworths astonished most market observers earlier this year when they announced a record turnover figure of £125 million for the year to January 29 — the highest figure yet reported by any Australian retailer.

Profit rose 23.8% to a record £2.9 million. Earning rate was steady at 16.1% and dividend was held at 12%.

One hundred 5/- shares in Woolworths at around 17/3 would cost about £88, with a dividend return of £3 a year at the current rate.

I have not examined these two companies to the fullest, but since both go on each year from strength to strength I feel there is not a great deal to say.

While growth to the shareholder may not be as great in the immediate future as some other stocks, they are hard to beat as safe sure "lock-away" stocks.

Holding a successful fete is an art; it takes flair and practice to master — and the help of our special eight-page feature!

You'll find ideas—both frivolous and practical—that are bound to brighten the stalls and bring in customers.

And that's not all: these goodies are not JUST for fetes. You'll also find things to make to brighten your home, too. Plus delicious cakes and biscuits, jams and pickles in the cookery section.

★ ☆ ★

Married women who WORK . . .

a new note

In the past, criticism was often levelled at the married woman worker . . .

Nowadays, the dedicated homemaker sometimes feels she is letting down the modern woman . . .

Are either of these justified?

A series of articles and letters discuss — and sound a new note on — various aspects of a much-talked-about question.

☆ ★ ☆

AND

Teenagers' Weekly

— with eight BIG pages — goes

BEATLE

with pages of pictures — in COLOR, too — taken during their Australian tour.

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95 greens.

Green is green. No two ways about it.

Until it comes to the green you want for an interior.

Then all you can see are too-dark greens, too-light greens, too-blue greens, not-quite-right greens.

Unless you do your looking at your DULUX dealer's.

He has hundreds of colours. Hundreds.

Not only a choice of 95 greens but also pinks, yellows, blues and in-betweens.

How does he do it? With 'Spring'.

That's the new interior plastic paint that covers like a coat-and-a-half of any other paint.

Also it doesn't drip (it's creamy), doesn't smell, brushes and rollers wash out under the tap.

Get a big free 'Spring' colour card today.

It proves that there's nothing on the other side of the fence that's greener.

DULUX

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WORTH REPORTING

WHAT more appropriate pattern could grace the long terrace skirt than the filigree designs of wrought iron found on old terrace houses?

This idea inspired the "terrace pieces" we saw recently at an exhibition of fabrics by Julia Sale and Peter Alexandroff at a Sydney art gallery.

The designs are hand-printed by a silk-screen process on corduroy velvet.

"It not only absorbs the paint more successfully than cotton," Julia explained, "but the finished fabric has an unusual embossed look."

Julia met Peter (now her fiance) after she left her job in the Auckland (N.Z.) Art Gallery and came to Australia two years ago.

They were both studying art in their spare time, and Peter was working as an encyclopaedia salesman—"of all things," said Julia.

"As we were both interested in fabric design, we began working at it on the weekends and found our ideas were complementary," she said.

"When Julia rented a small terrace house at King's Cross a year ago we hit on the idea of cast-iron patterns as a theme for our designs," Peter added.

"I live in the front part of the house," she explained, "and show our fabrics by furnishing my rooms with them.

"The back of the house is outrageously untidy, of course," she added. "It's crammed with fabrics, paints, silk-screens (measuring 50in. x 24in.), canvases, and painting equipment."

Julia Sale not only lives among her fabrics—she likes to live in them, too.

She has made herself a winter wardrobe of the fabrics—and has even made a screen-printed corduroy jacket for Peter!

JULIA SALE and Peter Alexandroff with "terrace" fabric. Even Peter's jacket is hand-printed.

Embarrassing moment

BEFORE veteran actor Henry Gilbert left Sydney on an overseas trip recently we asked him what had been his most embarrassing moment on stage.

"I think perhaps it was in 'The Philadelphia Story' in Cape Town," he said.

"I had spoken my lines and was waiting for the leading actor to come on and take his cue. Nothing happened.

"I ad libbed for a while, and STILL nothing happened. So I walked off the stage still talking frantically. He was fast asleep in his dressing-room.

"We dragged him out and the show went on."

In a stage career of well over 30 years, Henry Gilbert has been billed with Sid Field, Joe E. Brown, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sidney James, and many other stars.

Most of his career in Australia has been taken up by television and radio work. Perhaps his best-known TV role was Governor Macquarie in "The Outcasts."

Henry Gilbert's children have their father's stage flair. Brian, 14, has already started a promising career.

However, his father and mother — she's a doctor of medicine — are not forcing him one way or the other at present, because his education comes first.

Three of the Gilberts' five children are accompanying their parents overseas.

Henry Gilbert has TV commitments in Rome and London. While in Paris, they will stay with world-famous mime artist Marcel Marceau.

MODERN DEFINITIONS: **Rush hour** — when traffic is almost at a standstill.

Income tax—the fine for reckless thriving.

Touring world bookshops

WHEN novelist John Creasey, his wife, Jean, and their sons, Martin, 20, and Richard, 19, left their home in Salisbury, England, last year on a world tour, each had a specific "travelling task."

John's was to write more whodunits; Jean's was to keep a detailed diary of the trip; Richard's to take pictures for the diary; Martin's to illustrate it with sketches.

Home again after 14 months, John has increased his output by 10 books and dozens of articles and stories. (He had already written more than 400 novels, one of which — "The Toff" — appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly last year.)

The author made a beeline for bookshops everywhere.

Two in Sydney, he says, are among the biggest in the world. ("No one can fail to see a bright future for books 'Down Under'; but, then, no one can fail to see a bright future for a country now confident of its nationhood . . . and with a people who have mellowed remarkably.")

John Creasey's favorite bookshop, however, is on Fifth Avenue, New York.

It has a donnish air, yet is proud to display a notice: "James Bond comes here."

Of the family effort diary, John writes: "It is not only a never-ending source of pleasure but of detailed information and pictures I can draw on for years."

● *Henry Gilbert*

PERTH has apparently had enough of Mary McCarthy's much-discussed novel, "The Group." One leading store has it on the shelves marked "Special"—down 10/- on its original retail price.

HOUSE OF THE HEAVENLY FLOWER is the name of the Japanese house on exhibition at the 1964 Telegraph Home Show at Sydney Showground until June 27.

Designed by Basil Beirman, the house and garden centrepiece take up 25 squares—one quarter of the huge Manufacturers' Hall.

Twice daily an Ikebana expert demonstrates floral arrangements, and Japanese hostesses are on hand to answer decor questions.

For all its size, the prefab house can be erected and demounted in only five days—an important necessity since the house is to go round Australia on show.

For prospective home-owners the house could be reduced to about 20 squares and easily erected.

Bearing in mind the type of site, all that would be needed is a foundation of brick piers or concrete slabs and the addition of, preferably, a flat roof in sheet metal. Somewhat cheaper than the more conventional house, it could be adapted to suit the owner's preference.

Angie Dickinson, Star of Universal International Pictures' "Captain Newman, M.D." says, "I love Lux — it makes my complexion so radiantly clear."

Like the filmstars YOU have an audience too...

You have an audience too, so look your loveliest for him. Cherish your complexion with pure, mild Lux.

Rich, creamy Lux . . . it's so gentle and fragrant. Just feel what that luscious lather does for your skin.

You have an audience too. So keep your skin soft and exciting to touch. Make Lux your beauty soap.

Use the beauty care of 9 out of 10 filmstars. Trust only Lux — purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all.

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INSTANT KINDERGARTEN

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television

● The story of Alistair, 2½, who, on his return from a holiday without TV, rushed frantically to the set, pressed his nose against it, and called "Miss Susan," "Miss Susan," introduced me to "Romper Room."

RIGHT off I must say I am grateful to Alistair, who, his father tells me, has been a disciple of ATN7's "Romper Room" and Miss Susan since he was two.

I don't wonder. "Romper Room" is Instant Kindergarten, and Alistair, along with millions of others the world over, becomes the most ardent pre-school pupil at the flick of a channel switch.

He finds companionship, education, and entertainment. He loves it.

"Romper Room" started 11 years ago in Baltimore, U.S.A. Its creator was vaudeville entrepreneur Bert Claster, and his wife, a trained kindergartner, who became "Romper Room's" first teacher.

It was so popular when it was televised locally by the Clasters that it quickly spread throughout the cities of the U.S. and Canada.

World-wide

It now has hundreds of thousands of children enthralled in Sydney, Brisbane, and Orange and is soon expected to spread from Townsville down and around the TV map of the Commonwealth.

"Romper Room" doesn't stop there. It is shown in Mexico, Japan, and Great Britain. Norway, Finland, and Brazil start it in September; Poland, Germany, France, and Italy are to get it soon.

It is telecast live in every city where it is seen. It has a local teacher who telecasts a kindergarten curriculum, devised by a board of trained educators, that is just as popular in Japan, Scotland, and Finland as it is here.

(In Sydney the programme has the blessing of the Department of Education and the Child Welfare Department.)

It all sounded too good to be true till I saw Sydney's own Miss Susan in action, and the most enchanting films of Mexico's Senorita Pepita and Japan's Namiki Sensei.

In Japan, "Romper Room" has the distinction of being the highest-rated daytime programme shown; in Scotland's Aberdeen it gets such a fantastic rating that fathers demanded and got a weekly night - time rescreening to become familiar with this tremendous influence on their young families.

In Sydney, as in every other city, "Romper Room" has six on-camera guests—three girls and three boys between four and five years of age. They attend the channel's TV schoolroom for two weeks, "graduate" with a "Romper Room" diploma.

Sydney's Miss Susan is Susan Jamieson, a trained kindergartener from the Sydney Kindergarten Training College, as is Brisbane's Miss Patricia.

Both Susan and Patricia went to Baltimore, U.S.A., to the headquarters of "Romper Room" for training.

"Romper Room's" principals insist that their teacher should not be a TV performer. Before she is chosen, probing auditions with camera and with children must show she forgets the camera and devotes heself to the children.

They told me that while an educational background is essential, other things are more important.

"The most important attribute for teachers is naturalness and an outgoing personality to which children respond," they say.

The ways of the "Romper Room" kindergarteners I met on film certainly were worth watching. All of them have charm and that happy knack of making children want to be with them and do as they say, painlessly.

I was fascinated to find that the Mexican children, living up to the tradition of the Latins, were the most lively and vivacious, with the small Japanese, like animated dolls, very close behind.

The little Aussies seemed to find it all very real and earnest.

"Romper Room" is very much an audience-participation show. Little viewers at home aren't stolid, sitting watchers. They gallop round, sing, and carry on with the class in the TV schoolroom.

The children learn stretch-and-bend songs that give them good posture, have games with punching balls, learn about other important things — for instance, how unfrightening a trip to the barber or dentist is.

They all meet Mr. Do Bee and Mr. Don't Bee—Do Bee a vegetable eater, Don't Bee a grabber or other such things. (Mr. Do and Mr. Don't become Senor Sipi and Senor Nopi in Mexico.)

Sydney mothers I have talked to about "Romper Room" find Miss Susan a great influence and ally.

Just the slightest hint that she won't like a scratcher, a scribbler, or a bad girl or boy is sufficient to work like a charm.

ABOVE: Namiki Sensei conducts a "Romper Room" class in Tokyo. At left: Miss Susan leads Sydney youngsters in a game of punchball.

Peter, Paul, and Mary again

● Peter, Paul, and Mary, America's wonderful folk-singing trio, take over TCN9's "Bandstand" for the second time, on Saturday, July 4, at 6.30 p.m.

THE programme is a film of the second half of their sensational concert at Sydney's Stadium that broke attendance records and provided the best entertainment I have ever enjoyed there.

I think they are the most outstanding entertainers to visit Australia in a long time, and viewers agree.

Their first "Bandstand" special, telecast on June 6, notched the highest popularity rating yet given to a TCN9 TV special.

PETER, PAUL, AND MARY

This is really something when you recall the Eartha Kitt Show and the ballet special starring Nureyev and Fonteyn.

The show was filmed at the Stadium and includes the trio each performing separately as well as together. Peter sings the satirical French folk song "La Deserteur," Paul does a comedy turn, and lovely coltish Mary sings "Single Girl."

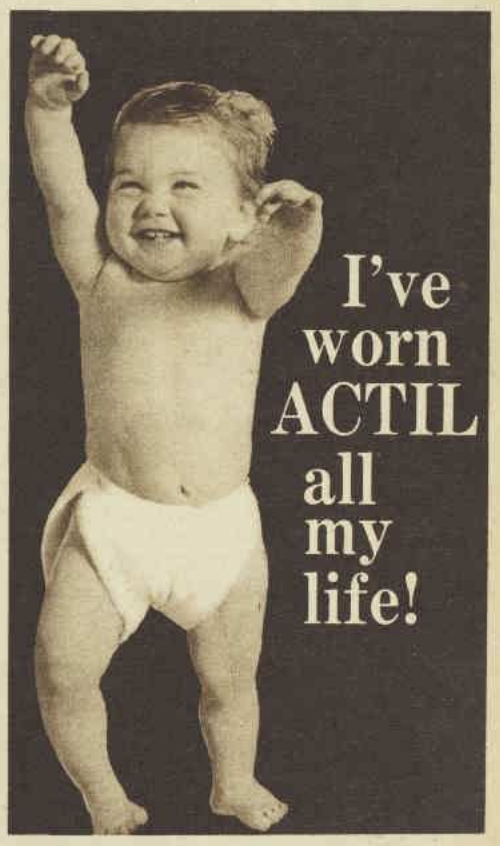
Together, the trio sing "The Water Is Wide," "Very Last Day," "Blowing in the Wind," "If I Had My Way," "If I Had a Hammer," and "Go Tell It on the Mountain."

But the wonderful part of this performance is the block-busting rendition of the spiritual "Rock My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham," performed by the gigantic audience.

Audience - participation numbers are the last card in the pack to me generally; I find them both irritating and embarrassing as they fizzle out in silence.

But there was no embarrassment in this. Peter divided the audience into three groups, gave each their part, and had one part harmonising against the other while he improvised on stage. There was no silence; the roof nearly lifted off the place.

I've never seen anyone control an audience as Peter did in this spiritual. It was an exhibition of tremendous showmanship.



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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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DID YOU KNOW?

MAE WEST, a mere 71, will open the new season of Gene Barry's "Burke's Law" series. The episode in which she will appear is called "Who Killed Vaudeville?"

MAE WEST

● For three hours of prime viewing time (8 p.m. to 11 p.m.) a major American TV network this month will drop commercials during a showing of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

THERE will be only one one-minute "intermission" for the station indentification announcement required by law.

The television "Hamlet" will not be the Richard Burton version currently playing on Broadway, but the opening play of the New York Shakespeare Festival's 1964 season.

The Festival presents Shakespearian plays in New York's Central Park, for which no admission charges are made.

Top performers act in the plays, which in the past have had productions of consistently high quality.

The TV "Hamlet" will have Alfred Ryder as the Prince of Denmark and Julie Harris as Ophelia.

★ ★ ★

JIMMY BOYD, the actor-singer who rose to fame as a boy soprano and whose "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" was a best-selling Christmas record some years ago, will be the only male performer in the new "Broadside" series, which is about a women's branch of the U.S. Navy in World War II—a kind of "McHale's Navy" in petticoats.

★ ★ ★

ART CARNEY, the lovable sewer worker of the Jackie Gleason "Honeymooners" series, will make his movie debut in "The Yellow Rolls Royce," starring Ingrid Bergman, Rex Harrison, and George C. Scott.

★ ★ ★

A MORNING news show on the Columbia network showed the birth of a baby recently in a demonstration of a major New York hospital's "nurse-midwife" training programme.

Television

FOR two months the N.B.C. network has been engaged in research for an hour-long documentary on Lee Harvey Oswald, accused assassin of President Kennedy. The programme will not be based solely on U.S. Government reports or the findings of the special presidential commission investigating the assassination. The programme, to be televised next season, will also deal with Jack L. Ruby, Oswald's convicted killer.

★ ★ ★

GEORGE RAFT, who gave up dancing for acting, returns to dancing when he appears shortly on an "Ed Sullivan Show."

★ ★ ★

JACK LORD was born in Brooklyn, New York, but he got a job as a cowboy, just the same. He was the rodeo-riding star of the "Stoney Burke" series, now defunct. Current occupation of the Brooklynite: making personal appearances at Western rodeos.

Tommy Hanlon's *Thought for the week*

Momma once said to me when I had a little money lying around and I was looking for a good, sound investment: "I'd buy land if I were you, and then, when you have saved some more money, put a house on it. Because there is nothing like having your own roof over your head. It gives you a sense of security and, with the population explosion, land is going to get more and more valuable. Because people first of all have to have a place to live. So I would say, buy a lot, and if you get some more money buy another lot." And I have. So if you own a lot or two of your own you should be very happy, and especially after you read Momma's moral . . .

Momma's moral: Be content with your lot, especially if it's a corner one.

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Maigret

By BILL EVANS, in London

● Inspector Maigret knocked out his pipe on the edge of the mantelpiece in his Surete office — and suggested we go for a cup of tea.

TEA-DRINKING is one of the few habits in which Rupert Davies, who has become the embodiment of Georges Simenon's detective on TV, differs from Maigret.

Since his TV debut in 1946 Davies — Liverpool-born of Welsh parents — has played more than 100 parts, including a Borstal headmaster, a homicidal maniac, and Caiaphas in "The True Misery of the Passion."

"But the role of this super-detective enthralls me," he said as we elbowed our way into a crowded studio canteen.

Here he talked more about the author, Simenon.

When executive producer Andrew Osborn and Rupert Davies flew to Switzerland to meet Simenon for the first time he called for them at their hotel in a large German car and drove them to the old four-storey chateau near Lausanne where he and Madame Simenon live.

"On the way we noticed one of Simenon's proudest possessions," said Davies. "It was a medallion hanging from his car ignition key inscribed 'Inspector Maigret 00000' — a present from the Paris police and the only one issued to anybody who is not a member of the Surete.

"It was given in gratitude for the way his work reflects them — a more sympathetic picture than some have painted.

"When we got to the chateau he entertained us for hours, giving us tips about Maigret and explaining facets of his personality — all in fluent English. He lived in America for 12 years."

While they were talking Rupert Davies, deep in thought about a point Simenon was making, left his chair and gazed out of the window.

"My God!" exclaimed Simenon, "that's just what Maigret would do."

Again, Davies, an ardent do-it-yourself man, noticed one of the legs of Simenon's desk was loose and asked for a screwdriver, upon which Simenon gasped delightedly "pure Maigret" — and produced one from a pig-skin toolkit. He has a kit on every floor of the house.

"In fact, the only criticism, which Madame Simenon put to me with a charming blush, was that my hair was too long," said Davies. "A haircut is a small price to pay for the honor of playing Maigret."

Davies found the relationship between Simenon and his wife was similar to what he imagined Maigret's feelings to be toward Madame Maigret.

"There is deep understanding and affection — they always kissed goodbye, even though Madame Simenon was only leaving for the next room," he said.

Davies had taken a Maigret novel with him and before leaving asked Simenon to autograph it. Instead the author produced a brand-new one and wrote inside: "To Rupert, my accomplice. After 30 years of writing about Maigret I have now found the actor I have long sought."

Producer Osborn played a personal hunch in selecting Davies as Maigret. Ewen Solon, whom he cast as Sergeant Lucas, Maigret's assistant, is another actor who worked for him in previous productions.

● Rupert Davies in the role of fiction's famous detective Inspector Maigret, and Ewen Solon as his assistant, Lucas.

● On the phone — Inspector Maigret makes a call to Madame Maigret (right), capably played by Helen Shingler.

Television

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Television

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

● ***The first thing that struck me about "The Farmer's Daughter" is that Inger Stevens, who plays the title role, is a really pretty girl—old style.***

PRETTY girls in 1964 are different — more of a production number made up of slick grooming and an ability to wear chic clothes than the old-style combination of good features, peaches-and-cream complexion, and good shape.

Inger, wearing a brace of dresses as pretty as she is that reveal and enhance her charms, plays the rôle of Katie Holstrom, a farm girl of Swedish descent who moves into the political life of Washington, D.C., via the back door, when she becomes governess to the two young sons of widowed congressman Glenn Morley.

"The Farmer's Daughter" is pure escapism, with plenty of living-room action, and something for everyone no matter which way their heart inclines, for there are two motherless children, youth and beauty from Inger, masculinity from the congressman, a grandmother (Cathleen Nesbitt) who lives with her son, and a kind of omnibus character who is the congressman's ageing friend, Press secretary, confidante, and butler, played by Philip Coolidge.

—*Nan Musgrove*

ABOVE: Inger Stevens as Katie Holstrom of "The Farmer's Daughter." Left: William Windom as widowed congressman Glenn Morley. "The Farmer's Daughter" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, Fridays, 7 p.m.; in Perth on TVW7, Wednesdays, 7 p.m.

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Weston's

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SKI ALONG IN SLICK NEW SNOW FASHIONS

Today's ski trappings are glamorous, warm, and functional. The fresh excitement in these dashing new arrivals on the ski-fashion scene is not only in color and shape, but also in fabrics that will delight all snow addicts. The clothes are from a Sydney collection.

1. Two-tone blue parka is warm, lightweight nylon with scattered embroidered motif, knit cuffs. Matching hood (not shown) zips at back. White reindeer boots have quilted kid tops.

2. Wonderful fur look in glamorous bundle-up jacket and hood of kangaroo skin with caramel suede trim. The jacket, worn with red stretch pants, fur mitts, is lined with red flannel.

3. Dark red Tyrolean jacket with blazerish look has black trim and knit collar, is enlivened by red paisley lining and silver buttons. Black stretch pants and jaunty hat are sporty.

4. Hand embroidery decorates a glamorous white wool ski jumper (good for dinnertime at a lodge as well as the slopes). White boots below the stretch pants are strictly after-ski.

5. From Switzerland this all-wool Fair Isle jumper in striking black and white design, worn here with attention-getting red leather ski pants, soft and sleek. Hat is kangaroo skin.

6. Tops for snow enthusiasts, a V-neck, tweed-look pullover and colorful stretch knickerbockers above thick-textured socks. A special look for young fans who can wear fun fashions.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Opening instalment of a dramatic new serial

By MARTHA ALBRAND

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

VERY late, on a hot summer night in New York, the telephone rang in a small brownstone in the East Nineties. Robert, who had come home only an hour ago from a long and tiresome assignment, had just made himself comfortable in a low garden chair. He reached for the phone, which he had taken out on to the small terrace with him and put down on the flagstones. A voice he didn't know asked, "Mr. Brisson?"

"Speaking."

"Robert Brisson." The voice was soft, almost inaudible, then it changed unexpectedly, sounding firm now and very clear. "In those articles you're writing about South America . . . you'd better stop mentioning any rumors you may have heard about certain financial transactions. We've warned you before and we mean what we say. Unless you stop . . ."

Robert slammed down the receiver. Of course he hadn't paid any attention to the anonymous letters and calls he had received during his trip through Argentina, just as he had not let himself be intimidated by threats in other countries. They were part of his profession. But they had always frightened Kate.

He could almost hear her voice, "They might throw a bomb. They've done it before. Or some acid that blinds you. Remember that journalist? I've forgotten his name. And they shot Matthews. Oh, why must you always get involved in dangerous assignments? I wouldn't know how to live without you, Bob."

Robert lay back in his chair and stared at the high brick wall that separated the tiny garden from the others. The light from the dining-room, by which he had been working, was too weak to reach it, but in the uncertain glow of open windows on the upper floors of the other houses he thought he could see a shadow moving across the white bricks. The last years would have been sheer misery for Kate. She had always hated the roving assignments on which he had rarely been able to take her. Her happiest time had been the year he had stayed at home to finish his thesis which he had begun while still studying political science at Columbia.

But for him, the chance to observe life in foreign countries with their intricacies of political, economic, and human relationships had always been what he wanted most. No, Kate could never have taken the spring in Ghana, when he had been shot at during a riot; or the five months in the seething Congo, interviewing bigshots and nobodies, sitting around in bars, hotels, clubs, listening, watching, driving out into the bush whenever possible; or the year in Algeria — the treacherous fighting, the curfews, the terror of the bombings; or the weeks in Vietnam, when he had been kidnapped by guerrillas.

He had often been threatened by those who disagreed with him or thought he was interfering in what was none of his business and were afraid of what he might unearth. There had been efforts to bribe him, and one day some fanatic or paid killer might really get him, as they had got others before him who would not be silenced. He watched the night wind playing on the wall with the shadows of the leaves of one of the trees. Kate . . .

Three years ago, the plane she had taken from London to Syria had crashed. She had planned her trip as a surprise for him, so he hadn't known that she was on the doomed craft until he heard about the tragedy over the radio. He hadn't been able to believe it. Surely it was a mistake; someone had got the names mixed up; Kate was in London, visiting her sister. Until he reached the airport, he refused to face the fact that she had died.

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It had been after her death that he had moved back into the brownstone with his brother. Once more Reid had become the only person he felt close to. He made an unconscious motion with his hand, as if memory were something tangible one could push away, then he lit his pipe and turned his attention back to his syndicated column, "One Man's Opinion."

"We are living in the era of the small-time operator, the man power-drunk or craving power, who is playing along with whatever serves his purpose best, using democracy, communism, or fascism unscrupulously to further his own ends, taking advantage of the restlessness and dissatisfaction, the idealism of poverty in his country to further his own private goals. There are groups everywhere, in every country, ready to follow these self-appointed petty demagogues because they promise to satisfy a craving for change, any kind of change. In Argentina . . ."

He stopped reading what he had written. Two months ago, his interest in a certain group in South America had deepened when a woman in Switzerland had been apprehended carrying in her valise a large amount of German shares dating back to 1938, shares made out to the bearer, which were negotiable if she could prove that she was the lawful owner. Millions of shares like these had come on the market at the end of the war, and for a number of years after that, but lately quite a few of the affidavits of ownership had turned out to be fraudulent, and reputable firms had refused to accept them.

The woman had been killed before she could be interrogated, but a letter arriving for her the day after she had been slain had linked her to the very men in Argentina who Robert had reason to believe were neo-Nazis, financing secret cadres to fight for their political aims.

He was lighting his pipe when the phone rang again. This time he made no move to answer it, but continued to hold the match to the bowl, and the phone went on ringing, then stopped suddenly as if the person at the other end knew he wasn't going to get an answer. But exactly ten minutes later it rang again and stopped again after the fifth ring.

Robert looked at his watch, hunched up his knees, and began to hammer away at his typewriter. But every now and then he had to stop. It had always

To page 44

The three—Robert, Reid, Christine—were fated to meet.

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THE BEAUTIFUL SLOOPS

A gay, sophisticated short story

By EILEEN HERBERT JORDAN

MY father has spent the past 21 years of his life holding our household together with his bare hands. As he was 32 when he got married, it might be said that he clung to bachelorhood longer than some; but when he abandoned it, he abandoned it with a flourish. The principal reason for the entire matter is, of course, my mother.

My mother is only 19 years older than I (I was born, in fact, on her 19th birthday), and she will never be much more than 19 if she should live to be 90.

She is a cajoler, a charmer, a loser of things, a collector of people, a disorganising influence, and a real beauty — with six children, the most fabulous ankles, and a 24in. waistline.

My mother does certain things domestic with marvellous elan, such as creating costumes for Hallowe'en; but at the elemental jobs of housekeeping she is all at sea, and my father is the anchor that keeps her from foundering.

She gives great, splashing birthday parties, and Christmas is a dazzling wonder; but she has yet to fill out a cheque stub, and she is likely to purr at the milkman instead of paying his bill, because

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"Let us take the day off," Derek Blaine said to Amanda.

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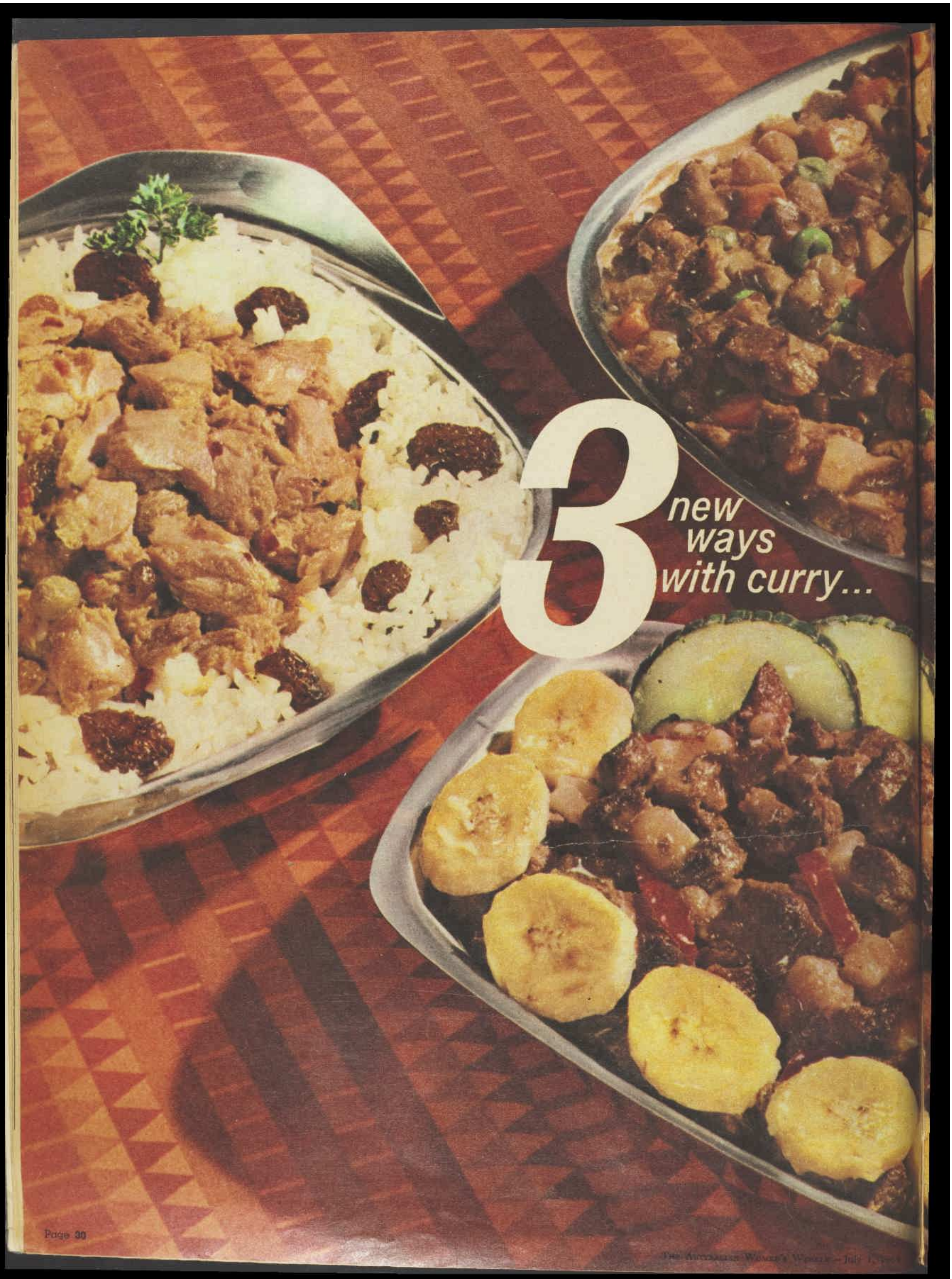

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Sue Murray,
Home Economist, the Australian
Dried Fruits Association.

Sue Murray offers three simple ways to give curry a new look and flavour. Three more of the many good things you can make with Sun-Dried Fruits.

Tuna Curry (*far left*)

Here's What You Need

1 medium onion
¼ cup chopped green pepper (optional)
1 clove garlic (optional)
2 tablespoons butter
2 level teaspoons curry powder (more or less, to taste)
1 cup cream or top of the milk
Juice of ½ lemon
2 tablespoons Sultanas
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
16 oz. tin of tuna
1 cup uncooked rice
½ cup Raisins

Note: All cup measurements are the standard 8-oz. measuring cup. All spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

Here's What You Do

1. Chop the onion, add chopped pepper and crushed garlic if using. Melt the butter in a saucepan, and cook the garlic, onion and green pepper till tender but *not* brown.
2. Add the curry powder and cook 1 minute.
3. Stir in the cream, lemon juice and Sultanas and season to taste with salt and pepper.
4. Drain the tuna and crumble into bite-size pieces and add to the mixture.
5. Heat slowly—stirring occasionally.
6. Serve with hot buttered rice which has had ½ cup Raisins cooked in it.

Buttered Rice

1 cup uncooked rice
1½ cups water
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Raisins
1 level tablespoon butter

Here's What You Do

1. Boil the rice until tender in 1½ cups of water to which you have added the teaspoon of salt.
2. Drain the rice in a strainer and rinse in hot water.
3. Return the rice to the saucepan and add the Raisins and butter. Stir in thoroughly and serve.

Cold Meat Curry (*top right*)

Here's What You Need

1 medium-size onion
1 carrot
1 clove garlic (optional)
3 level tablespoons butter
3 level tablespoons plain flour
Pinch of ground ginger (optional)
1 level tablespoon curry powder
1½ cups cold water
2 beef soup cubes
½ cup diced apple
½ cup Sultanas or Raisins
½ cup uncooked peas
½ cup milk
½ level teaspoon salt
Pepper to taste
3 cups cold cooked left-over meat
3 cups cooked rice

Here's What You Do

1. Dice the onion and carrot. Crush garlic if using.
2. Melt the butter in a large saucepan and fry the onion, carrot and garlic for 10 minutes.
3. Blend in the flour, ginger and curry powder, and stir in the water and soup cubes. Cook, stirring constantly until the sauce thickens.
4. Add the diced apple, Sultanas or Raisins and peas. Add the milk, and stir until boiling.
5. Season to taste with salt and pepper.
6. Simmer gently for 15 minutes, then add the chopped, cooked meat.
7. Reheat *without boiling* and serve with cooked rice.

Note: Left-over vegetables may be added to this curry. Add the vegetables with the apples.

Beef & Fruit Curry (*bottom right*)

Here's What You Need

3 lb. round or blade steak
1 teaspoon salt
1½ level tablespoons curry powder
1 tablespoon butter
3 small onions
1 clove garlic (optional)
¼ cup butter
2 cups stock or two beef soup cubes dissolved in two cups of water
1 teaspoon sugar
2 cooking apples
½ cup Sultanas
2 bananas
Juice of ½ lemon
3 cups of cooked rice

Here's What You Do

1. Remove fat from the meat and cut the meat into cubes. Place in a basin with the salt and curry powder, and rub the salt and curry powder into the meat. Stand aside.
2. Chop onions — crush garlic if using.
3. Melt one tablespoon of butter in a frying pan and gently fry the onions and garlic for 10 minutes.
4. In a large saucepan melt ¼ cup butter and gently fry the meat. Stir well. The meat must be brown but not cooked through.
5. Add the fried onion and garlic to the meat in the saucepan. Add the stock and the sugar and simmer for half an hour with the lid on.
6. Peel and dice the apples. Add to the saucepan with the Sultanas, the peeled and sliced bananas and the lemon juice.
7. Cover and simmer for 1½ hours or until the meat is tender.
8. Serve with cooked rice.

Note: This curry is best made the day before it is to be eaten and re-heated before serving.

Australian Sun-dried Fruits make the dish!

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SKIES OF ITALY

A charming short short story

By M. K. GREEN

Mr. Armstrong happily discussed his geranium collection with Keith and his daughter, Janet.

DRAINING his coffee cup and placing it on a small table, Keith Jackson said, "'Mrs. Winstanley' is always difficult at this time of the year."

"I don't find that. In fact, I've had quite a lot of success with her recently," replied his host, lighting a cigarette.

"You've been lucky. 'Mrs. Pringle' seems to be more my cup of tea, though I realise she's rather common."

"I wouldn't say that, but she sprouts too early and fades around the edges."

Janet Armstrong raised her eyes to the ceiling in exasperation.

"Oh, Dad, must we have geranium talk before dinner, during dinner, and after dinner as well."

Her father laughed. "Sorry, my dear, you know how we fanciers get carried away. It's not very often that you bring anyone home whose interests I share, though I imagine Keith would just as soon discuss Rugby."

Mr. Armstrong rose from his chair.

"I mustn't stop you two from getting away, but first, Keith and I'll go and see how my favorite geranium is progressing. It's grown a lot lately, and I wouldn't be surprised if I can give him a cutting from it very soon."

When they had gone outside to the greenhouse, Janet went into the bedroom to get her coat and renew her make-up. As she combed her hair, her mind went back over her friendship with Keith.

It had started about six weeks ago. Janet had caught her usual crowded train to her job in the city. She was sitting thinking about nothing in particular when she became conscious of a young man standing in the passage nearby. He was staring at her. She glanced up and he looked away, but a few seconds later she felt his eyes turning again toward her.

She noticed that he was good looking, almost handsome, well built, with curly brown hair and large dark eyes. She told herself that his intent gaze was annoying, but she unconsciously passed a hand over her already immaculate hair. She knew she was looking her best in her new, pale green linen suit with a sunburst of bright geranium pinned to the lapel.

After the train had stopped at several stations, the woman next to her got out. The young man slid into the vacant seat.

Janet hid a smile. The young man did not speak. He did not look at her at all, but gazed steadfastly through the closed window. To her amusement, she realised he was watching her reflection in the window.

The next day she saw him again in the same crowded carriage. This time they were standing near one another, and as the train gave a lurch his foot hit against hers.

"I'm sorry," he said, smiling. "It looks as though we're going to have a rough ride this morning."

Soon they were chatting. She was a little surprised at herself for getting into such quick conversation with someone who was really a perfect stranger, but it seemed the most natural thing in the world!

In the days that followed she found herself looking out for him every morning, and the half-hour journey, which usually dragged boringly, now flashed by.

"It's time I introduced myself," he said one morning. "My name is Keith Jackson. I work with Wilson, James and Hardy, solicitors. I hope to be one, too, one day," he grinned.

He also told her he had recently been away from work for six months owing to an injury received from playing Rugby. Some of his ribs had been broken, piercing a lung.

After several weeks of morning meetings he asked her if she would like to see a new play which had just opened with a flourish in town. Afterwards, over supper, she discovered that he had a hobby.

"People think I'm a bit odd," he said a trifle self-consciously, "but I grow geraniums. I have over three dozen different varieties now, but none are really uncommon. It's quite hard to get rare ones."

"How did you come to collect them?" Janet asked, thinking of her father's intense interest in these plants.

"It all started because of my accident," Keith replied. "I'd always been mildly interested in plants, but there were too many other things to do — studying, playing sport, and so on. While I was in hospital an aunt brought me a geranium in a pot. Lying in bed, not bothering about reading or listening to the radio, it was interesting to see the plant grow a little every day. When I was discharged I took it home with me. The doctor said that during convalescence I was to spend a lot of time out-of-doors, so I decided to become a geranium grower in a small way.

"My father is a very keen fancier, too," Janet remarked.

"Is he?" said Keith politely, innocently, but his eyes twinkled. Her suspicions were immediately aroused.

"I don't suppose the geranium I was wearing a few weeks ago had anything to do with our meeting?" she challenged, smiling.

He laughed. "It had just a little to do with it. I have to admit that when I saw you had a wonderful example of 'Skies of Italy,' a rare species I have only ever seen in catalogues, well — I'm only human." He scanned her face anxiously. "But that was only one reason, of course."

"It was the merest luck, that I was wearing it," she told him. "Naturally, no one is ever allowed to pick the heads. There had been a storm the night before and it had smashed a pane in the greenhouse, knocking over Dad's precious plant. A flower had been broken off and he gave it to me to wear next day."

Soon after this outing, Janet invited Keith to meet her father. Keith was shown the collection of geraniums and long discussions about the plants took place.

"I could give you a cutting of 'Skies of Italy' later on, Keith," said Mr. Armstrong. "At the moment, the plant is far too small. It was badly knocked about in the storm."

Keith's eyes brightened. "Thanks very much, Mr. Armstrong. I'd really appreciate that."

Several weeks passed and she and Keith fell into an easy habit of going out together once or twice a week. She had no doubt by this time that he was very much attracted to her. I'm not in love with him, she told herself, not yet, anyway, but he's quite the nicest man I've met.

Janet put away her comb and picked up her coat as she heard the two men returning from the greenhouse. She went out into the sitting-room and saw that Keith was reverently holding a geranium cutting.

"I've decided it's time I can give Keith a piece of 'Skies of Italy'," said Mr. Armstrong, patting the young man on the shoulder. "It's small, but it should strike easily. Well, off you go, you two, and enjoy yourselves."

Later that evening when Janet got home, her father was still up watching a late TV show. When she entered the room the first thing she noticed was a large pot containing a geranium plant covered with blooms.

"Where did you get that 'Skies of Italy' from?" she asked, mystified.

"I've had it for three months — out of sight," her father replied airily, drawing on his cigarette. "I'm exchanging it tomorrow with old George Watkins for his 'General Bloodworth'."

"But — why didn't you give Keith a cutting from this big plant earlier, instead of waiting for the other to grow?"

He laughed. "I never thought the day would come when I'd have to give you a lesson in guile. Keith struck me from the first as a likely lad. I had a feeling you thought so, too. But I wondered if his main interest in a particular girl, who shall, of course, be nameless, might be influenced by his desire to acquire a certain geranium. I know these maniac collectors. However, I have satisfied myself on that point."

Janet gave her father a squeeze.

"Dad, if geranium-growing makes you so cunning I must take it up, too."

"My interest in the young man was not completely unselfish," he continued. "I would prefer a son-in-law with whom I have something in common. What was that last fellow's hobby? Tropical fish! Ugh!"

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Dumping on the fridge

"NORTHERN COOLIE" (Qld.) is fortunate if it is only the fridge-top which is used as a dumping-ground. In our house everything with a flat top is utilised. The only cure would be to scrap all existing furniture and replace with pieces with sloping tops. As I can't afford this, I just dump everything on the floor and leave it to the owners to put away.

£1/1/- to "Katy Jane" (name supplied), South Cessnock, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

SOME words of advice: place everything that is left on the fridge in the dustbin, then the male members of the family will leave all articles in trouser pockets for you to forget to remove when it's time to do the washing. You will never complain about the cluttered fridge again.

£1/1/- to "They're All the Same" (name supplied), Brinkworth, S.A.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE given away trying to stop the fridge-dumping habit, but have placed a painted wooden tray on the top. It seems to be a "safety box" for the whole family, because whenever anything is lost the first place they look is on top of the fridge.

£1/1/- to "Tidy Up" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

★ ★ ★

HERE is what I have just collected off my fridge-top: A cardigan (I blush, it's mine), a child's blazer, a pink plastic bucket, a bank-book, a child's purse, a school library book, a money purse, an almost-empty packet of wheat, a tin of ointment, two books on orange-growing, a medallion, a whistle, an old cigarette-lighter, three coathangers, a pair of toddler's shoes, a plastic rain-hat, and the primus-wick I've been looking for all the week.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Eckford, West Gosford, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WE had the same trouble, but unfortunately I was just as much a dumper as the rest of the family. My husband overcame the problem by building cupboards along the wall just above the fridge. Now the clutter is there—but behind the cupboard door!

£1/1/- to D. Maitland, Lindfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

We dump things here,
We dump things there—
We just about dump everywhere.
But the top of the fridge is the favorite spot
Because we know it will hold the lot.

£1/1/- to "Western Coolie" (name supplied), Panania, N.S.W.

A child's best age

DO other readers agree that the best age in children is between two and three years, the time of the dawning of intelligence? Spotting me after I had shampooed my hair, and with the towel still about my shoulders, my two-year-old son observed, "Washing your hair, Mum?" It was his first originally thought-out question and I knelt and hugged him very hard.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Marie L. Holbert, Virginia, S.A.

Those weird cures

WE were all amused to read about the various copper cures. I have an old book of the works of Aristotle and, according to him, "for young infants vomiting, coral hath an occult property, and is therefore hung about the neck." I would be interested in reading more weird cures.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Hambley, Wallsend, N.S.W.

Inscribed wedding rings

A VERY old wedding ring I was shown had the following inscription engraved inside: "To his virtues be kind. To his faults be blind." Incidentally, the wearer's hand must have been tiny—the ring wouldn't fit on my little finger. I wonder what other inscriptions have been engraved on wedding rings?

£1/1/- to "Grace" (name supplied), Pinjarra, W.A.

Her milk-bottle alarm

A RECENT correspondent wrote about absent-mindedly putting socks in the fridge. I once actually put the alarm out for the milkman and brought the milk bottle to the bedside table, not noticing my mistake until I wondered what my better half was laughing at so very heartily. I have yet to live this one down.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Fuller, Norseman, W.A.

Pattern for living

IF more people would live as if each day were to be their last on earth, more would be accomplished in their lives, nothing would be left till later, help would be given to those worse off, and, in so doing, people would forget to be sorry for themselves.

£1/1/- to "Pensee" (name supplied), Port Melbourne, Vic.

Making a good cup of tea

SURPRISINGLY, there are many people who can't make good tea. For a really good cuppa, try this: Measure two cups of water into a small saucepan and as soon as it comes to the boil throw in a heaped teaspoon of tea. Then — lid on, and in five minutes you'll have a perfect brew.

£1/1/- to "Delicious" (name supplied), Calliope, Qld.

OYSTER'S LAMENT

• Sydney rock oysters have recently gone west to restock the Swan River at Perth.

"I'm a stranger here myself," the oyster said,
Breaking his silence. "Odd how things turn out.
My ancestors were Sydney Rocks. They never thought
Their progeny would leave the old home town.
Myself I do not mind. The same tides wash
The old environment as here. My house is snug,
Prefab., I brought it with me. Windowless,
It lacks a view, and therefore, day by day,
I meditate on life and what it means.
Frankly, I've no solution. Fish and folk
Must make do with the bitter little joke
An opened oyster muttered to a friend:
'The answer is a lemon in the end.'"

— Dorothy Drain

Men — and hot-water bottles

HOW many husbands admit to using a hot-water bottle? Not many, I'll bet. They would rather freeze — or so they say. Yet every cold night I have to fight for possession of ours. After my husband received a nasty burn on the ankle when one leaked, true to male form he told the doctor he had dropped a pot of tea on it. He would die if he thought the doctor might guess how he really was burnt.

£1/1/- to P. Klingenberg, Doncaster, Vic.

Vintage fountain pen

WE have had old brooms and old razors mentioned in our Letter Box, but I wonder if anyone has a fountain pen as old as mine. My husband gave it to me more than 40 years ago, and it has survived 40 years' hard work.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Olive Lawson, Launceston, Tas.

Long-lasting bread

CAN anyone beat this? Since Christmas I have not eaten bread that is not at least five days old. Our bread is baked on Friday to be sent to the nearest town, where it is loaded on the mail truck to arrive here on Thursday. That bread lasts us until the following Tuesday, the remainder being 12 days old when eventually thrown out and our "fresh" bread takes its place.

£1/1/- to "Blondie" (name supplied), Torrens Creek, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife gave a tray of ice-cream to the nearest child.

"I want you to take this next door to Rhonda Waffle," she said. "Ask her if she'll please board it for me while I'm defrosting."

The ever-helpful Mrs. Waffle agreed at once to take in the homeless ice-cream. She treated it as considerately as if it had been her own, storing it in the coldest part of the fridge.

How lucky one is, I thought, to have good neighbors.

They are an insurance policy against all sorts of difficulties. If you run out of bread for breakfast or need a spanner, there is always a place to go—next door.

Conversely, when you don't get on with the people next door life can be awkward.

In my boyhood we were on bad terms with some neighbors called the Clotwoods.

If we hit a tennis ball over the fence they gave it back grudgingly.

NEXT DOOR

There was no borrowing cups of sugar or screwdrivers from the Clotwoods.

They peered at us out of their windows. If we had been doing anything shady, like selling sly-grog, the Clotwoods would have put us in. (Luckily we weren't.)

The feud started over a drain. They built a drain that poured their rain-water into our place. They also threw rubbish over our fence.

That is one of the things to watch if you want to build up a good-neighbor relationship — don't throw things over the fence.

And don't ask for too much. Borrow a bottle of vanilla, but not a bottle of whisky; a can-opener, but not a car. Ask them to mind the baby for an hour, but not for a week-end.

If you are in harmony with the people next door, as we fortunately are, the benefits are mutual.

When the Waffles go on holidays we bring in their garbage tin from the street and feed their cat. When we go, they bring in our garbage tin and feed our tropical fish.

By pooling our crackers on cracker night we get a better display.

We co-operate in television, too. Last week half of our family wanted to see The Beatles, half wanted to see Danny Kaye. The Waffles were similarly split.

A summit meeting was held, and produced a quick solution. Beatle-watchers assembled at our place, Kaye-watchers at the Waffles'.

That is one way people like the Clotwoods, who don't get on with their neighbors, miss out. They all stay home and quarrel over the TV.

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THE OAK TREE

It was a symbol of strength and courage . . . a short story

By R. A. MONCRIEFF

"Come along, and I'll get you some carraway seed cake," Aunt Phoebe said to the little boy.

AUNT Phoebe and the oak tree had shared the fragrance and tranquillity of the pleasant garden for over thirty years. They had been friends from the beginning. But it was only during the past twenty years that she had really grown to love the tree.

During that time, age had descended upon them both with stern impartiality. Each had responded in the manner of kind — the tree, in full vigor of growth, began to tower; Aunt Phoebe, already bowed with the weight of years, to shrink.

Yet there was nothing incongruous in the contrast — rather the reverse. For when they were together, there was that between them which transcended the commonplace of mere material form.

Perhaps it was the strong, vital essence of life itself that created the affinity — the indomitable will to live, and continue to be one with the warm, bright sunshine, the swift cloud shadow, the crooning wind, and the misty rain. Of these things each had partaken in full measure; and while the tree grew strong and flourished, peace and a great serenity of soul came to Aunt Phoebe, and shone in her face like a radiance.

For, despite their mutability, the years had been kind to her. Hers was not the sadness that so often goes hand in hand with age. Wistfulness, yes; a great wistfulness that clung to her and surrounded her like an aura — this was hers, the wistfulness of an indomitable heart which knows too well that some day even its courage will not prevail.

Because memory was all that remained for her, she dwelt much in the past. Many of her memories were vague and shadowy, moving through the recesses of her mind like ghosts. Others were part of herself, outcroppings of a gentle spirit, without the harshness of reality, and devoid of those many frailties which once had given them life.

Of them all, one alone retained its original form, a picture softened by the years, but so sharp and clear-cut that it could well have belonged to yesterday.

It seemed to her at such times, that the tree became a sentient thing, sharing her happiness and pain. She saw a sturdy, freckle-faced, eager-eyed boy of twelve standing before her, hand outstretched. In the grubby palm nestled an equally grubby object, which she discovered after close scrutiny to be an acorn.

Dubiously, she had regarded him. She was inclined to be wary of small boys, even her nephew Malcolm. Once a week, by her decree, he called in to collect his packet of carraway seed cake, which she made especially for him. At first, the gesture had been no more than the gratification of a whim on the part of a childless woman, a curious vindication of self.

But gradually it had become more than that, burgeoning forth into a mutual regard and understanding for which love was only another name.

"Let me plant it for you—please," he had pleaded, his earnest, freckled face alight. "It'll be a tree, some day. Something we'll always have to remember."

She knew it was a moment that came not often in the lives of two ordinary people. But was he an ordinary person, this boy of twelve? Her throat contracted before his absolute sincerity, and she had nodded her assent because the words would not come. But she must have smiled, for no nod could have brought his arms around her so impetuously and so warmly.

Then, together and laughing now, they had gone to a corner of the rambling old garden and Malcolm had planted the acorn.

"It'll grow," he had announced with certitude. "Some day, it'll be a beaut tree." He had turned to her, a smear of red earth across one cheek. "Our tree."

Again she had smiled, while her heart ached. Why, oh why, are small boys most appealing when their faces are dirty! Surely, she thought, it must be the angel peeping through, if only people would take time to look.

"I'm sure it will," she had replied in all honesty. "But to me, it will always be your tree, Malcolm." Insight moved her to voice words she had never intended to say.

"I'll always see you in the tree, my dear. I'll watch you both grow tall and strong."

Timidly almost, she had patted the strong, sunburnt hand that rested on the handle of the spade. "Some day — a man, and an oak tree."

Inexorably, the years had marched, bringing change to all things. The acorn had sprouted, the minute roots asserted themselves. Slowly, imperceptibly, the plant that one day would become a tree increased its tenure upon the earth and flourished in response to the loving care they had lavished upon it.

Almost as imperceptibly, yet with a swiftness that shocked her, manhood came to the boy and daunted her with its virility. Tea and carraway seed cake were the tokens of her recognition and submission.

Soon she found herself looking up to her tall nephew when she spoke to him. The tree, too, had outgrown her, and she was well pleased with both. Her happiness would have been complete but for the foreboding that resided within her. The ominous rumblings of war were too familiar to be long denied, and she prepared herself for the worst.

She was strangely calm when he came to say goodbye. But her heart was breaking within her at the sight of his airman's uniform, and the new, strange purposefulness in his face. Together they had stood beside the tree, which, she noticed with a pang, now reached almost to the peak of his cap.

She was grateful to the tree. Its presence saved her from herself and the tears that threatened to overwhelm her. As at another time, she listened and nodded her awareness.

"It's done well," Malcolm had commented. He regarded her quizzically. "A kid with an acorn! Heavens, what did you think of me!"

But she knew him too well to be deceived.

"I thought it was rather wonderful," she replied quietly. Then, abandoning all restraint, she clung to him like a terrified child.

"Oh, Malcolm! Come back. Please come back!"

But it was a cry, like so many others, that went unheeded. The dead do not return.

Although she did not ponder the why and wherefore of such things, she had come to accept the oak tree as a living symbol both of the long dead, and that which could never die.

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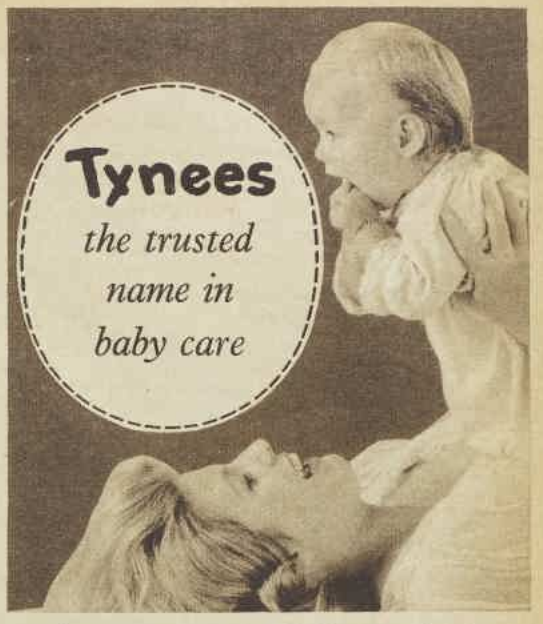

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My most dear Nelson . . . Lord Douglas has just call'd; he would have given much to have seen you when you was in England; he looks upon you as the sweetest of all human beings . . .

I had begun to fret at not having letters from you. I send you a letter of Miss Connor's for there is much in it about our dear girl, you will like it . . . What a blessing for her parents to have such a child, althou' so young, so amiable! God spare her to them and be assured, my life, my soul, of your own Emma's fondest affections. You are all my good.

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July 1, 1964

Teenagers' WEEKLY

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

On pages 8 and 9 .

WAY-OUT WARDROBE

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
Not to be sold separately

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

He's a hobby champion

I WONDER if anyone has had as many hobbies as my brother? Over a period of two years these have been:

Collecting badges, breeding fish, collecting pictures of aeroplanes, leather work, collecting pictures of shells, birds, and Australian animals, aeroplane modelling, collecting flags, painting and drawing (mainly abstract), collecting rifles and bullets, breeding snakes, breeding pigeons, growing indoor plants, chalk sculpture (using my colorless nail polish for finishing), and, of course, collecting Beatle pictures. — *Ulla Nielsen, Coopers Plains, Qld.*

Sour on sweets

IN most school tuckshops, which are for the benefit of children wanting to buy their lunch, sweets are sold. As well as being bad for teeth and skin (acne), sweets are a great temptation to the figure-conscious girl. Also, many children spend too much money.

I would like to see sweets abolished from all tuckshops. They could be replaced most profitably by fruit and pure fruit juices. What do other teenagers think? — *Anne Reardon, Launceston, Tas.*

Plane sailing

WHY miss out on the thrills of flying because of the high expenses involved? A few years ago a gliding club set up its headquarters at the local aerodrome, and, by careful saving and part-time labor during holidays, I went solo after two years of training—while still at school.

In a powered aircraft the cost would have been much greater, although the flying could have been much the same. Besides thrills, gliding gives one a strong sense of responsibility and airmanship, which is invaluable to the person who may wish to take up power flying as a career later on.

For those with industrial aptitude there is much to offer in the line of aircraft maintenance and keeping the winch and retriever vehicle in good order.

Visitors are always welcome to join in launching activities, where they will discover the team spirit and friendly atmosphere that keeps a club alive.

It's a terrific sport, which quickly becomes a way of life, and I recommend it to any air-minded teenagers (including girls) who live near a gliding club.—*Ian Collett, Kingaroy, Qld.*

Beatle trick

TAKE heart all you Beatle fans who have disapproving parents — just put them to the test. I am a girl of 13 and a real Beatlemaniac. However, my father does not approve, and every time a Beatle song is announced on the radio he switches it off.

However, when the radio was switched on recently in the middle of a Beatle song, he made no comment. Which just goes to prove that unless he is told he can't tell that it IS Beatlemusic.

My 64-year-old music teacher, who teaches CLASSICAL music, says that their talent, harmony, perfect rhythm, and timing should be appreciated. —*Sherryl Owens, Mildura, Vic.*

Well played!

OUR school was lucky enough to gain a visit from the Young Elizabethan Players, who performed Shakespeare's "Macbeth" and "Merchant Of Venice," both of which were very good.

Some primary - school pupils came to see "The Merchant Of Venice," and they seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

After the performance some friends and I went backstage and met the members of the group, who were very pleasant people and good actors. I asked them for their autographs to mark the occasion.

If any readers get the chance to see these players, they should snatch it up, because it is well worth the money you pay to see them. — *Andrea Munro, Ainslie, A.C.T.*

Perfect boy

MY English friends think that a perfect English boy should have long hair, be troy (fab looking), wear high-collared shirts, slim knitted ties, a leather jacket with a collar, very tight denim jeans or bell-bottomed jeans, and boots up to the ankle with three-inch heels (Beatleboots), and have motorbikes as gear.

Sounds an odd assortment? Well, what are Australian girls' ideas on their perfect Australian boy? — *Pat Mason, Seaford, Vic.*

Good deed

TO teenagers who find that they have spare time during school holidays, I would like to offer what I consider to be a very constructive suggestion. Why not volunteer to help at a spastic centre?

These centres are generally very short-handed, and I can assure you your assistance will be greatly appreciated. Likewise I am sure you will enjoy the feeling of satisfaction knowing you have given up some of your time to assist those who are less fortunate than yourself and in need of your help. — *D. Wright, Klemzig, S.A.*

Sporting life

THIS is mainly to those girls who find that they are in just about the top standard at gym and sport in their forms at school:

If they are really keen they should try to talk their parents into letting them join an athletics club.

I am in such a club and I find it lots of fun. I have met quite a few people and I have gained a lot in team spirit.

It is not very expensive, and as a result of my training I get in many of the school teams, and I do not die of tiredness after running up a flight of stairs. So why not have a go, girls? — *"Runner," Glen Iris, Vic.*

Laos stay

WITH my parents I have just spent two very exciting years in Laos, where there are a number of unusual customs.

For instance, during the Buddhist New Year, everyone throws water over each other to wash away the previous year's wicked sins.

During this festival we went up to Luang Prabang, the royal capital, to be presented to the King. It was really thrilling, and I was a bit scared, especially when the Queen

Next week . . .

- A special coverage of The Beatles' tour — the latest pictures of the Fabulous Four's sweep through the country. There are wonderful color candid shots all fans will want to keep.

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started speaking to me in the native language.

My sister, who had been studying Laos classical dancing, was asked to dance for the King, which she did.

I left Laos a few weeks ago, and am now at boarding school. I was very, very sorry to leave. —*Tessa Morris, Woodend, Vic.*

Study helped

CONGRATULATIONS on T.W.'s inspiring articles on study. They have given many plodders like myself a hope for a brighter future.

I have already started to apply many of the rules which have given me an entirely different outlook on schoolwork. No longer do I sit for an hour trying to memorise a page of notes, finally giving up in despair and going on to the next boring subject. Instead, I sit down with pencil and pad, summarising and testing myself.

My leisure has increased, I am rapidly catching up on lost time, and I've already gained enough courage to extend my long-term goals. No longer am I content to put up with marks in the 50s and low 60s — I'm striving for the 80s, and, who knows, I might get a 90. —*"Hopeful Student," Mordialloc, Vic.*

[Another study article appears on page 6 this week.—Ed.]

Race pride

MY father had a color consultant to advise him on some painting. He embarrassed us by saying to her that he thought by her name that she would be Chinese — which she was.

We all thought he was awful saying this, but the girl seemed very pleased, and as my father explained afterwards — "would we be embarrassed or proud if someone in China asked us if we were Australian?

"We'd tell them before they had a chance to ask!" —*Kay McHardy, Nundah, Qld.*

Beatle birds

EARLIER this year we had some canaries born with dark "thatches" for all the world like Beatle wigs—they came right down over their eyes.

Now the latest batch to grow up have mottled wigs, almost blond. Does this mean there are Beatles in the bird world or is it a foretaste of what is to come—blond Beatles? — *"Canaries," Quirindi, N.S.W.*

Hip Mum

CAN you beat this! My girl-friend's mother (in her 40s) is absolutely crazy about The Beatles and just can't wait to see them now they are in Australia.

She is always making Beatle clothes for my girl-friend and her younger sister, whereas my girl-friend couldn't care less and says she would rather stay home and watch TV than go to Brisbane to see the mop-haired quartet.—*"Beatlemaniac," Surfers' Paradise, Qld.*

BEATNIK

"Like, when you're not with it, what do you boys do to keep fit?"

Choosing between the bush and the city

● After leaving school, should she go to the city (where career prospects are brighter, but where she knows no one) or stay in her home town? "Indecisive" (T.W., 13/5/64) asked, now readers reply . . .

GO to Canberra! There, in a complete country atmosphere, are all the advantages of city life. Good jobs are numerous, and there is no hectic peak-hour travelling.

Commonwealth hostels are provided for public servants. All are close to the centre of the city, and provide a reasonably sized room, complete privacy and freedom, and plenty of companionship.

Canberra solves all "Indecisive's" problems. The country (which is lovely) is all round, while there are all the social advantages of the city. — *Jill Gleeson, Dubbo, N.S.W.*

LAST year I was in the same boat, and I decided to come down to the city. It is true you can't make friends here easily, but eventually I made them at a social club.

In the country the employment office made contact with their Sydney office, which found me a suitable place to board.

Yes, I'm often homesick, and hope that some day I'll be transferred back to my home town. I hope this letter helps you, but the main decision is really yours.—*Laurence Ryan, Strathfield, N.S.W.*

EVEN though leaving home means leaving loved ones and old friends, you should go to the city, as country towns do not have much to offer in the way of employment.

Join a sports club or church group. If you can play a musical instrument, it helps. I don't find it at all easy to "get in" with a new crowd, but if you are a good mixer you shouldn't have much trouble.

Try to obtain board with a family in a private home, as it will be more friendly. Cities are big places, but you will get used to it all once you settle in and get started on your job or career. — *Geoffrey Milnes, Box Hill, Vic.*

I HAVE worked both in my home town and in the city. The city isn't so glamorous without friends, and the next-door neighbors may not even speak to you, whereas country folk always have a ready smile and cheery wave.

There may not be much country social life, but make do with it, and save towards a holiday in your capital city or interstate.

In a small office you know what goes on, but in the city you will be a small cog in a big machine, knowing only how to do one job — and that could be making tea for the seniors!

At home you will have a nine-to-five job, without travelling for an hour or so, morning and night.

If boarding, you will have to supply your own soap, etc. (and all these things cost money), and probably have to do your own washing and ironing. —*S. Heath, Para Hills, S.A.*

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WINTER WARMERS

MOHAIR basic is knitted in stocking-stitch with a wide peaked collar in simple rib. For directions see the opposite page.

FRINGE - TRIMMED charmer sweater in feather-light angora is in a pattern stitch that's easy to knit. Directions at right.

If he's the outdoor type, wear one of these snug styles to the next game. He'll know he has picked a winner. You will have, too.

FRINGE

Materials: 15 (B 16, C 17) balls Patons Fuzzy Wuzzy Angora; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 and set 4 No. 12 knitting needles; crochet hook.

Measurements: Bust, 32 (B 34, C 36) in.; full length, 22in. (excluding fringe); sleeve seam, 15in. (excluding fringe).

Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; p.b., purl into back of st.; k.b., knit into back of st.; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.o.n., wool over needle; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; g-st., garter-stitch; patt., pattern; rem., remain(ing); beg., beginning; cont., continue; rep., repeat; sl., slip.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side): K 1, * p.b. 1, k 1, p 3, k 1, rep. from *, ending p.b. 1, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * k.b. 1, p 1, w.o.n., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.r.n., p 1, rep. from *, ending k.b. 1, k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: K 1, k.b. 1, p 1, k 3, p 1, rep. from *, ending k.b. 1, k 1.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 129 (B 135, C 141) sts.

Work 15 rows in g-st. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in patt. until front measures 14½in. from beg.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 8 (B 10, C 12) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Work straight until armhole measures 5in. from beg.

Next Row: Patt. 44 sts., cast off 25 (B 27, C29) sts., patt. to end of row.

Work on last 44 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 36 sts rem. Work straight until armhole measures 7½in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 12 sts. at armhole edge every alt. row 3 times.

Join wool at centre and work rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as front until armhole shapings are completed. Work straight until armhole measures 6in. from beg.

Next Row: Patt. 40 sts., cast off 33 (B 35, C 37) sts., patt. to end of row.

Work on last 40 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 36 sts. rem. When armhole measures same as front, shape shoulder as front. Join wool at centre and work rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 62 (B 64, C 66) sts. and work 15 rows in g-st., inc. 7 (B 5, C 3) sts. along last row. (69 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in patt., inc. once each end of 3rd and every foll. 6th row until 105 (B 111, C 117) sts. on needle.

When sleeve measures 15in., place colored thread at each side of work.

Work 8 (B 10, C 12) rows in patt. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulders with narrow back-stitch seam. Using 4 No. 12 needles, with right side facing, pick up 129 sts. round neck.

Work 25 rows in g-st. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and warm iron, press lightly. With back-stitch, join side and sleeve seams to colored thread. Sew in

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(They're also oh, so "cool" to look at!)

sleeves, placing rows above colored thread along cast-off at underarm. Turn back neckband to wrong side and slip-stitch.

Fringe: Wind yarn round piece of cardboard 3½in. wide 5 times. Cut along one edge. With wrong side of work facing, using crochet hook, fold 5 strands in half, place on hook, draw fold through st. at cast-on edge, pull ends through loop, and draw tightly. Work through every 6th st. round lower edge of sweater and sleeves. Cut fringe evenly.

SCARF

Materials: Villawool 5th Avenue — 5 balls main color (m.c.), 2 balls each of 4 contrast colors; No. 9 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length, 70in.; width, 11in.

Tension: 5 d.c. to 1in.

Pattern: Double crochet (d.c.).

Using m.c., commence with 71 chain and work 1 d.c. into each chain, using 1 chain for turning.

Next Row: 1 d.c. into every d.c. of previous row.

Cont. in this manner, using m.c. alternately with contrast colors and finishing with m.c. when work measures 11in.

FRINGE

Using 5 lengths 10in. long, fringe in colors to correspond with stripes. Lightly press.

MOHAIR

Materials: 16 (17, 18) balls Woolworths Italian Mohair; 1 pair each Nos. 6 and 9 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust (actual measurement will be 2in. larger for easy fit); length from top of shoulders, 23 (23½, 23½) in., length of sleeve seam, 17½ (17½, 18) in.

Tension: 4¾ sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 88 (92, 96) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 15½ (15½, 15½) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows., k 2 tog. each end of next 3 (3, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 3) times. Cont. straight and when armholes measure 5½ (5¾, 6) in., shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 22 (23, 23) sts.; leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 22 (23, 23) sts., casting off 2 (2, 2) sts. at beg. of next and every following alt. row 5 times in all (all sizes). When armhole measures 7½ (7¾, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at armhole edge on following alt. row. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off loosely 26 (28, 30) sts., k to end and work to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 3 (3¼, 3½) in. Shape neck as follows:

Next Row: K 24 (25, 25), leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 24 (25, 25) sts., casting off 2 (2, 2) sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row 6 times in all (all sizes). When armhole measures 7½ (7¾, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (7, 7) sts. at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at armhole edge on following alt. row. Join yarn at neck edge, cast off loosely 22 (24, 26) sts., k to end, and work to correspond with other side.

SCARF, crocheted and striped in team colors, will tell him whose side you're on. Easy-to-follow directions are at left

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 42 (44, 46) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end every 6th row until inc. to 68 (70, 72) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17½ (17½, 18) in. or required length, shape top by dec. 1 st. each end every 2nd row until dec. to 60 (60, 60) sts., then every row until dec. to 28 (28, 28) sts. Cast off.

YOKE AND COLLAR

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using 4 No. 9 needles, commencing at centre front, pick up and knit about 140 (144, 148) sts. round neck. Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. (all sizes). Change to No. 6 needles, inc. 1 st., and cont. in rib, working backwards and forwards on these sts. for 3in. (all sizes). Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Stitch sleeves round armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Brush as required. Allow collar to roll back on to right side.

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● **Half-yearly exam results are under discussion in schools and homes. Here is some helpful advice from educationists PETER O'MEARA, DON SHIRLEY, and R. D. WALSHE, authors of "How to Study Better."***

"The half-yearly exam is not as decisive as the yearly, but it is a most valuable guide to one's progress. The student and his parents are well advised to scrutinise the results and discuss ways and means of improving them by the time the yearly comes around."

— P.O'M., D.S., R.D.W.

ACT ON 'HALF-YEARLY' RESULTS

LET'S discuss the results of your half-yearly exam.

Did you do well? Or not so well? Or well in some subjects but poorly in others? Do you feel, as most students do, that many of your marks can be improved?

No "ifs" or "buts" are called for. No backward-looking regrets. The question is **how** to take action right away if you feel that your end-of-year results can be better.

First, know yourself! You have strengths and weaknesses—like everyone else.

Try putting yourself, as it were, under a microscope to see just what sort of student you are.

Quiz yourself

Ask questions like these about yourself:

- How interested in study am I?
- Have I any clear goals?
- Do I work hard in class?
- Is my home study well organised?
- Do I use effective study methods?

Through such self-analysis many students have arrived at a great, positive conclusion. Instead of blaming a mythical "lack of brainpower," they have realised that their level of interest has not been very high and their study methods have not been very effective, and **that both of these weaknesses can be overcome by personal effort.**

We may assume that most students tend to reach this conclusion. So let's take action . . .

Prop your school report in front of you and start to **list** your strengths and weaknesses in detail.

Don't overlook the strengths. Too often we make ourselves miserable by dwelling on weaknesses and failing to "count our blessings."

Be specific. Instead of writing "weak in maths," you might say, "arithmetic at bare pass standard, but algebra weak, especially (1) quadratic equations, (2) . . ."

Attend to teachers' comments on the report. Add their points to your list. Where you don't understand a comment, or where you can't see how you went wrong, consult the teacher concerned.

When teachers hand back the marked exam papers, they usually discuss the class weaknesses. Try to relate these to your own performance.

We know of keen students who make a practice of neatly writing, after every exam, a list of shortcomings in each subject. This they paste in the front of their notebook for continual reference.

When you've analysed your results, make a list of goals that you want to achieve at the end-of-year exam.

In particular, turn your list of weaknesses into a set of positive goals.

Why do we emphasise goal-making?

Success is best defined as the satisfactory accomplishment of a goal sought after. Goals give life a purpose. They give a student a sense of direction and keep him alert and eager to learn. Specially, they help to carry him over the dull and tedious patches.

Experiments by psychologists indicate that the best goal is a **mental picture** in which you see yourself confidently achieving what you want. Try it, and see. (Many of the athletes at the Tokyo Olympics will be consciously goaling in just this way, because they know it improves their performance!)

Take these preliminary steps:

1. Set up a **study timetable,** arranging your week's home study in a businesslike way. Thus you will always know when to work and what to work at. More times should be allotted to the weaker subjects. Try this timetable for a week or two, then improve it.

2. Check your **study conditions.** A student needs a quiet place of his own. He should take steps to arrange or build convenient shelves, drawers, or cupboards near the study table. And he certainly needs good lighting.

Work for play

You are now ready to "make every post a winner."

Work hard in class and work hard in the time you have allotted for home study. By working in an organised way you will find that you have a fair amount of leisure time.

Keep up to date with classwork and do homework quickly, so that you leave time for general revision, especially of the weaker subjects.

Active revision

In all revision work **active methods** should be employed. Instead of simply reading on and on, stop frequently to recall and recite, section by section, the main points in what you have read. At least half of your revision time should be given to such recall. It is also good to underline, jot down points, make diagrams and summaries—anything that means active study.

Seek your **teacher's help** in matters that baffle you. Ask him to demonstrate the working of a maths problem, to set you essay questions and mark them if your problem is written expression—and so on.

Keep in mind every day **the three basic study skills — Reading, Writing, and Note-making** — and steadily strive to improve them. Aim at: faster reading, with high comprehension; attentive listening, with good recall of what was said; efficient note-making, with tidy recording of all the important facts of a subject in a notebook that invites revision study.

This page suggests a plan which calls for action and energy. There is nothing in it that is impractical. We hope you will respond to it as to a challenge. If you do so, your end-of-year results are certain to be good ones.

* "How to Study Better and Pass Exams Confidently," published by Martindale Press, 51 Woronora Crescent, West Como, N.S.W. Price 3/6, plus postage.

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The things we girls put up with . . .

. . . For the love of boys!

● I had a great view of the players — I must admit I did get to see the tops of their heads before full-time. Yes, I had volunteered to stand "on the hill" to watch a big football game — all for the love of a boy!

"IF you don't want to come, I won't go," my boy-friend had said. "You don't really like football, do you?"

What could I say? He's so wrapped in the game. So I said, "I think it would be fun." But it wasn't!

There were too many men (yes, I'm complaining) pushing and shoving and yelling at the players and at each other.

I tried bobbing up and down to get a better view, then decided just to squat down. My boy-friend seemed to be enjoying the game, but then he's over 6ft., so at least he could see it.

About an hour and a half later, just before full-time, he managed to bargain with a fellow near us and buy an old wooden box for 4/- for me to stand on.

Day not wasted

It sure was a mad way to spend Saturday afternoon, but not a wasted way. My boy-friend seemed thrilled with my sudden "interest" in football.

The football match was just one of the many examples of the things girls do—all for the love of a boy.

I remember the time a boy I was dating suggested I'd look "cute" as a blonde. I took his advice and now, two years later, I'm still trying to grow it out.

Last year I grew my hair long and at last perfected an upswept top-knot. But my boy-friend kept saying I looked like a pixie!

So now I wear it long, hanging about my shoulders. Everyone says I look like Veronica Lake, but my guy likes it.

Then there was a time when my date-of-that-moment suggested I should buy myself a black leotard-type swimsuit with long sleeves. I thought it was great until I discovered that when I wore sleeveless dresses I had lily-white arms!

I bought some beaut yellow stockings last week and, although he didn't say it in so many words, I'm sure my boy-friend didn't like them.

So back I took them to the shop, and was most embarrassed trying to explain that "they just weren't me" and asking for my money back.

And think of the sports you've taken up and the money you've spent on equipment, just because a boy you like is interested in them.

A quick look back and I remember the time when I suddenly took a great interest in golf. Then it was tennis, squash, skin-diving, and I even bought a surfboard because a boy I liked taught me to ride one.

By
KERRY YATES

And then there's the day you meet a boy who asks you water-skiing. It sounds exciting and once again you suffer spills, bruises, colds, backaches — all for the love of a boy.

And haven't you ever spent a whole day sitting on the hard, wooden seat in a row-boat—fishing? It's usually a windy day, rains around lunchtime, and the fish aren't biting. But your guy enjoys every minute of it.

Cars? You hear about them again and again. Let's face it: most boys like cars and there's nothing you can do about it. You just have to put up with their going into long details about the shock-absorbers and head gaskets which have to be replaced—or soon YOU might be replaced.

And have you ever offered to help a boy wash and polish his car? It sounds reasonable, even romantic. But it's usually not.

Just recently I spent at least two (it seemed like eight) hours helping to wax and polish a boy's car. I rubbed off the wax (supposedly the easier job) after he put it on, and it nearly killed me.

And when the car races and motor exhibitions are on, you must go with him and act interested. It impresses!

Last winter my boy-friend complained, "You never knit me anything," when one of our friends displayed the jumper his girl had knitted him. So I bought the wool and decided to knit him a scarf as a start.

Two weeks and six feet of one purl, one plain later, I presented him with it.

And haven't you ever sat through a double-feature horror movie with a boy who's just as excited as a 10-year-old when the big purple blob appears on the screen!

Boys can make you feel happy or sad — like a princess or like Cinderella. Oh, the emotions we suffer — all for the love of a boy.

Some girls I know really work hard for the affections of their special guys.

Languages of love!

One girl dates boys from different countries and works hard to perfect oh-so Italian, French, or German accents before luncheon dates with new ones.

But I must admit that although we have to put up with a lot — all for the love of a boy — HE is usually worth it.

So for the love of Mike — or Peter, Jim, or Bob — let's not complain!

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A way, way-o

By Kerry Yates

● Anou Kiisler, 18, a Sydney University second-year medical student, was a lonely — in a fashion sense — teenager for the past four or five years.

ON a small weekly allowance, she designed and made all her own way-out clothes and searched shops for madcap accessories — like quaint ankle-strap shoes, a fob-watch and chain, and Indian cowbells to wear with her evening frocks.

As well as zany off-beat dresses, Anou for years has worn her long blond hair in a tossed windswept style and sported black or dark-tinted stockings and no make-up.

"And now the Mod look is here — and, at last, I'm in fashion," she said recently.

Her latest truly Mod creations are a couple of ankle-length skirts (which she copied from those photographed on London models in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly). She wears these to her university Medicine lectures.

"And does she cause a sensation if she walks in late for a lecture!" said one of the boys who gathered round to watch staff photographer Keith Barlow photographing Anou's wardrobe at the university. "Most of the students are men!"

Quite a change from Anou's ankle-skirts are her short dresses — she always wears those several inches above her knees.

"As I never wear slacks to uni, the long skirts are marvellous for winter," said Anou. "But I don't think they'd be very suitable for girls who work in the city. Although I've got big splits up the back of the dresses, they make leaping on to buses rather difficult."

As well as the skirts, Anou's wardrobe includes a pair of long black leather boots, T-bar shoes, jeans, colored stockings, and lots of short-short flannelette, gingham, and corduroy dresses (each only costing, usually, from £1 to £2), which she sews up "whenever there's a party on that night."

One of her most-admired "bargains" is a black high-necked shift which looks like an expensive jersey-knit but is just a man's cotton skivvy which Anou bought for 19/11.

She was with a friend who was buying a skivvy and he picked up an exceptionally huge one and jokingly said, "You could wear that as a dress." The next day she did!

ABOVE: Short wool dress is Anou's favorite—and most expensive—party dress. It cost her £2/10/- to make. LEFT: Above-the-knee-length black leather boots add a different touch to Anou's jeans and giant-size mohair sweater. RIGHT: "Alice in Wonderland" look is Anou's description of this cute checked flannelette shift she made for about 9/-. Anou always wears colored or dark-tinted stockings. ON OUR COVER: Evening dress is an ankle-length corduroy creation which cost Anou about £2.

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ut wardrobe

LEFT: Anou made this ankle-length corduroy skirt for about 14/-. She shortened an old shirt and added feminine frills and lace for the top.

ABOVE: Skimmer shift looks like an expensive jersey-knit dress on Anou, but it's really just a men's-size cotton skivvy, which cost her only 19/11.

men's Weekly — July 1, 1964

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9

PATONYLE

that both were given 12 identical hand washes, and allowed to dry

http://alla.gov.au/nla.news-page5796341

BANDSTAND

BY

Whatever happened to Lana Cantrell?

● Hi there, and welcome to the show. Here are some extracts from a letter I received recently from Lana Cantrell, in California:

"VERY soon I'll be recording for a brand-new recording company by the name of Power. We have the backing of two numbers down on tape, all we have to do is to put my voice on . . .

"I've hit more snags over here than I dreamt could be possible. One of the hardest things is being under 21, because you can't work in any clubs . . .

"Last week I went to a party at 20th Century-Fox studios, on the set of a film they have just finished. It's called 'John Goldfarb, Please Come Home.' I met **Shirley MacLaine** and **Peter Ustinov**—I had a real ball!

"**Digby Wolfe** is living in a beautiful apartment on Sunset Strip. He did a TV show last week and was very good . . .

"I've been staying with my aunt for the last week or so, and things couldn't be better, as my cousin owns a speedboat and at last I'm back on water-skis. I thought I might have forgotten how to ski—it seems so long since I was skiing with the 'Bandstand' family. Please give my regards to all."

★ ★ ★

ELLA FITZGERALD has stunned the jazz world—of which she has long been Queen — by recording a Beatle song!

The number in question is The Beatles' current best-seller, "Can't Buy Me Love," written by Beatle song-writing team **Lennon** and **McCartney** (who are also reported to be two of her top fans).

On the other side Ella recorded the title song from the smash Broadway musical "Hello, Dolly!" (Also recorded by **Louis Armstrong**, it turned out to be the surprise hit single of the year.)

But neither side of Ella's disc can be called a true "cover" version, as each is presented with the famous Fitzgerald flair.

★ ★ ★

PATSY ANN NOBLE is becoming quite a globetrotter — she recently completed a tour to Paris, where she appeared at the Olympia with **Cliff Richard** and **The Shadows**, then moved on to Belgium for TV appearances. Patsy has also released a French EP that seems to be doing well.

I hear rumors that Patsy is beginning to feel homesick and has confided to several close friends that although she's doing well she has a yen to come home.

★ ★ ★

FILM FLASHES: **Peter Ford** and **Peter Fonda** will appear with their dads, **Glenn** and **Henry**, in "The Rounders."

A film of the fairytale "Peter Pan" is being planned to star **Audrey Hepburn.** "Peter Pan and Wendy" was written by J. M. Barrie in 1904 and produced on the London stage in the same year.

Pretty **Shelley Fabares** changes her tune in "Girl Happy," **Elvis'** latest movie, by doing an exotic dance.

Well, that's it for the time being.

SO LONG, AUSTRALIA. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

ELLA FITZGERALD

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

THE CLASSICS

Wagner: Orchestral excerpts

A NEW record in the R.C.A. Victrola series presents a series of excerpts from Wagner operas played (splendidly) by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and conducted by Charles Munch.

Purists have sometimes objected angrily to the habit of taking orchestral passages out of Wagner's music dramas and presenting them as independent concert works.

But these days Wagner's very lengthy operas are not regarded quite so reverently as they once were; and—especially in Australia, where they are seldom performed—these orchestral excerpts provide a useful means of discovering Wagner's truly spellbinding capacity to create pictures and moods through orchestral sound.

The first work on this disc is a relatively early one, the Tannhauser Overture, a big and enthusiastic piece recalling the style of the spectacular grand opera of Wagner's predecessors, such as Meyerbeer. The pieces on the second side are mature Wagner, in a much more personal style. They are both from his vast four-opera mythological cycle The Ring of the Nibelungs, the Magic Fire Music from The Valkyrie, and Siegfried's Rhine Journey from Twilight of the Gods.—**Martin Long.**

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Concluding: FILMING THE BEATLES

WHAT do The Beatles themselves — the stars of "A Hard Day's Night" — think of this business of film-making?

By (another) GEORGE HARRISON

"MAKES a change from eating regularly," said John Lennon.

He was famished because he hadn't had anything to eat since the night before —15 hours earlier.

"Too much hanging around waiting for something to happen," said Paul.

"And I hate the dawn patrol stuff of getting us working about 8 a.m."

"I like it, but I wouldn't want it as a steady job," said George.

"Though they tell me the money's good," he went on as an afterthought.

And Ringo, with a pseudo lofty air, observed: "I'm surprised at you lot.

"Here I am doing my best to make actors of you and what happens? You start knocking the business."

That's how they gagged when they had a few minutes free from cameras during the filming.

As Paul said: "It's a load of laughs."

To make certain that the setting was accurate during the scenes of the boys gambling in the gaming - rooms of Les Ambassadeurs Club, Park Lane, director Dick Lester asked the club officials if he could borrow the actual chips which members use.

"They will look more authentic than our own property chips," he explained.

£500 "loan"

The officials agreed and counted out £500 worth.

They made the director sign his personal I.O.U. for the £500 loan.

At the finish of the shooting he returned the chips and was then handed back his I.O.U.

This he promptly tore into little pieces, with a sigh of relief.

For one of the film's train sequences, producer Walter Shenson borrowed Marylebone Station.

He turned it for one day into a near-replica of Liverpool's Lime Street terminus.

They took over on a Sunday, when the station is normally very quiet.

But, remembering the fantastic scenes at London Airport when The Beatles' plane from America was met by stampeding thousands of fans, London police took no chances.

They erected crush barriers and stood on guard, ready to repel any teenage invasion.

Passengers there to catch suburban trains thought Royalty was arriving.

Fans "crashed"

Meantime, Shenson had hired 100 extras to play the role of the fans.

Promptly that morning the extras arrived at the station.

"Yes, the extras arrived —and so did hundreds of fans," said Dick Lester.

"Thank goodness the police had put up the barriers or we'd never have shot a foot of film.

"The kids were wild with delight at having discovered our secret rendezvous, and they screamed their heads off the whole time.

"How these things get out, I just don't know. But no matter where we went — even when we stopped the train for lunch outside a town—the kids always seemed to know we were coming and exactly where we would be at any given time.

"They've either got an uncanny sixth sense or else a mighty good grapevine."

RINGO hides from fans under the dryer at a hairdresser's in a scene from The Beatles' film.

GUEST STAR

SUCCESS has been catching up with our back-page pin-up, 22-year-old Melbourne singer Colin Cook, over the past year — success which has meant frequent interstate trips, regular television appearances, two EPs, five single records, and an LP.

The latest single (on W. & G.) is "Sea Of Love," a slow ballad, backed by an up-tempo number that Colin wrote himself, "High School Romance."

He shares his first LP with the instrumental and singing group The Strangers. The record has the obvious title, "Colin Cook Meets The Strangers."

"We each have one side, which means seven numbers apiece," said Colin. "My side is mostly up-tempo rock numbers."

His most successful record to date has been "Heart," which (backed by "Surfing Holiday") was placed in the pop charts 15 weeks in a row, reaching seventh position.

The young singer, who these days objects to being termed a "rocker," has steered his style toward ballads.

"I've tried for a smoother sound," he said.

Slight, with large blue eyes, Colin has a strong teenage following which swells every time he makes an appearance on country tours, at local dances, and on television.

Colin shrewdly admits to "a couple of girlfriends, no one special."

A conservative dresser both on and off stage, Colin has only one fad where clothes are concerned — BOOTS.

"Shoes are out," he informed me, stressing the point by lifting one foot smartly clad in a pointed and cuban-heeled patent boot, similar to the type many entertainers favor.

"Patent saves polishing," he added with a grin.

When the pressure is off, Colin likes to shed his patent boots for a pair of spiked shoes and a round of golf "to relieve the tension."

Content with the way his career is shaping at the moment, Colin's ultimate ambitions are to be an Australia-wide success and to have a national hit record.—SCARTH FLETT.

PATONYLE
that you was given 21 years ago when parents had washes, and showed to day

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TEENA

BUNDLE UP... OPEN THE DOOR... OKAY, TURN OFF THE HEAT...

... LET'S SEE, THERE'S SOME COLD TURKEY...

OH, I DON'T KNOW IF I FEEL LIKE TURKEY.

IS THERE ANY HAM? TURKEY GOES GOOD WITH HAM...

WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THE ROAST BEEF?

HOW 'BOUT SOME JELLY AND COTTAGE CHEESE? WE CAN PUT IT IN THE BLENDER WITH A BANANA... HOW 'BOUT...?

HEY! THERE'S A PIECE OF LOBSTER!

BUT I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD MIX LOBSTER WITH CUSTARD CREAM PIE... I'D RATHER HAVE THE PIE...

WELL, THEN DO YOU STILL WANT THE PICKLES? I MEAN, IF YOU'RE GONNA WORRY ABOUT MIXING...

THAT'S IT! YOU CAN TURN UP THE HEAT NOW!

SLAM!

I THINK IT'S SILLY... YOUR MOTHER PUTTING US THROUGH THIS WHOLE ROUTINE EV'RY TIME WE OPEN THE REFRIGERATOR—

—JUST 'CAUSE WE LET IT DEFROST LAST WEEK, MAKING UP OUR MINDS...

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TOPS IN SPORT

. . . And love RAN in!

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Romance didn't just walk into the lives of Marilyn Black and Peter Vassella: it ran in like greased-lightning, easily breaking the Olympic qualifying times set down for Tokyo!

MARILYN BLACK and PETER VASSELLA

THE result? Marilyn and Peter — who met "on the run" when they were training for the Commonwealth Games in 1962, and became engaged last August — have both won selection with the Australian track and field team for the 1964 Olympics.

According to Olympic officials, they're the first engaged couple ever to be selected in an Australian Games team.

"There have been cases where romance blossomed during the Olympics and team members announced their engagement later," said one official. "But I can't recall any other time when an engaged couple have both made the team."

Marilyn, a 20-year-old schoolteacher who lives in the Sydney suburb of Rodd Point, has been chosen to compete in the 200 metres and 400 metres relay events.

Her fiance, a 23-year-old fitter and turner from Sydney's Eastwood, has been named for the 400 metres and 1600 metres relay.

News of their joint selection came as a "pleasant surprise and relief" to Marilyn and Peter.

"I was never in any doubt that Marilyn would go to Tokyo, but I wasn't so sure about myself," said Peter. "And it would have been terrible if one of us had missed out."

"It certainly would," said Marilyn. "I've never trained so hard in my life, because I wouldn't have forgiven myself if I'd let Peter down by not getting in the team."

Now that their selection worries are over, they're settling down to serious training in a determined bid to break all their previous running records.

The fact that this leaves them little time for going to parties or movies, etc., doesn't worry them in the least, for they see each other every night at training.

"And we'd have done so even if one of us had missed out on selection for Tokyo," said Peter. "We'd decided that in this event, the other would keep jogging along, both for interest and company."

Between now and Olympic time in October, life for Marilyn and Peter will be run at a pretty fast pace, and there's not much chance it will slacken before the New Year.

As soon as they return home they'll have to start planning for their wedding on January 2, and for their departure (the following day) on a working holiday trip to Europe.

While they're overseas, Peter hopes to gain valuable experience in track competition, but Marilyn plans to hang up her running spikes after Tokyo.

Marilyn and Peter, who met while training for the Perth Games but missed selection through injuries, are determined to run their best-ever times in Tokyo.

With this determination, and a little bit of luck, Marilyn at least could come home with a gold medal as a member of the women's 4 x 100 metres relay team.

At 16 she became the fastest sprinter in the world for her age when she broke Marlene Mathews' Australian junior 100yds. record in 10.7sec.

Peter, who equalled the Australian open record for 220yds. with a run of 20.9 sec. three years ago, temporarily slipped from form, but rocketed back into Games calculations during last season, and looks like being in top form for Tokyo.

NEXT WEEK: Garry Eddy.

Beauty in brief:

PROBLEM NAILS

CHINESE patricians wore their nails long as a status symbol: Long nails can do very little work, which, of course, was the whole point.

Our point: How long is too long depends on what you do, but if your nails are being constantly chipped and split and broken, a bit of shortening sounds in order. File nails to an oval shape with corners left in for strength.

Proper shaping protects fingernails to a certain extent. Use an emery board and file in one direction only across the top of the nail: or alternately, file each side in one direction only toward the middle of the nail.

And here's another filing hint — file nails only when the hands are dry, never after soaking.

Some experts say nails could be kept fairly flawless if you (a) oiled under the cuticle every night; (b) did not bruise the nail with harsh cuticle pushing; (c) let the nails grow out at the corners for about 1-16th of an inch above the cuticle.

But there are still a lot of people who have considerable bother with their fingernails, even though they go to some pains to look after them.

A weekly manicure is, of course, a must in any nail programme, and that goes alike for improvement and ordinary, everyday maintenance. Diet can be a nail aid, too. Check your protein intake if nails begin to give trouble. — **CAROLYN EARLE**

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Dating handicap?

"I AM a boy of almost 17, and I like girls, music, etc., very much. But there is a problem. My right leg is paralysed and I wear an iron on it and use a stick. Now, do you think it fair on a girl if I asked her out with me somewhere?"

P.F., Vic.

Why shouldn't it be? It's YOU, the person — not the disability — that matters as far as friendship is concerned. You're just as entitled as any other young man to enjoy feminine companionship.

When you meet a girl you like, who shares your interests, and indicates by her manner toward you that she likes you, don't hesitate to ask her out. Be casual about your disability and you'll find the nice girls will be casual about it, too.

Awkward stage

"I AM a 16-year-old girl and my problem is that I'm scatter-brained. Not in the usual sense—I received a good pass in my junior examination — but I just forget things easily. In fact, one of my teachers used to call me such names as 'bird-brain,' 'butterfly,' and 'clot.' I never used to mind this (I thought it rather funny) until she said it was a good thing I remembered to turn up for the examination. I'm awfully self-conscious because I'm not attractive and am so skinny. I usually slip on floors and crash into tables and send things flying in front of important clients. Another thing that upsets me is that my 12-year-old sister is very pretty, has loads of boy-friends, and has even been kissed by one. I don't believe in girls my age being 'madly in love,' but it's nice to have a boy LIKE you. That's never happened to me, though I have lots of girl-friends. Please tell me how I can overcome this mad way of mine and how to act around boys. I usually clam up or trip over something — being quiet is something strange for me."

"Scatterbrain," Qld.

It's not at all unusual for girls to go through a dreamy stage when their concentration "flies out the window at the drop of a hat." When you're a bit of a dreamer—as shy, self-conscious people often are — you're likely to suffer this sort of attack more than usual!

Try to apply yourself with enthusiasm to everything—your work and your hobbies—and you'll find your concentration will gradually improve. Whole - hearted interest is the key. (Don't be upset if someone still calls you "butterfly brain" occasionally, though. To men, this quality has a certain, very feminine appeal.)

That coltish clumsiness is also due to self-consciousness. And the way to overcome this is to stop thinking of yourself and the impression you're making, and direct your attention to the other person or people.

Listen to them, ask questions which give them the opportunity to talk about themselves and the things that interest them. Try this out on the boys you meet—you'll find it works like a charm.

"Brassy" friend

"COULD you please offer some help? We are very embarrassed socially by a schoolfriend who will insist on literally throwing herself at all our friends—whether she has been introduced or not. She also makes totally unnecessary remarks on all kinds of subjects not desirable in conversation. She is always very loud in expressing her opinions on everything, and she is generally making a nuisance of herself. Subtle approaches have no effect—nor does direct speaking. She is becoming quite unbearable."

"Annoyed," Qld.

Have you ever wondered why this schoolfriend insists on "throwing herself" at your friends? People of every age (and particularly those who lack self-confidence) often force themselves to extremes of behaviour in a desperate effort to belong.

This girl may seem as bold as brass on the surface, but underneath she's probably very lonely and unsure of herself. Rather than excluding her and bombarding her with "subtle approaches," try treating her casually.

Don't show offence at her loud behaviour. Just carry on with your normal conversations, and let her see for herself that you don't mind one way or another what she says or does.

If you give her reason to admire your poise, it's quite on the cards that she'll try to be more like you. I think, too, that when she gathers a little more self-confidence she might find friends with whom she fits in more easily.

Trouble with Mum

"LATELY I have not been able to understand my mother as she has become very irritable when speaking to me. She tries to find fault in everything I do. Although she will let my younger sister do anything she wants, if I ask her one small favor she becomes very angry and lectures me on how ungrateful I am in everything she does for me.

A word from Debbie . . .

● *Bored with the winter clothes you're wearing for the second, or maybe third, season?*

HERE are a few morale boosters for your wardrobe that will only cost you a few shillings—plus some time and a little imagination.

Start with mother's box of left-over scraps of material and sort out a variety of "patch-pieces." Now try your hand at this:

Cut out pockets of various shapes and place them in eye-catching positions on that dreary grey flannel skirt.

Diamonds, funny figures, flowers—especially if in contrasting colors—all have a "with-it" look.

Add a bright patch or two to your jeans — and don't forget patches for the elbows of your long-sleeved shirts. If you're really handy with the machine, try making a shirt, or shift-style top, completely from patches. Very jazzy with plain skirts or slacks!

To brighten up that plain wool frock, how about adding a pretty "pussy-cat" bow of silk or organza at the neckline? Or a dashing scarf?

Then there's the classic white collar and cuffs set—it will give a lift to any dull, plain frock.

And it has that little-girl look which is very "in" this season.

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Please help me as I love Mother very much, but she is making me very unhappy."
"Troubled," Vic.

Sons and daughters aren't the only ones who can suffer from the pains of growing up. Mothers (and, indeed, fathers) are quite often affected, too. It's hard for most parents to realise that the child who has been dependent for so long is suddenly emerging as a separate, individual person.

Just the same, examine your own conscience well. Are you ungrateful —perhaps just sometimes? Are the favors you ask unreasonable? Do you show resentment of your younger sister?

Do everything you can to show your mother that you love her and need her (though perhaps in a different way) as much as you did when you were younger. But don't try to "compete" with your sister—be patient and cheerful with her and you'll find mother will appreciate it, too.

Walkabout girl

"I AM 19 years old, and I am in love with a girl. But every time I want to talk to her she walks away with other girls. What do you think I should do—give her up or keep trying?"
"Lonely," N.S.W.

Give up. And look for someone with better manners.

Dull mail (male)?

"I AM a girl of 19. I have been writing to a 23-year-old boy for about four months now, and every letter I receive is very uninteresting. I don't see him very often, as he lives about 90 miles away, I don't love him, but he infers in his letters that he loves ME, though he has never said so on the few occasions we have been together. I like him when I do see him, but wonder if it is worth while continuing writing. I live in a very quiet country town, and do not have any other boy-friends, as it is difficult to go out owing to lack of transport. Could you advise me what to do please?"
"Slug," Vic.

If you had any real interest in this boy, I doubt if you'd be wondering if it was "worthwhile" to continue writing to him. Be honest with yourself — have you continued seeing and corresponding with him just because you have no other boy-friends? If the answer is "yes" it would be unfair to him to continue the relationship.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

● ROBIN ADAIR has been so "bugged" by The Beatles' visit that his regular column does not appear this week. It will return next issue.

"Pretend we don't notice them!"

"Shouldn't you be wearing some sort of a costume?"

PATONYLE

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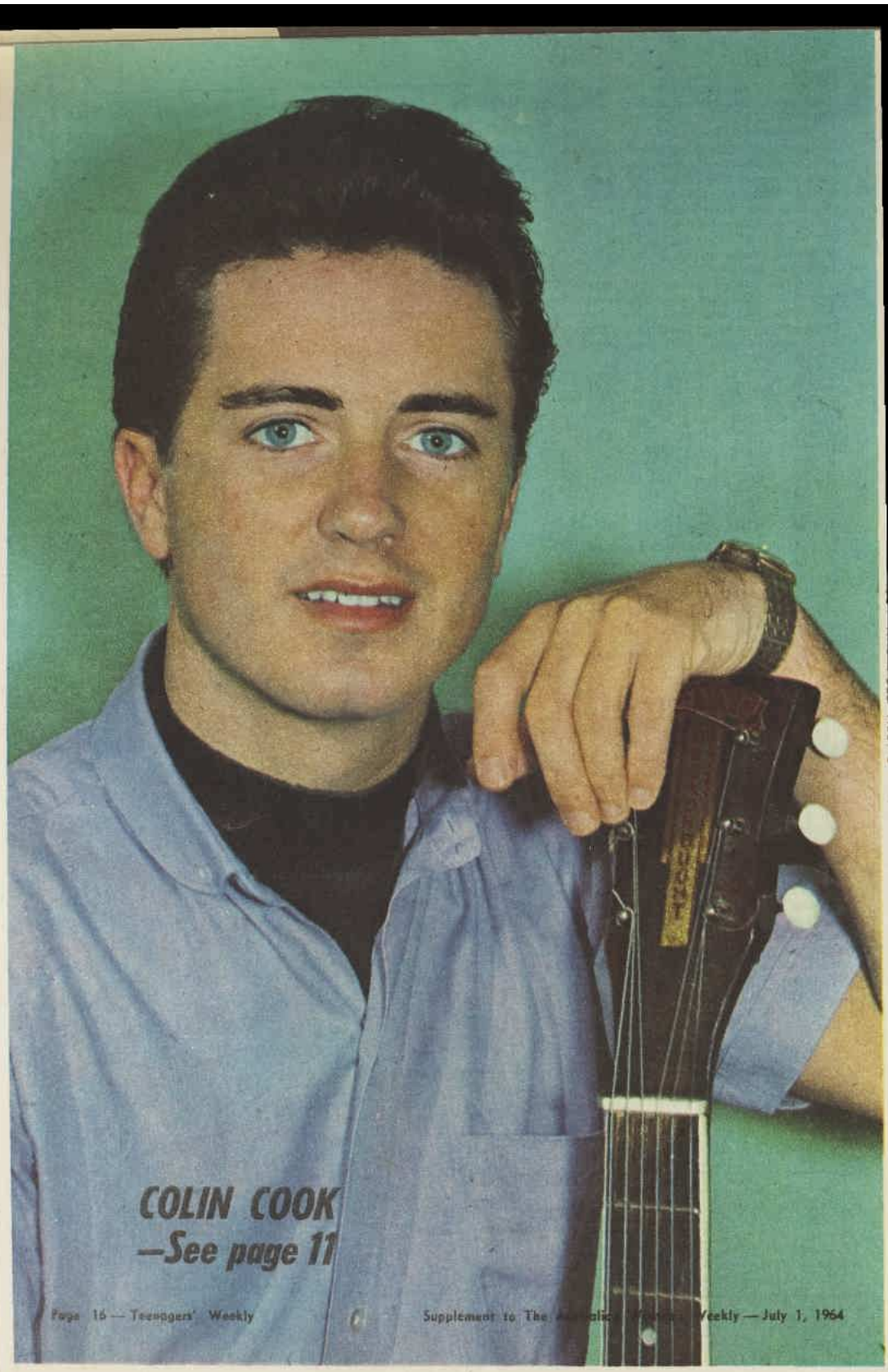

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AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● A serious situation has arisen. My ignorance — my abysmal ignorance — is likely to lead to a breach of relations between Australia and the small Leicestershire town of Melton Mowbray, home of the pork pie and centre of the most famous fox-hunting county in England.

THIS shocking state of affairs has been brought to my attention by an ex-Meltonian with a sense of humor who has written to me from Armidale, N.S.W., where she is now living.

She says, "I'll have to tear out your page before sending this copy of the Weekly to Melton Mowbray — they really would wonder why we stayed in Australia!

"Never, never let it be said that a Melton Mowbray pork pie is made in a pie-dish. It is *always* raised. I blush with shame at the very thought — pie-dish, indeed! Whatever will you say next."

I had heard of raising poultry, of raising a family, raising hell, and raising fat lambs, but never of raising a pie.

Thoroughly alarmed at the thought of international repercussions, I wrote back to my correspondent, saying, "Please, please explain to a barbarian how a pie should be raised."

With true missionary zeal she replied to my letter at once. Ignore everything I told you before. Even the ingredients are different. *This*, she tells me, is how it is done:

Three and a half pounds plain flour, heated quite hot; 1-1½lb. lard; 1 pint water; ½ teaspoon salt.

For the filling:

Three pounds pork (2 parts lean, 1 part fat), cut very small and well mixed; 1oz. salt; ½oz. pepper.

Mix the pork, salt, and pepper well together.

To make the crust: Boil the lard, water, and salt together, pour over the heated flour, mix with a wooden spoon. When cool enough to handle, knead well for 15 minutes.

To raise: A wooden pie-mould is best, but a 2lb. jam jar is a good substitute. Leave aside sufficient pastry for the top of the pie. First flour the mould or jar well, then place the rest of the pastry on the mould or the bottom of the jar, and with your hands press and shape it evenly over the mould. Allow it to stand about ten minutes to set, then ease the pie-shell off the mould, when it *should* stand on its own.

Pack the pork into the shell, pressing down firmly to keep a good shape. Pour over the pork one teaspoon of cold water, dampen the inner edge of the crust, roll out the pastry for the top, and put it on, pressing it firmly to the inner edge of the crust with a suitable pastry edger.

Make a hole in the centre of the top, decorate it with pastry leaves (optional), fasten a band of greaseproof paper round the pie, bake for 2½ hours (hot oven for the first hour, moderate oven for the remaining 1½ hours).

My correspondent adds, "The authentic pie, when cold, has a jelly poured in through the centre hole. The jelly is made by boiling a pig's trotter in water for an hour or so.

"My family prefers it without the jelly, and I don't think it would be suitable to use in hot weather, as this type of jelly goes 'off' very quickly.

"The quantities given make one large or two smaller pies.

"Personally, I particularly like the pastry leaves. They're optional, but nothing else is. Deviate one step from the rest of the recipe and no resident of Melton Mowbray will give a tinker's curse for you."

My correspondent put a sardonic little note at the end of her letter which suggests that she doesn't really believe that anyone but a native daughter of Melton Mowbray can raise a really admirable pie.

"With air transport so rapid these days," she writes, "it might, anyway, be easier to send to Melton Mowbray for your pie."

The days when Mum knew everything

ONCE upon a time my children thought I knew everything. Those were the days.

I admit they were under seven at the time and just about to launch themselves into that middle period where they would discover there was a lot I didn't know, but they were comfortable days, good for the ego. Now, of course, they're all at an age where they've discovered that I know almost nothing and what I do know I've got wrong!

Mike is a great hand at teaching his grandmother to suck eggs. He likes to explain to me, in offensively simple terms, how gadgets work; why the seedlings I have forgotten to water die; how I can organise the house so the work's less tiring. ("Use your *head*, Mum, not your legs.")

If I point out that I'd be less tired if he used his legs instead of his tongue and did the job in question, he sighs and says, "S'hopeless, you can't help people who won't think."

Mostly I put up with all this fairly patiently, because I know how irritating it is when you have some new discovery or some new theory, to be patronised by some older person claiming to have known your interesting new facts since the beginning of time.

Occasionally I rebel. The other day I floored him with these lines, which I'd discovered on the lining-paper of an ancient carton of white elephants stored away under the house:

Teach not thy parent's mother to extract
The embryo juices of the bird by suction.
The good old lady can that feat enact
Quite irrespective of thy kind instruction.

This took Mike's fancy and made him quite forget that he had been going to give up a considerable amount of his valuable time to explaining to his poor dumb mother *why* it is economically necessary for the State to collect registration fees from car-owners.

I didn't, incidentally, tell Mike where I had found the verse or he would have felt driven to explain to me that I would get through my housework more quickly if I didn't read scraps of paper found in old cartons or wrapped round the broad beans.

As this is an unarguable fact and one I really HAVE known since the beginning of time, I thought I'd spare myself the irritation of having it explained.

right now it's a

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Ask your range salesman to show you how easily it's done. Ask him, too, to show you the many other outstanding features of Carmichael-Parkinson gas ranges.

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Fashion FROCKS

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"LOIS". — Smart one-piece frock is available in black, red, lilac, and ming-blue silicone velveteen.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/2/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/8/6.

Postage 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 64. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continued from page 35

THE OAK TREE

Sometimes she was moved to a great wonder as she stood beneath the spreading branches and gazed upward to the myriad leaves that shut out the sky; at others, she remained at a distance, enthralled, feasting her soul on the inexplicable aura of lush green velvet that came to caress the tree in the tremulous hush of a summer evening.

And again, when she had locked herself away at the close of day, she watched the leaves redden and fall, to be blown away on the blustering west wind, or shrivelled by the first frost that turned the sky to ice. Stark now under the moon, the branches seemed to her like so many imploring arms raised in agony to the unheeding firmament.

But deep within herself, she knew. The miracle of revivification would manifest itself again, and again, and yet again. This was but a transient phase, when the spirit of the tree slept and gathered strength.

Alone, locked away in the big old house, she would kneel at prayer beside her bed, then prepare herself for rest. For a time she lay awake listening to the companionable creakings and rustlings that were voices long familiar and well understood. As drowsiness claimed her, she drifted along in a kind of dreamy retrospection, thinking of the people who had called that day, some to help, others to talk, others "just to see how she was getting along."

They were all so kind, all so eager to help, all so compassionate when she did not need compassion. Her time was not yet. But she was glad of them, for through it all she sensed an honest regard and affection that humbled her.

Although she lived alone, hers was not an Ishmaelite existence, she reflected, even if there were times when she desired solitude above all else. In the very nature of things, she had had to compromise. The one matter on which she had been adamant was the boys.

THE spacious garden, with its tumble-down paling fence and its big oak tree, had proved an irresistible lure to the youngsters in the neighborhood. Stealthily at first, then with boldness and open defiance, they had invaded her grounds and destroyed the possession she cherished most—her privacy.

Pleas and admonitions were to no avail; moved by a recrudescence of the old aversion, she went directly and at some cost to her pride to the boys' homes and parents. As a result, she was eventually left in peace.

But deep in her heart she was not so sure it was peace. Something was wrong. Ever honest with herself, she knew her anger, righteous though it was, was too possessive. For her, Malcolm was the only boy who had ever lived, and she was jealous of the image she had nurtured in her brain.

She shuddered at the prospect of seeing that image supplanted by one of those young ragamuffins nearby. Besides there was the tree—his tree. How could they be expected to understand? How, by all that was sacred, could she be expected to compromise?

The answer was not forthcoming just then. On the surface of things, life for her went on much as before. But deep in her heart she knew all was not well. She was a selfish old woman, living in a backwater of life, clinging to dead hopes and lost ideals —an anachronism.

But there was the tree. There was always the tree to comfort and reassure her that life still held meaning for her. In its shadow she fortified herself and drew sustenance from the feel of its rough bark beneath her hand. It was then that the spirit of the tree seemed all about her, and more than once in her trouble she went to her knees there, head bowed, as though seeking something she could not find.

One such day, while she knelt there, she heard a rustling overhead. Looking up, she saw a face peering at her through the leaves. Her heart began to pound, for it was almost as though her supplications had conjured it forth. There was the same freckled nose, the same bright eyes and gentle mouth, the same dirt-smear across one cheek. Rising weakly to her trembling knees, she held out her arms toward it.

"Malcolm!"

For one astounded moment the face regarded her. Then it disappeared, to reappear a moment later. With some misgiving the bright eyes watched Aunt Phoebe's face, from which all color had drained away, leaving it a ghastly white.

"I'm Bill, ma'am. Bill Grant, from down the road," he volunteered hesitantly. "Are you all right? I'm sorry I frightened you."

A wave of hot color, in which shame and anger were commingled, pervaded Aunt Phoebe's face. Hotter words strove for utterance, but she quelled them with an effort.

"How dare you! What are you doing here?"

"I sneaked in when the others weren't around," Bill replied. He brushed his hand furtively across his cheek, widening the dirt smear. "I'm swotting," he announced. "It's nice and quiet here. Besides," he added sturdily, "I like this old tree."

"You know you aren't to come here," Aunt Phoebe declared. She was too shaken to assert herself. Somehow, her anger wilted before this sturdy manliness that was so pathetically evocative of another, who had once stood there with a spade in his hand.

Disconcerted, her eyes fell to the text-book he held.

"What are you reading?"

"Swotting," Bill corrected her. "For the term exam." A note of pride and enthusiasm sounded in his voice. "All about the Battle of Britain. Gee, those blokes were real heroes! As game as they come—and some of 'em were ours!"

"Yes," she nodded. "They were. Once they were boys, too. Just like you."

Then, all unbidden, a great happiness began to sing in Aunt Phoebe's heart. The evening breeze stirred the leaves of the oak tree so that they rustled together and whispered like so many minute, glad voices. To her the sound was like a benison.

Her faded old eyes held something of the leaves' softness as she turned to face the watchful Bill.

"I bet you like caraway-seed cake," she declared.

Bill nodded.

"Come along, then," she said with a touch of the old imperiousness, "and we'll find out."

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Coughing is nature's way of clearing and breaking up congestion. But excessive coughing restricts breathing, causes discomfort, and damages the sensitive membranes in your throat. Just one sip of Buckley's brings instant, soothing relief, breaking up the congestion, that is the very cause of your cough. Buckley's refreshes, too, as its active ingredients go to work. Buckley's is powerful medication. Contains no sugar. Ideal for diabetics. The moment a cough takes hold, do what millions do, take Buckley's. 4/9 at all chemists and stores.

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BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

A thing of shreds and patches

SOMETIMES thought of as the "poor relation" of needlework, patchwork is an art which, when done well, can be amazingly beautiful in both color and design.

Patchwork came to prominence during the 11th century when Crusaders returning from Palestine brought back banners made of patchwork.

It increased in popularity, especially in the United States where, originally, fabric had to be brought many thousands of miles, so every scrap of fabric was saved and used.

This old-fashioned "cottage" type of needlework is now enjoying a revival throughout the world.

On this page are examples of basic designs and easy instructions for patchwork. There are countless variations on these themes. Patchwork is an art which follows no rigid rules, so provided you have the scraps of material you can invent your own design.

However, although some of the final designs may appear haphazard, planning of color and design is necessary.

Be sure to use materials of similar weight together. Give consideration to color, because in some designs, already "crazy" in themselves, the pattern is lost if complicated by too many colors.

The three designs shown are Crazy, Pieced, and Cottage Patchwork, and of the three, probably the first is the most widely known.

CRAZY PATCHWORK

Shows to advantage if a third of the pieces are patterned, the remainder plain.

To make: Choose unbleached calico or cheap material for foundation. On this arrange the irregularly-shaped patches (don't waste a scrap of fabric, fit pieces together at random). Turn in the edge of one patch, overlap the raw edge of another. See they lie flat, tack carefully to base. Finish by feather, chain, or cross stitching in contrasting color, or black, as shown below in sketch 1A.

PIECED PATCHWORK

In this the shapes are geometrical (for the beginner a hexagon shape is probably the easiest to manage). There is no set size for each patch; it depends on your own personal choice.

Make a template as shown in sketch 2A, cut out a number of shapes in paper to this guide. Cut pieces of material, using paper patterns, with ¼in. turning, fold edges back over pattern, tack. When a number of pieces have been done, arrange in pattern, oversew folded edges neatly. Finally, join completed sections, remove patterns by taking out tacking thread. Line with calico by saddle-stitching patchwork to lining.

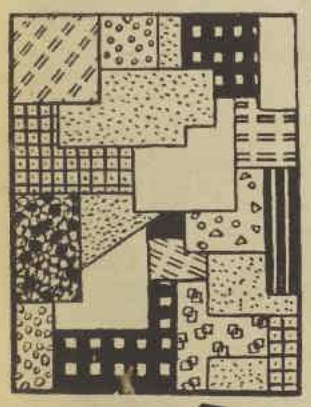
COTTAGE PATCHWORK

This is a very simple form of pieced patchwork and can be built up of patches of any simple shapes that can be cut without using a template.

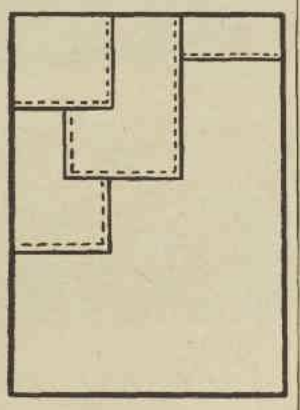
To make patches, take a 9in. square of material (sketch 3A), fold to obtain four 4in. patches (allowing ¼in. turn-in all round), fold each square diagonally and you have regularly-shaped triangles. Turn seam allowance under, tack in place before final sewing. Join to foundation.

Patchwork quilts are warmer if padded. The easiest way is to make patches double, then stuff them. Make patches of a simple shape, because corners are difficult to fill. Stitch patches, right sides together, round three sides, turn inside out, press. Fill bag thus made, turn in open side, stitch up. Join filled bag by oversewing edges.

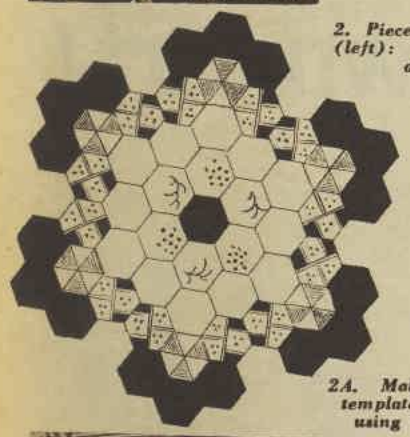
See our Home Plans Service panel, page 61



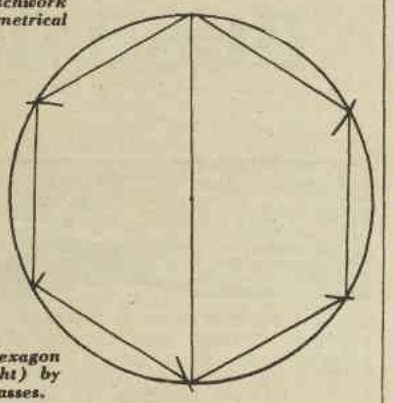
1. Crazy Patchwork (left): Gay way of using up odd scraps of fabric.



1A. Overlap patches (right), use contrasting cotton for stitching.

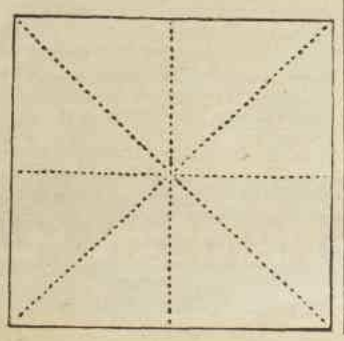


2. Pieced Patchwork (left): Geometrical design.



2A. Make hexagon template (right) by using compasses.

3. Cottage Patchwork (left): Simple pieced type.

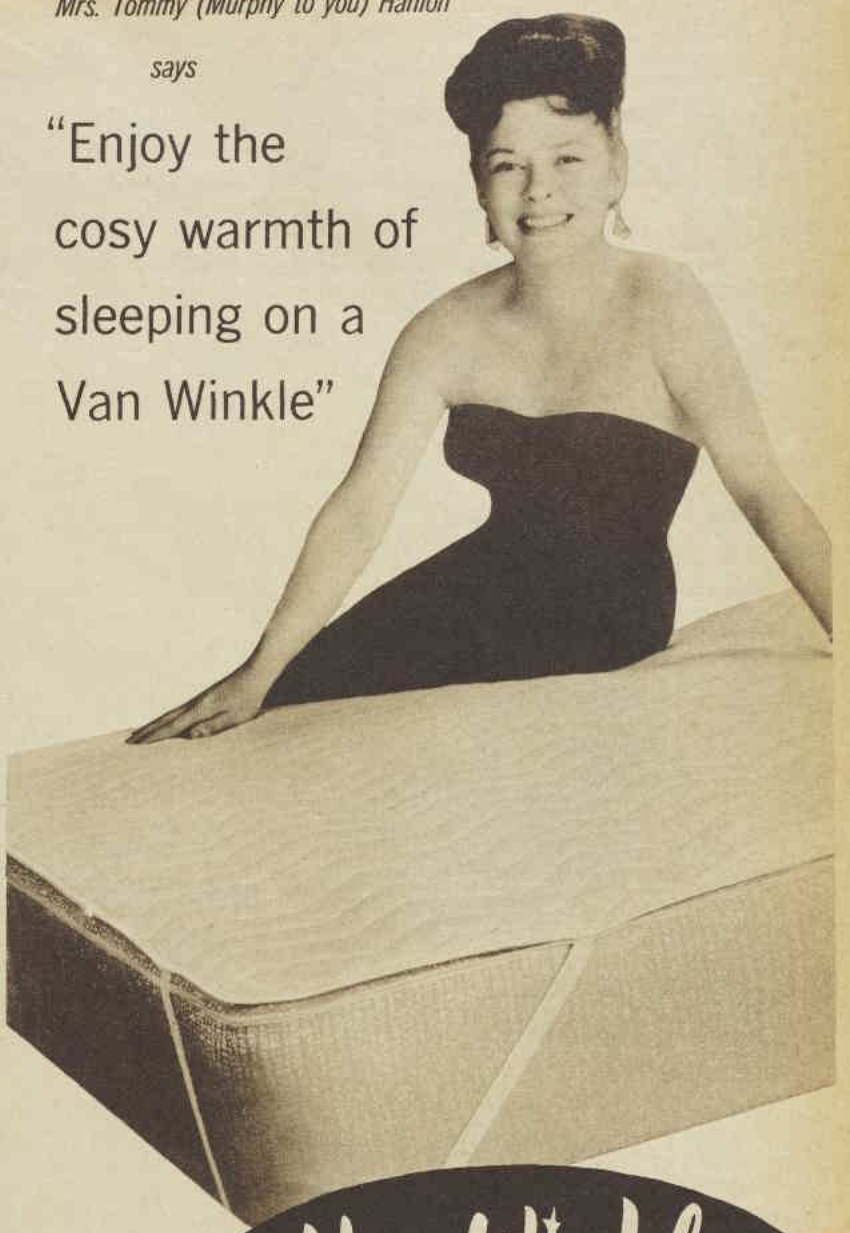


3A. Use 9in. square (right) as guide, fold as shown.

Mrs. Tommy (Murphy to you) Hanlon

says

"Enjoy the cosy warmth of sleeping on a Van Winkle"



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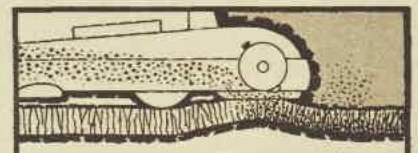

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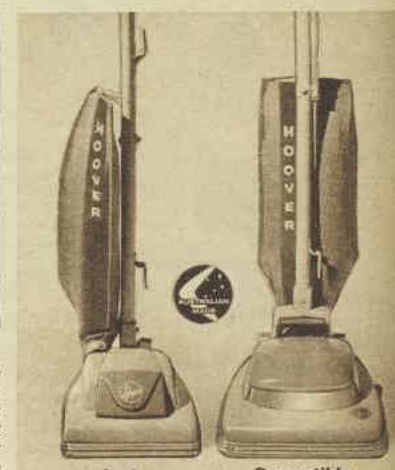

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Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

BREAM are baked in a sauce delicately flavored with tomatoes, curry powder, and with spices.

CURRIES

● A well-made curry is spice-cooking at its best, and as it simmers slowly to perfection the fragrant aroma from its blend of many spices will stir the most reluctant appetite.

IN this cookery feature are recipes for out-of-the-ordinary curries which use everyday ingredients. They are suitable for family meals and for party dishes.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes. Quantities serve four to six unless otherwise stated.

CREAM OF CURRY SOUP

Three leeks, ½oz. butter, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 pint chicken stock, 1½oz. rice, ½ cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons cream, salt and pepper, chopped chives.

Chop leeks, cook slowly in butter until golden brown. Add curry powder, cook further 5 minutes. Then add stock, rice, and milk; cook slowly ½ hour, stirring occasionally. Rub through sieve, return to saucepan, and season to taste. Beat egg-yolk with cream, add 2 tablespoons of the hot soup. Slowly add this mixture to remaining soup, beating constantly. Reheat without boiling; serve immediately, topped with finely chopped chives.

CONSOMME PONDICHERRY

Two cans consomme, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or to taste), 2 egg-yolks, 1 pint cream, salt and pepper, diced apple.

Mix consomme and curry powder, bring to boil, cook until mixture reduces slightly. Beat egg-yolks with cream, add 2 tablespoons of hot consomme. Gradually stir into remaining consomme, cook over hot water until mixture thickens slightly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place little diced apple in bottom of each soup plate, pour in the consomme; serve immediately.

This consomme can also be served chilled; omit apple and add sprinkling of chopped chives to each plate.

DELICIOUS PRAWN CURRY

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, 1 large onion, 3 stalks celery, 1 green pepper, 1 apple, 1 carrot, good pinch basil, 1 tablespoon each flour and curry powder, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 bayleaf, good pinch nutmeg, 2 cups chicken stock, 1 cup dry white wine, 2lb. cooked, shelled prawns, hot fluffy rice, finely chopped parsley.

Melt butter in pan, add chopped onion and crushed garlic, saute until soft but not colored. Add finely chopped celery, pepper, apple, carrot, tomatoes, and parsley; cook, stirring, a few minutes. Add bayleaf and basil. Saute over gentle heat until vegetables are softened. Sprinkle in flour, curry powder, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir well, cook 5 minutes. Slowly add chicken stock and wine; simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Add prawns for the last 10 minutes of cooking time. Arrange border of hot cooked rice round edge of serving-dish, spoon hot curry into centre, garnish with parsley.

A good-flavored chutney is a nice accompaniment.

LAMB CURRY WITH YOGHURT

Two ounces butter, 4 onions (chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 dessertspoon curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1½lb. lamb (cut into cubes), 1 cup yoghurt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, salt and pepper.

Melt butter in large saucepan, put in onions and garlic; saute until soft and golden. Remove from pan, set aside. Brown lamb in remaining fat, then add curry powder or paste, cook further 5 minutes. Return onions and garlic to pan with seasoning and spices; stir in yoghurt, cover, simmer very slowly until meat is tender. Thin sauce with little water or stock if necessary. Serve with hot, fluffy rice.

BREAM CURRY

Two tablespoons oil, ½ teaspoon mustard seeds, 2 cloves garlic, 1in. piece green ginger (or ½ teaspoon ground ginger), 2 lemons, 1 dessertspoon coriander, ½ teaspoon chilli powder, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 3 tomatoes, 2½ cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 4 whole bream, sliced tomatoes, sliced cucumber.

Heat oil, add mustard seeds, crushed garlic, finely chopped ginger; cook a few minutes. Add grated rind of the lemons and juice of 1, the coriander, chilli and curry powders, coarsely chopped tomatoes, and water, cook uncovered about 20 minutes or until mixture is thick. Remove scales and eyes from fish; trim fins and wash. Place fish in shallow dish, sprinkle with salt and vinegar. Pour sauce over fish, arrange thin slices of remaining lemon over top; bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until fish is tender. Place on serving-dish, decorate with slices of tomato and cucumber.

SCRAMBLED EGGS INDIENNE

Eight eggs (lightly beaten), 2oz. butter, ¼lb. sliced mushrooms, 1 green pepper (seeded and finely chopped), 1 teaspoon ground turmeric, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt and cayenne, 4 slices hot buttered toast.

Melt butter in saucepan, add mushrooms, pepper, turmeric, and curry powder; cook slowly until mushrooms and pepper are tender. Add eggs and seasoning, stir over low heat until eggs are softly scrambled. Spoon on to slices of hot buttered toast and serve immediately.

CURRIED CREAM CHEESE DIP

Eight ounces cream cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped chutney, 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or more to taste), 1 teaspoon desiccated coconut.

Soften cream cheese, blend in remaining ingredients. Spoon into bowl, place on tray surrounded by small biscuits or potato crisps. Serve with pre-dinner drinks.

CURRIED KEBABS

One ounce butter, 2 onions (sliced), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 dessertspoon curry powder or paste (or to taste), salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons hot water, 3 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), ½ cup beef stock, 2lb. steak (rump, sirloin, or fillet), wedges of onion, green ginger, melted butter.

Saute onions and garlic in melted butter until soft and golden. Add curry powder, cook further 5 minutes and add salt, pepper, and water. Simmer 10 minutes, then add tomatoes and stock. Cover and simmer 45 minutes. Cool.

Cut steak into 1½in. cubes, removing any fat and gristle. Pour sauce over meat, let stand at least 2 hours. Remove meat from marinade, drain well. Thread on skewers, alternating meat with onion wedges and green ginger. Brush with melted butter, cook under heated grill until done to taste. Serve kebabs on bed of hot, freshly cooked rice. Reheat remaining curry sauce and serve separately.

CARIBBEAN LAMB

Three pounds lamb (boned shoulder, or leg), 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 tablespoon curry powder or paste, ½ teaspoon turmeric, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, pinch cayenne, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ pint stock.

Cut lamb into cubes, saute in heated butter and oil until golden. Combine curry powder or paste, turmeric, ginger, cayenne, salt and pepper and stir into meat. Sprinkle with lemon juice, cook 5 minutes, then stir in stock with sufficient water to cover meat. Cover, simmer until meat is tender and sauce slightly reduced. Serve with hot, fluffy rice and any desired side dishes.

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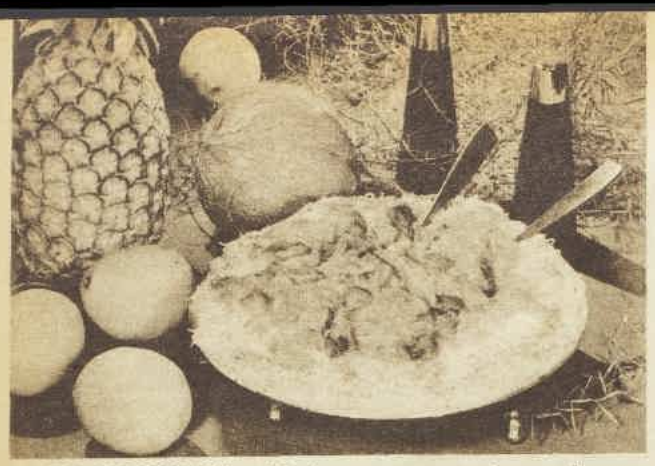


TO ACCOMPANY a delicious curry, serve lemon slices, grated coconut, chutney, fresh pineapple.

CURRIES . . . . . concluded

POACHED EGGS IN CURRY SAUCE

One small onion (chopped), 1oz. butter, 2 dessertspoons curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1 dessertspoon flour, ¾ pint white stock or vegetable stock, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 dessertspoon desiccated coconut, salt and pepper, 8 eggs, slices of fried bread.

Melt butter, add onion, cook until soft and golden. Add curry powder or paste, cook further 5 minutes. Then stir in flour and cook 5 minutes, stirring. Pour on stock, bring to the boil, stirring, add chutney, coconut, salt and pepper; simmer about 1 hour. Poach eggs, drain carefully, arrange on slices of fried bread. Spoon over sauce, serve immediately.

LAMB CURRY WITH WALNUTS

Three pounds lamb (cut from leg or shoulder), ¼ cup flour, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 4 onions (sliced), 2 to 3oz. butter, 2 apples (peeled, cored, and sliced), 2 tablespoons curry powder or paste (or to taste), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, juice of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, ¾ cup chopped walnuts (browned in little butter with pinch salt), pepper, salt, 2 cups water or stock.

Cut meat into cubes, roll in flour. Cook onions and garlic in heated butter until soft, add meat, cook until well browned. (This can be done in batches, unless you have a very large pan). Add apples and curry powder, simmer further 5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients (except nuts). Bring to boil, cover, and simmer gently 1 hour or until meat is tender. Stir in browned nuts, serve immediately.

CURRIED CRAB PANCAKES

Four tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon oil, pinch salt, 1½ gills milk, butter for cooking, prepared filling, extra butter, grated parmesan cheese.

Put flour into bowl with egg, egg-yolk, oil, salt, and 3 tablespoons of milk. Beat until smooth, add remaining milk; chill ½ hour. Heat small heavy frying-pan, rub with little butter, cover bottom with thin layer of the batter. Brown on one side, turn, brown other side. Make up all pancakes in this manner; keep warm. Spoon prepared filling into pancakes, roll, and place in buttered ovenproof dish. Dot with extra butter, sprinkle with cheese. Brown in hot oven; serve immediately.

Curried Crab Filling: One small apple (peeled, cored, and chopped), 1 small onion (chopped), 1½oz. butter, 1 dessertspoon curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1oz. flour, 1 cup milk (scalded with slice of onion and bayleaf), squeeze lemon juice, approximately ½lb. crab meat, salt and pepper.

Saute chopped apple and onion in heated butter until soft. Stir in flour and curry powder or paste; cook gently 5 minutes. Add strained milk; bring to the boil, stirring. Add crab meat, salt, pepper, and lemon juice; mix well. Cover filling with piece of dampened greaseproof paper, keep warm while preparing pancakes.

CURRY OF MIXED VEGETABLES

Two pounds mixed vegetables (cauliflower, brussels sprouts, peas, beans, celery, etc.), 1 tablespoon flour mixed with 1 teaspoon turmeric, 2oz. butter, 2 or 3 onions, 2 apples, 2 to 3 tablespoons curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1 small can tomatoes, 3 tablespoons chutney, 2 tablespoons cream, salt, pepper.

Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Chop all vegetables except onions into even-sized pieces; roll in mixture of flour and turmeric. Heat butter, put in vegetables, including tomatoes, fry lightly a few minutes, then set aside. Chop onions, peel, core, and chop apples; fry until onions are soft, then stir in curry powder or paste, cook few minutes longer. Add reserved tomato juice, salt, pepper, fried vegetables, and chutney; simmer until vegetables are tender. Stir in cream, serve immediately with hot, freshly cooked rice.

SIMPLE CHICKEN CURRY

One medium-sized chicken, seasoned flour mixed with ½ teaspoon turmeric, 1 pint stock (made with bouillon cubes or giblets and trimmings from chicken), 1 large onion (chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), 4oz. butter, 2 dessertspoons curry powder or paste (or to taste), 1 tablespoon flour, 3 tablespoons desiccated coconut, ½ pint water, 1 tablespoon red-currant jelly.

Cut chicken into joints, toss in seasoned flour; set aside. Melt ½ the butter in large saucepan, put in onions and garlic, cook until soft. Add curry powder or paste, cook another 5 minutes, stirring. Add flour, cook few minutes longer. Add stock, bring to the boil, stirring, cover, and simmer 15 minutes.

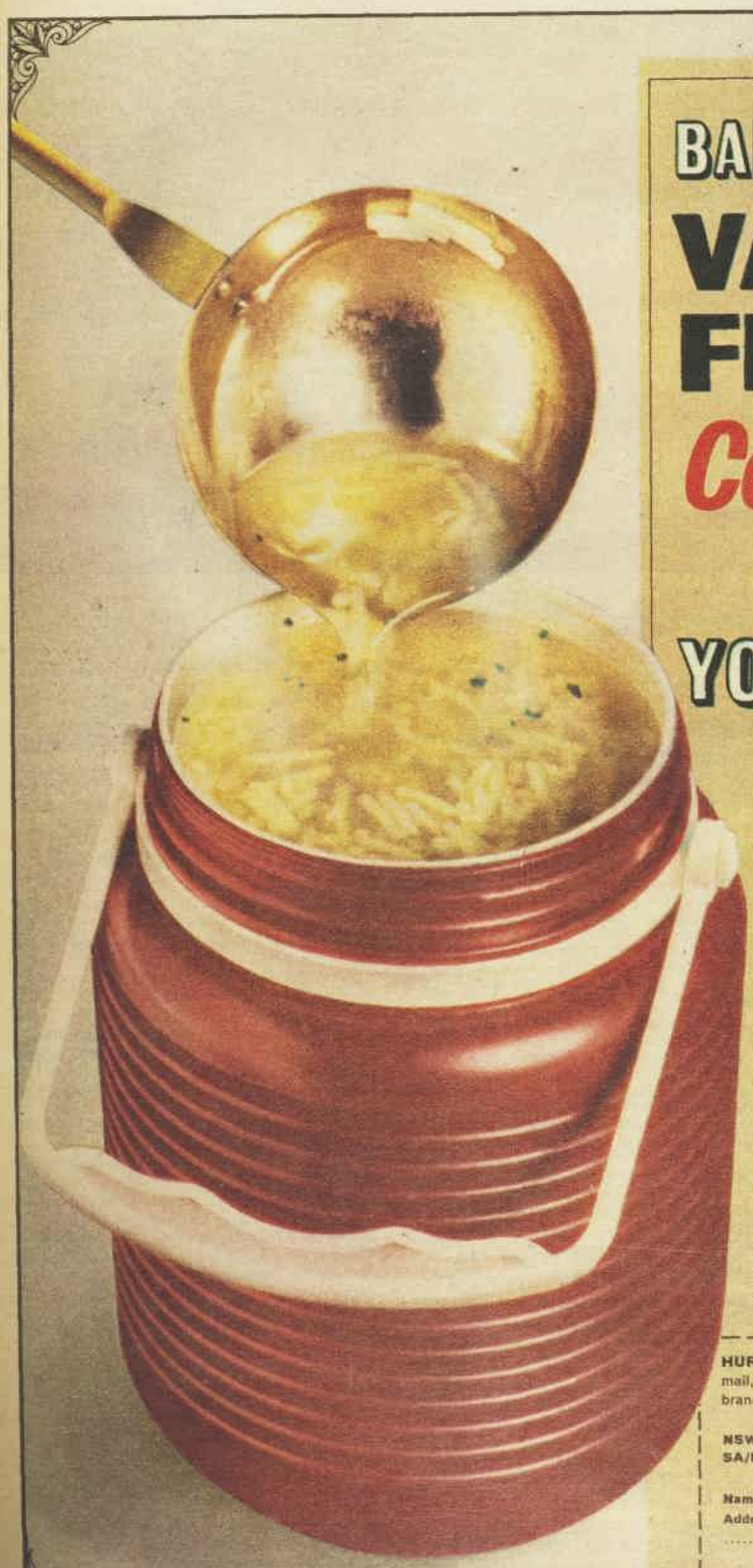
Meanwhile, melt remaining butter in frying-pan, put in chicken pieces and saute until golden. Drain well, add to sauce; draw off heat, let stand 30 minutes. Then bring to boil over low heat, cover, simmer until chicken is tender, adding little extra stock if mixture becomes too thick. While chicken is cooking, bring water to boil, pour over coconut, let stand 20 minutes, strain, discard coconut. Add coconut water to chicken with red-currant jelly 10 minutes before serving. Heat through, serve with plenty of hot, freshly cooked rice, chutney, and any desired side dishes.

CURRY DIP

One cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped chutney.

Combine all ingredients and blend well. Place in covered container, refrigerate until needed.

Excellent with sea-food appetisers such as prawns, fried fish fingers.



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- Keeps soup hot for over *five* hours!
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PRIZE FOR PICKLE RECIPE

● Stock up your supply of pickles by making the colorful mustard pickles that win the £5 main prize in our regular recipe contest this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a date and orange dessert and a lemon and rice dessert.

All spoon measurements are level.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLES

One cauliflower, 1 or 2 cucumbers, few beans (optional), salt, 4 quarts boiling water, 2oz. whole peppers, 1oz. allspice, 1oz. mustard seed, 2 quarts vinegar, 1 stick horseradish (or 1 teaspoon), 4 to 6 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 cups sugar (or more according to taste), 1 cup plain flour, 3oz. mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 teaspoon curry powder, extra vinegar.

Cut up cauliflower into small flowerets, wash thoroughly; cut up cucumber (leaving on green skin), cut beans into chunks. Put all into large enamel or plastic dish, sprinkle with salt. Pour over boiling water, allow to stand until next day. Drain and reserve these vegetables. Tie up into piece of muslin or fine cloth the whole peppers, allspice, and mustard seed, place in large boiler with vinegar, horseradish, garlic, and prepared vegetables. Simmer until vegetables are soft and well flavored. Strain, return liquid to boiler, add sugar. Blend flour, mustard, turmeric, and curry powder to paste with extra vinegar, stir into liquid in boiler. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add reserved vegetables, boil together further 3 or 4 minutes. Fill into clean, dry bottles and seal.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Watts, P.O. Box 99, Inverell, N.S.W.

LEMON CREAM RICE

Half cup rice, 1 cup water, 2 cups milk, ½ cup sugar, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, pinch salt, 2 eggs (separated), extra 3oz. sugar, ¼ teaspoon lemon essence, apricot jam.

Wash rice well, cook in water until all water is absorbed. Add milk, cook until rice is soft. Add sugar, lemon juice and rind, and salt. Mix in beaten egg-yolks, cook gently, stirring slightly, until thickened. Turn into buttered ovenproof dish. Make meringue by beating egg-whites until stiff and adding sugar gradually, then beating until all grains have dissolved, add essence. Spread apricot jam over rice in dish, pile meringue on top. Bake in moderate oven until lightly browned.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton, S.A.

ORANGE CRUMBLE

Three-quarters cup stoned dates, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 3 dessertspoons grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, crushed breakfast cereal.

Chop dates, place in saucepan with orange and lemon juices. Stir over heat until mixture becomes thick and smooth. Stand aside to cool while preparing batter. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind, add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt. Spread mixture into greased slab-tin, spread over the cooled date mixture, top with crushed breakfast cereal. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cut into squares, cool a little in tin. Serve warm with whipped cream, ice-cream, or custard.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Cram, c/o Post Office, North Nowra, N.S.W.

CAULIFLOWERS make excellent pickles. See recipe.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

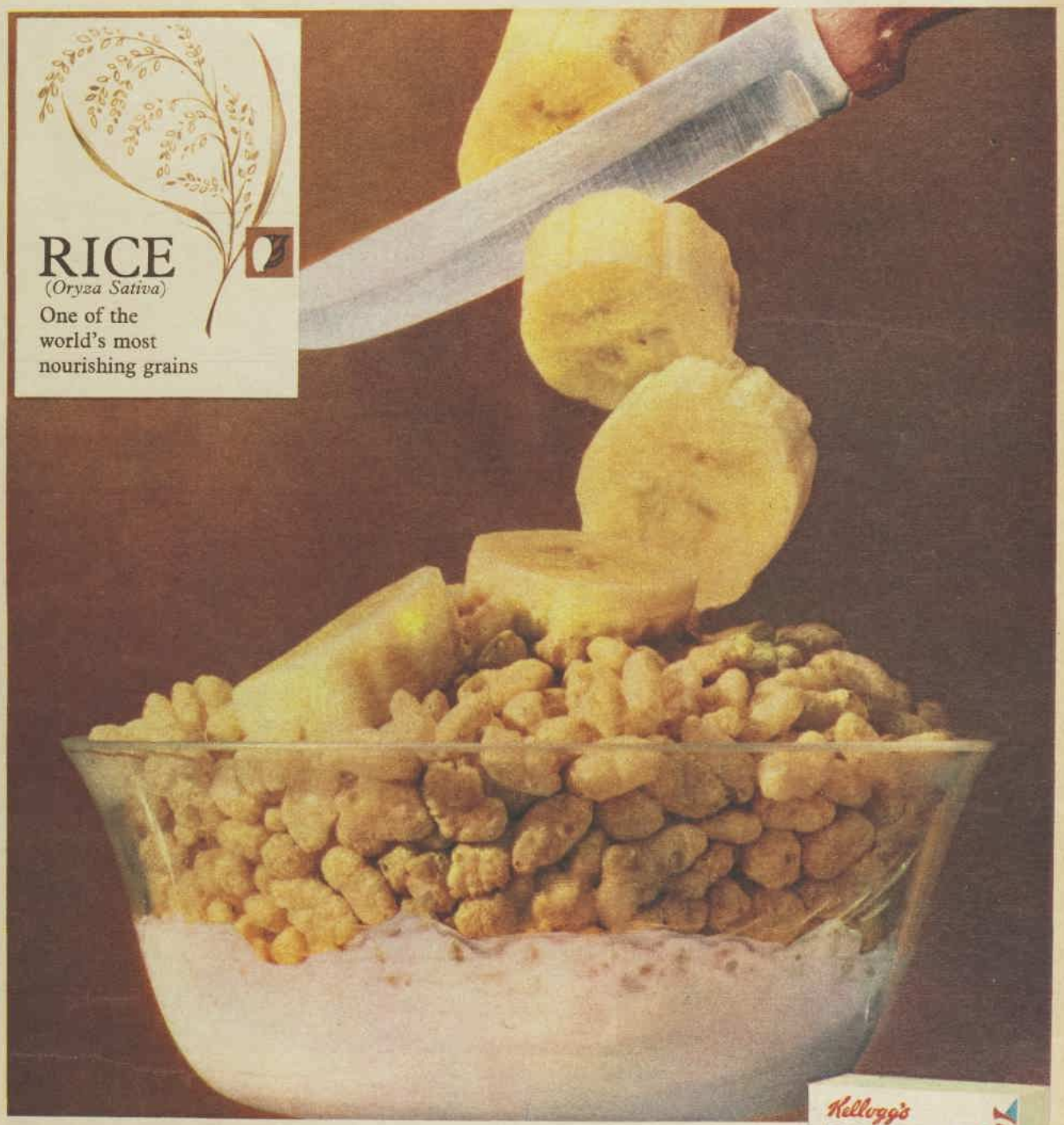
SUKIYAKI, with its combination of lean meat and a variety of vegetables, is substantially satisfying — and unexpectedly low in calories.

LOW-CALORIE SUKIYAKI

One tablespoon soy sauce, ½ cup each bouillon and dry sherry, 1 sweetening pellet (crushed), 1 cup mushrooms (sliced), 2 cups bean sprouts, 1 cup celery (chopped), 2 cups spinach leaves, 1 cup shallots (chopped), 1 medium-sized can bamboo shoots (drained), 1 to 1½lb. rump or round steak (pounded with steak mallet and sliced wafer-thin), pepper, little salt.

Heat soy sauce, sherry, bouillon, and sweetening pellet in large frying-pan or electric frypan. Add mushrooms, cover, cook 2 minutes; push aside, add bean sprouts, celery, spinach, shallots. Cook until spinach is wilted, turning vegetables so they cook evenly. Add bamboo shoots, heat through. Spread meat over vegetables, cook until done to your taste (a few minutes should suffice). Check seasoning, serve immediately.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 232.



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Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES*

"THE BEST TO YOU EACH MORNING"

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

been difficult to phrase what he wanted to say without revealing the sources of his information and giving away those true liberals he had met and learned to admire. The threats had made it more difficult than ever.

When the telephone rang a third time, he looked at it, shrugged . . . the crank was apparently going to keep this up all night. He picked up the receiver. "Now listen to me for a change . . ."

"Zell-am-See," a woman's voice said in English, but with the unmistakable Austrian accent he knew so well. "This is the operator . . . Zell-am-See. Is that Mr. Robert Brisson? Will you accept a call from Mr. Reid Brisson?"

Reid? But Reid was upstairs asleep.

"Will you accept . . ."

"Yes, yes."

"One moment please," and there was Reid, his voice so clear, it was incredible to think that he was thousands of miles away. "I was afraid you mightn't have got back."

"I got in just before midnight. When did you take off for Zell?"

"Didn't you find my note?"

"I didn't look. I thought you were upstairs."

He had come straight home from the airport, and, finding the house dark, had assumed that his brother, who, unlike him, preferred to start work early, had gone to bed. He had gone into the kitchen, fixed himself something to eat, and then, deciding it was too hot to work inside, had settled down on the terrace.

"Never mind. Could you possibly hop the next plane and meet me here? I think it's quite important."

"Meet you? Sure. If I can get a seat. But where? Where are you staying?"

"At the Nepomuk in Zell."

"Well, I'll . . ." The line went dead. Annoyed, Robert tapped the cradle. "Operator? Operator? I was talking. We were cut off. Yes, with Austria. Zell-am-See. Z-e-l-l. Austria. No, we hadn't finished. Yes, they called me."

A din of noise. Words he couldn't understand. A sentence, "Ich weiss nicht," then sudden quiet for at least two minutes. At last the Austrian voice came back on. "Sorry, sir, but the party rang off," and the American operator, who apparently thought that English phraseology, combined with such a heavy accent, might not be understood, explaining, "She says the party hung up."

A rather steep staircase led from the narrow entrance hall to the living-room on the second floor. On the top step lay a large piece of brown wrapping paper with Odessa's enormous lettering sprawled in every direction. "Mr. Reid left a note. It's on your bed. If you need me, wake me. P.S. — He forgot to leave money. Must go shopping. Put it outside your door. Don't look for your blue flannels. Needed cleaning."

Robert smiled. Odessa had been with them for as long as he could remember, and before that when Reid was born. It must be about thirty-five years, Robert thought.

Reid's note was short. An important client had called on Monday, asking him to fly over to meet him in Salzburg. He thought he'd be back the end of the week, Friday, latest Saturday. This was Thursday night. So something had come up to prevent Reid from returning as planned, something that required Robert's presence. But Reid had called from Zell.

It was one of Reid's favourite haunts, a headquarters from which he liked to choose the mountains he wanted to climb. Robert had been there several times—as a youngster with Reid and, later, during the occupation, and once he had passed through with Kate.

SUDDENLY Robert could see the little town, the mountains around it, the lake, the glaciers glittering in the sun, the white swans, the old tower, the castle, the baroque church, the painted houses, the extraordinary wrought-iron signs of baker, butcher, hatmaker. He could almost taste the clean, cool air and the rich pastry. Zell . . . What could he possibly do for Reid in Zell?

He looked at his watch again. One-forty. Figuring roughly the hours' difference in time, that made it Friday morning, seven-forty, in Zell; in New York, though, it was an hour at which every airline ticket office in town was closed. But in Idlewild . . .

Three-quarters of an hour later he knew the exact time of departure of every plane scheduled to leave for Europe on Friday, and that he couldn't get a seat on any of them. For a moment he debated if he should wake Wendrix and ask for help, then decided against disturbing him at this late hour. He'd take his chance at the airport.

He had already undressed when he remembered that Odessa had asked him to leave money. He'd need some cash, too. It had completely slipped his mind. He shook his head, looked in his desk for the slip on which he had jotted down the combination of the safe in Reid's closet and went into his brother's room.

It never failed to baffle him. The rest of the small renovated brownstone which they had inherited from their mother was light and modern, but Reid's room had dark green wallpaper and old-fashioned furniture. Heavy, worn leather chairs, a huge armoire, and a carved bed made it seem much smaller than it actually was, and the many pictures that covered the walls killed any illusion of space that might have been left.

He had never been able to understand why Reid had chosen it, nor why—when it could so easily have been done over—he had rejected any suggestion of change, Reid, who felt happiest on a mountaintop and belonged in the freedom of the country rather than under the restrictions of the city. As a child he had wanted to be a farmer, then a pilot, then an archaeologist, but in the end he had chosen law as a career.

In order to get the envelope with cash which Reid liked to keep in the house, Robert had to lift out

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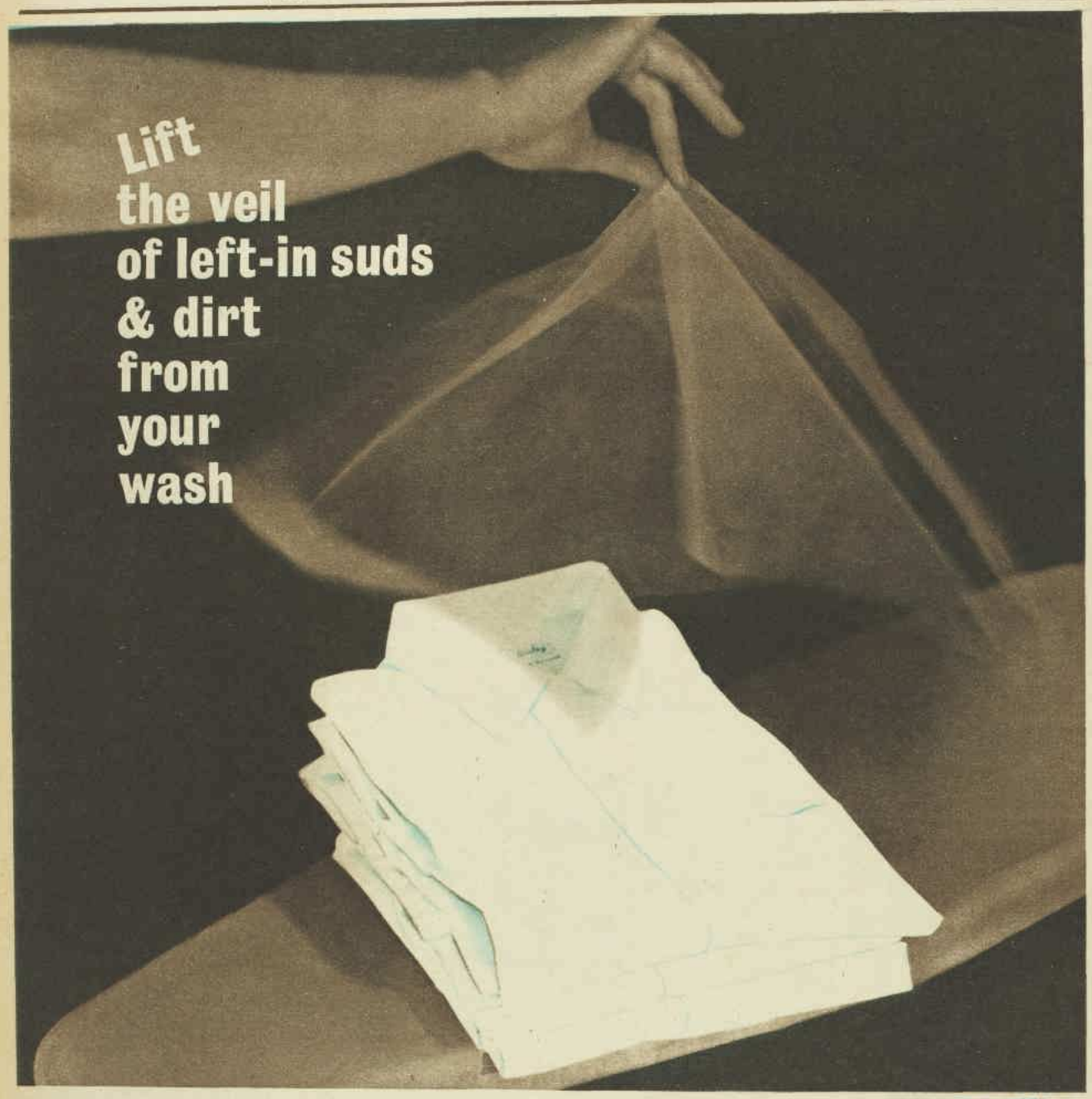

How New Surf can promise cleanest washing, cleanest rinsing ever

It's not your fault when dirt's left behind, or when left-in suds won't rinse out properly. Some detergents don't deliver the cleaning power they should. With most of them, suds never seem to rinse out properly.

Try Rinse-clean Surf and you'll lift the veil of left-in suds and dirt from your wash. Rinse-clean Surf is *specially formulated to penetrate better*, get deep into the weave, loosening and lifting the dirt (even the stubborn dirt you find on shirt collars and cuffs). Then all the dirt and all the suds rinse out completely. That's how Rinse-clean Surf washes cleaner than all the rest.

Nylons cleaner, whiter. Now Rinse-clean Surf guarantees that white nylons stay white. Even when white nylon shirts have a yellow look, you'll see them looking whiter after a few washes in Rinse-clean Surf.

Prove it yourself. Next washday try New Rinse-clean Surf. You'll find it washes cleanest, suds and dirt rinse out completely. We promise you'll be entirely satisfied or your money back.

Surf Washing Advisory Bureau, Box 4326 G.P.O. Sydney

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

several small bundles of papers, and it was when he was putting them back that a thin, yellowed piece of stationery detached itself from them and fell to the floor. An almost monkish handwriting covered it. The handwriting of his dead father. It was dated June, 1944, and was addressed to Reid. The first few sentences described a night of bombings in London, colorfully and objectively, then, with a new paragraph, the style changed, became intimate and personal.

"I can't help feeling guilty sometimes because I wasn't a better father to you and Bob. As you know, I married late. Perhaps I was unconsciously aware that I wasn't cut out to be a parent. After all, I was already thirty-five when you were born. And though I was proud and happy to have two fine sons, I have never made a secret of the fact that children irritate me. Perhaps I should have stayed home more, then, and particularly now. I really didn't have to go overseas, not at my age, but before anything else I'm a journalist, and to miss all this would have been like cutting off my right arm. Worse."

ROBERT read on: "Still, yesterday, when Calhoun from the Tribune was blown to bits, I realised that the same thing might happen to me any day (although I'm convinced, of course, that I'll live forever), and in that case you and your brother would be left without any close relatives. You at least had some normal happiness in your childhood, but Bob never knew his mother, and I'm afraid I've never given him the sense of security that should have been his. I've either spoiled or neglected him and sometimes, as you know, when I couldn't stand the emptiness of the house I ran out on both of you and left you to Odessa or prep school.

"Reid, you're five years older than Bob. If anything should happen to me, take care of him. This may be putting a lot of responsibility on you, but you're seventeen, almost a man, and I think I can rely on you. I've always felt that. Rely on you also to understand and forgive where I failed."

Robert put the letter back and closed the safe. He sat down on the leather couch in front of the empty fireplace and stared at the arrangement of green leaves with which Odessa had replaced the logs in the grate. Vividly he recalled the telegram lying on the red tiles at the front door. It had been summertime, vacation time, three or four days after D-Day. He had picked up the telegram, shoved it into his pocket and forgotten to give it to Reid until later in the evening. That evening Reid had moved into his father's room.

Robert looked up at the pictures, all family portraits—his grandfather, his grandmother, his father as a boy, his mother, who had died a week after he had been born—and all at once he understood why Reid hadn't gone to Harvard as he had intended, but had studied law at Columbia, why he had insisted on Robert's going to school in New York instead of back to the boarding-school he hated; understood something he had always taken for granted—why Reid had spent his vacations with him, a demanding, restless boy who, like his father, wanted to see the world and go to all the places their father had written about.

What a pest he must have been, clinging to Reid with a child's tenacity, the one person he could call his own; finding self-assurance in the fact that he could intrude on his older brother; bullying him sometimes, and always eager for attention; trying Reid's patience and loyalty whenever he felt the need for recognition; interfering with Reid's social life, plagued by jealousy and the fear of losing him to a girl until—and Robert grinned—he had discovered girls for himself.

Reid, too, had inherited some of their father's wild longing for independence, the same deep necessity for solitude, the same never-satiated curiosity. Had Reid perhaps taken over this room and left it just as it was to serve as a steady reminder of his father's plea? And later, when with the passing years its discipline was no longer necessary, had it become something too accustomed to change? He hadn't even given up the room during his marriage, a marriage that had ended in divorce after two years. His young bride had wanted to make the room over, but Reid had insisted on leaving it untouched. Any other room, but not this one. Why?

Suddenly he realised that, in spite of their closeness, he had never known his only brother, yet at the same time he felt that there was nothing Reid didn't know about him. Why had he called? What could possibly demand Robert's presence in Zell? Why did Reid need him?

He couldn't find an answer. Certainly, if Reid wanted another opinion on a question of law, he would have asked anyone but his younger brother, who had no understanding for the intricacies of judicial thinking; and if Reid had called him on the spur of the moment, because he wanted Robert to join him in surroundings both of them loved, he would have said so, he would have put it quite differently. A personal matter perhaps? But what? Had Reid fallen in love, met a girl during these past four days and wanted Robert to . . .

He dismissed the thought. Ever since his divorce Reid had been convinced that, like his father, he wasn't cut out for marriage. Or was he perhaps sick? No. He had sounded perfectly all right. But there had been urgency in his voice, and suddenly Robert was convinced that it was of the utmost importance for him to get to Zell without delay.

. . . .

It was 7 a.m. when Robert, after having parked his car, ran to a

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IRON-ON TRANSFER

PLAYFUL kittens make up this delightful Iron - On Transfer No. 200. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is only 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d postage.

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double softness
double absorbency
double protection

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• More Australian place names

Gundagai (N.S.W.)

Native Gundabandoo-bingee, "cut with weapon at back of knee." A flood at Gundagai in 1844 left only seven of 89 houses and drowned 89 out of 250 people. John Sheehan saved the lives of 33, and the Government awarded him a silver jug.

Havilah (N.S.W.)

Suggested by a clergyman when a search was being made for gold. Genesis 2-11: ". . . that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah where there is gold."

Bruthen (Victoria)

Corruption of native word meaning "evil spirit."

Merino (Victoria)

Name given by the pioneer Henty family because they were interested in the breeding of merino sheep. It is said the merino sheep of Spain are descendants of English sheep taken there as part of the dowry of John O' Gaunt's daughter, Katherine, 1390.

Tinamba (Victoria)

Aboriginal: "Pull my toe."

Birdsville (Queensland)

At one time known simply as the Diamantina Crossing. F. A. Hartnell laid out the town in 1885 and officially gave it the name said to have been bestowed by Robert Frew, owner of "Pandie Pandie" station, who had accompanied Stuart on his memorable crossing of the continent. Birdlife teemed there, and even seagulls were seen in the salt lakes, a thousand miles from the coast.

Moonta (S. Australia)

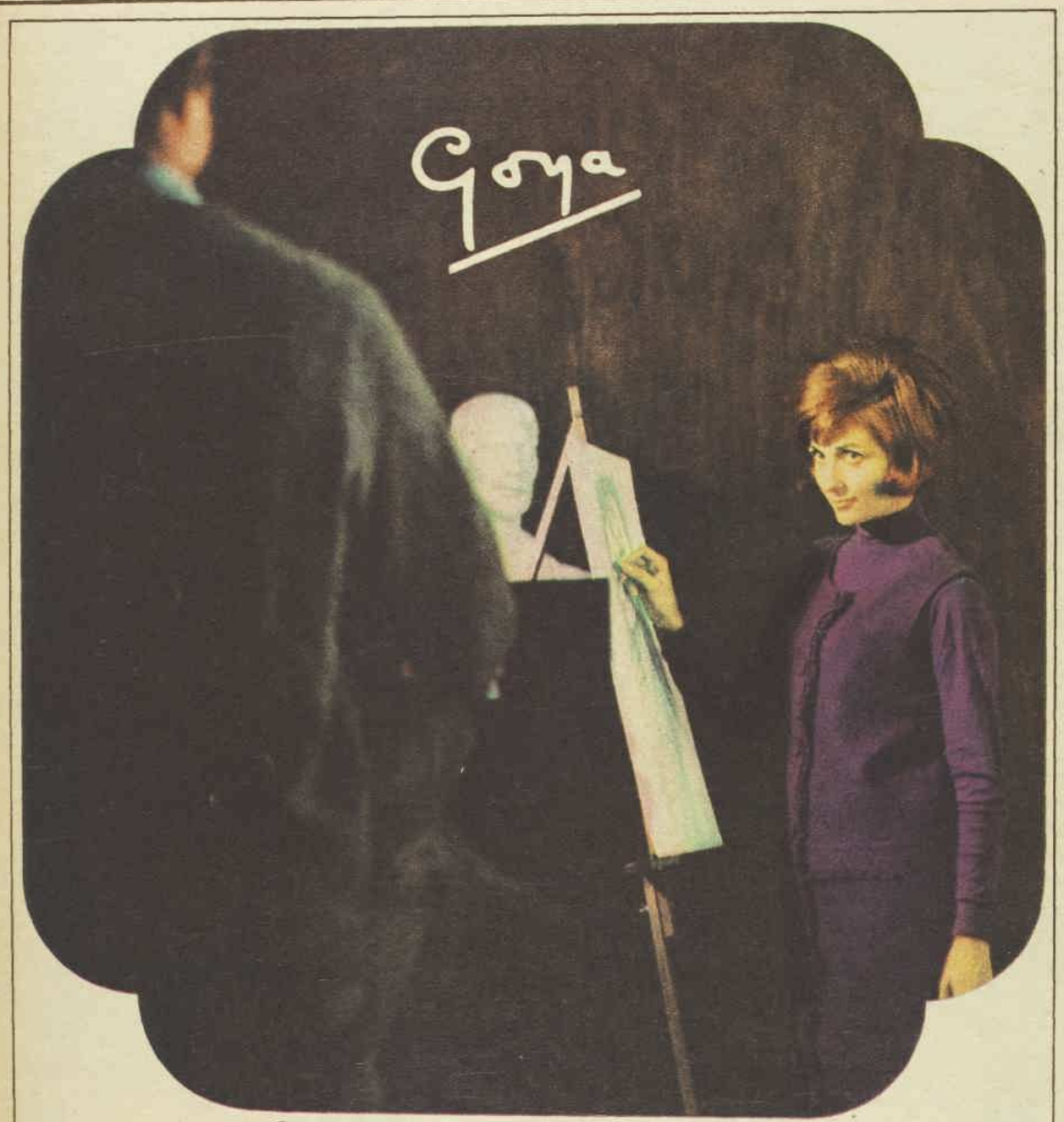
The native name was Mooterra, "place of impenetrable scrub." Sir Dominick Daly named the town in 1863.

Water St., Perth (W. Australia)

So named because it was under water when surveyed.

Lake Amadeus (N. Territory)

Named after the then King of Spain by its discoverer, the explorer William Giles, who was once a clerk in Melbourne.



Lead a Gay Young Life with Goya

Jan Lewis, our gay young Goya girl's in an arty mood. Loves to create impressions (mostly on him). Always keeps close the perfect accessory for it — Goya skin perfume. Smart Miss Goya knows there's nothing more feminine, than a refreshing splash of this best loved of skin perfumes to keep you subtly fragrant all the date through. In six cherished fragrances, there's one for you—Entice, Passport, Goya No. 5, Gardenia, Black Rose, & Affaire. Your chemist has two sizes, 8/9 & 15/6.

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 45

building at Idlewild airport. Without paying any attention to the stands that sold almost anything a tourist might need, or glancing at the people crowding the benches and milling around between the restaurant in the mezzanine and the luncheon counters on the ground floor, he turned right, took the "Private elevator only," got out, walked a few steps along a narrow passage, and rang the bell of the door facing him, which opened at once. Behind a desk in the tiny hall a girl was just settling down for the day's work. "Hi, Anne. Mr. Wendrix in?"

"I haven't seen him yet, sir." But a young hostess came forward from behind a partition. "He'll be here any moment." She opened a closet and took Robert's trench-coat from him to hang it up. "Had any breakfast, Mr. Brisson?"

"I could do with another cup of coffee."

He turned a corner and came into an oval-shaped room with comfortable couches and chairs grouped around small tables, and not too many people. He had hardly sat down when a waitress came with his order. A moment later Bill Wendrix, the ruler of this private haven for V.I.P.s, appeared. He was as broad as he was long, a round ball moving with incredible speed. As usual he had on a checked jacket and, in spite of the early-morning hour, a boutonniere. This time it was a daisy. He stretched out a plump hand which gave an impression of perspiring fat, but was actually astonishingly cold and firm. "Glad to have you with us again, Bob."

"I wonder," said Robert. "Because you're going to have to get me on a plane to Europe. I've got to get to Salzburg as soon as possible. There's a plane leaving for Paris at 8.25 and one for London at 10. From either plane I'll see what I can do."

WENDRIX showed no surprise, but he sounded reproachful. "You should have called me."

"I did. At six-thirty. But you'd already left."

"It's the twenty-third of July."

Robert nodded. "The height of the season and every plane's filled to capacity. I know all that, Bill. But you got my brother out on Monday on what must have been a moment's notice."

Wendrix shrugged. "That was arranged at the other end. Mr. Brisson never gives us any trouble."

Robert smiled. No one ever hesitated to address him by his first name, but there was hardly anyone who called Reid anything but "Mr. Brisson." He leaned forward, "It's important."

"I'm sure it is," Wendrix said dryly, "but you overestimate my influence."

"But this time it really is," Robert told him. "Reid called last night and asked me to join him in Zell as soon as possible."

Bill Wendrix disappeared behind a partition and reappeared again a few minutes later, shaking his head regretfully. "Nothing doing. I'll see what I can do on one of the other flights."

Adversity always made Robert react with stubbornness. The more formidable the obstacle, the greater his determination to hurdle it. Since early childhood he had been told that he couldn't run his head through a wall without getting hurt, that he had to learn to put up with things that were beyond his power to change, but he never had. Just as he had not yet learned to accept Kate's death. But today he was forced to accept the fact that one plane after the other left without him. He followed Wendrix's advice and hung around the airport.

In between long periods of

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

THE PICTURESQUE HAWTHORNS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● The deciduous hawthorns (Crataegus species) are attractive shrubs or small trees, usually spiny, grown for their beautiful spring flowers, decorative berries, and brilliant autumn foliage.

THE flowers are usually white but occasionally pink or red, and the berries are red, crimson, or sometimes yellow.

Hawthorns commonly have a rather rugged, picturesque habit of growth. They will grow in most districts except tropical or sub-tropical ones, although preferring a cold winter.

There are over 900 species of Crataegus, and at least 40 have found their way into cultivation.

They are not particular about soil, although sometimes preferring limestone, but do best away from too much shade. Sandy soils require the addition of well-rotted manure or humus.

Crataegus oxyacantha

The trees are propagated from seed sown in autumn, but the seed does not germinate until the second year after ripening and is best mixed with sand and kept reasonably moist, not stored in dry places.

The fruit of some, including Crataegus mexicana, is sometimes made into preserves or jellies.

The most commonly grown species include:

Crataegus phaenopyrum, "Washington thorn" (also known as C. cordata). A shapely little tree, more or less round-headed, up to 25ft., with slender spines and producing dense masses of small bright red or scarlet berries, which stay on the tree well into winter. The leaves are beautifully colored in autumn.

Crataegus lavallei (also known as C. carrieri). A French hybrid up to 15ft. high, producing lovely clusters of large white flowers and big showy brick-red berries. One of the best.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 25

Crataegus oxyacantha, "English hawthorn." A shrub or small tree often grown for hedges in Europe and elsewhere. This is the true English may. The best for gardens are the double-flowering varieties, one rose-pink, the other red. The berries are usually scarlet, but a variety with yellow berries is sometimes seen.

Crataegus monogyna, "Hedge-row hawthorn." This is closely related to the English hawthorn, but is larger and more thorny and the haws (fruits) are only one-seeded (two or more seeds in the other). There are pink- and red-flowering varieties.

Crataegus durobrivensis. A very attractive shrub with large white flowers, up to one inch across, and dark crimson berries staying well into winter.

Crataegus mexicana, "Mexican hawthorn." A shrub or small tree with yellow or orange-red berries which provide a useful contrast to the red berries of most other species.

Crataegus smithiana, "Smith's hawthorn." An attractive quick-growing small tree or large shrub with big red or orange-red berries and lovely autumn foliage. It is of hybrid origin and said to originate in Melbourne. Probably the best of the large-fruited varieties, it makes a beautiful small tree.

Crataegus mexicana

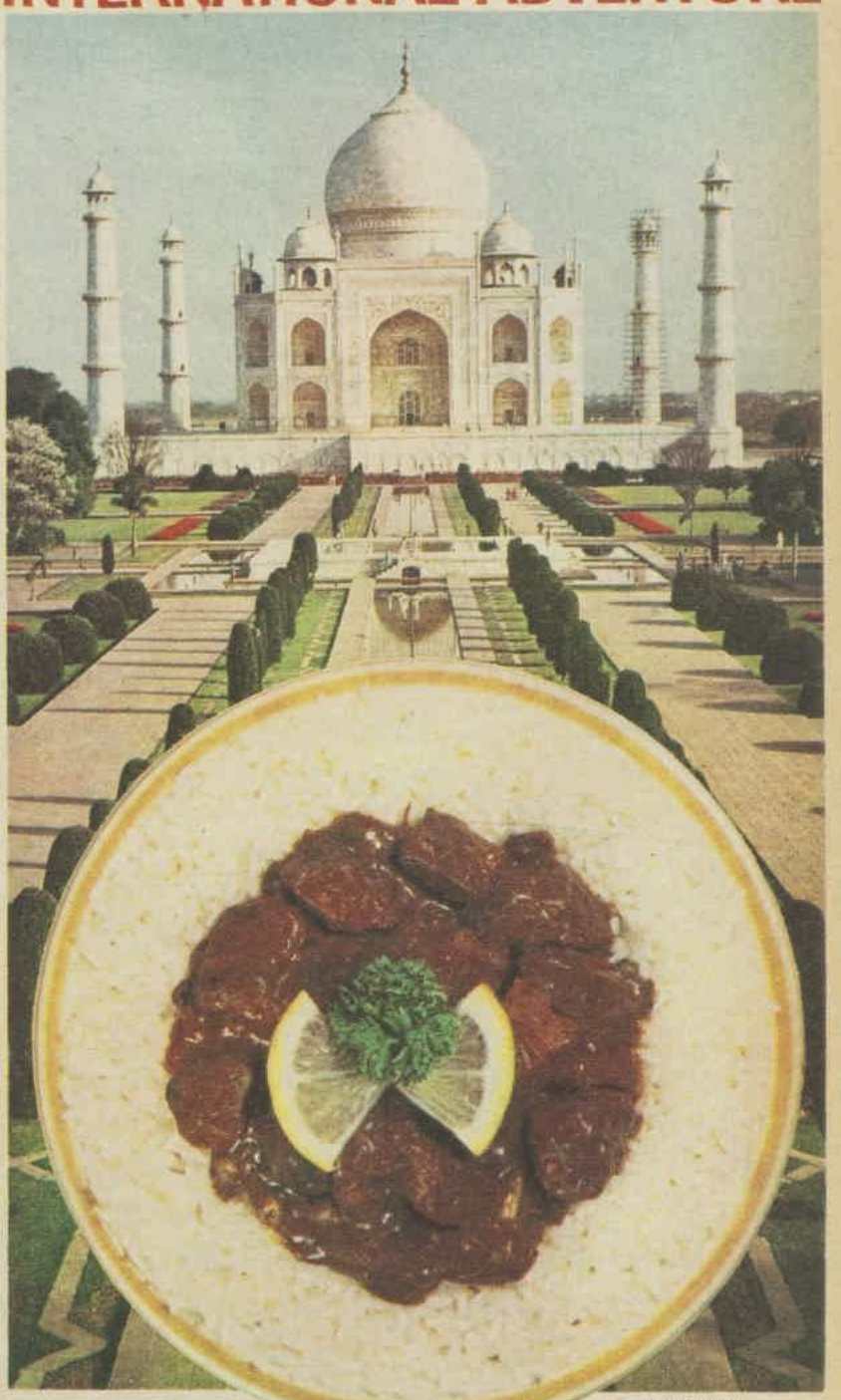
Crataegus smithiana

Crataegus monogyna

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 26

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURE



Taj Mahal
Photograph by courtesy AIR INDIA

Curry Bengali

Like all things Indian, Curry Bengali follows in the ancient tradition of eastern simplicity. A few, "every-day" ingredients . . . a little easy preparation . . . and you conjure up a dish, as Indian as the Taj Mahal!

INGREDIENTS: 1½ lbs. round steak; 1 medium onion; 1 pear; 1 large apple; 2 cups of beef stock; 1 clove of garlic; 1 cup Sunwhite rice; 2½ tablespoons butter; 2½ tablespoons curry powder (more if desired); 1½ tablespoons flour; 1½ tablespoons sultanas or raisins; juice of half a lemon; 1 teaspoon salt.

METHOD: Cut meat into 1 inch cubes. Chop onion and garlic and brown in butter. Add curry powder, flour and meat and brown. Add stock, also apple and pear cut into small pieces, salt, sultanas and lemon juice. Simmer for 1¾-2 hours with lid tight on pot.
Serve with cooked Sunwhite rice, chutney, coconut and nuts.
SERVES 4.

THE PICK OF THE CROP

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TRUDY

"Madam, would you please confine all your remarks to your own husband's suit?"

Continued from page 46

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

waiting he tried to concentrate on his column, jotting down an idea in a few key words, scribbling longer passages on a pad, but not really able to express what he wanted to say to his liking. No. For this he'd have to have a few quiet hours to himself. He talked to his office at length, ate something, got himself papers, magazines, called his home to hear if there had been any further message from Reid — there had not. At this point he didn't care where he arrived as long as he crossed the Atlantic. With every hour that passed he grew more impatient, more nervous.

By early evening he had almost given up hope and lost all confidence in Wendrix. When the latter came in to inform a group of first-class passengers that there would be a half hour delay at least on the flight to Munich-Salzburg, Robert could not sit by passively. He motioned to Wendrix. "I've got to get on that one. I must get to Zell. Let me talk to the tourists for that flight. Maybe I can find someone who's willing to give up his seat. Where are they waiting?"

"Allow me."

A thin, high-pitched voice spoke before Wendrix could answer. Both of them moved their heads in the direction of the speaker and saw an old lady rise from a chair beside the table next to Robert's. Reaching out a trembling hand, she snatched the daisy from Wendrix's lapel as if she had been wanting to do just that for some time. "So you're going to Zell, too. I heard what you said." She smiled apologetically, then turned her attention to the flower in her hand and began to pluck one elongated petal after the other, reciting with a heavy foreign accent, "The plane will crash, will not, will, will not . . ."

Robert and Wendrix were too taken aback to interrupt her. They found themselves watching her fascinated, as if waiting for the final verdict of an oracle.

Wendrix was the first to recover. Looking embarrassed but trying to smile, he glanced quickly at the different groups of passengers before putting a restraining hand on the old lady's arm.

"Now, Madam," he said, raising his voice so that he could be heard by everyone, "our planes couldn't be safer. They're safer than a train, safer than you are in your own kitchen. I assure you . . ." But the old lady pushed his hand away and, raising her voice to match his, continued consulting the daisy. "Will crash, will not, will crash, will not . . ." She stuck what was left of the flower under Wendrix's nose. "Will," she said triumphantly, nodding. "Well, young man, you can have my seat."

"But, Madam, I assure you . . ." Wendrix's voice faltered. For once his phenomenal memory had stopped working. That he couldn't remember her name came as such a shock to him he sounded ill.

THE old lady laughed. "Don't stare at me as if I wasn't right in the head. I know what I'm doing and I should have done it long ago. I'm going home. I'm going home after living seventeen years in a country I never could get used to. I came to New York by plane yesterday and I didn't like it a bit. Not one bit. I knew I wouldn't. If I'm going to die, I want to die in my own bed, not on a jet."

"I wish I could convince you . . ." Wendrix's grin was sickly as he tried to smooth over the situation because by now everyone's attention was focused on them. Robert stepped hard on Wendrix's right foot. "I couldn't be more grateful," he said in his sunniest voice. "May I really have your ticket?"

The old lady opened an enormous bag, reached into it without looking, and handed him an envelope. Robert passed it on to Wendrix. "Have it changed to my name and in a hurry," he told him, anxious to have Wendrix leave before his benefactress changed her mind. "There's not much time."

Wendrix shrugged and left, and the old lady sat down, an expression of vast relief on her face. "He's just like Hannes . . . my grandson," she said. "He thinks I'm crazy. Ha!" She opened her bag again, took out a pair of old-fashioned, steel-rimmed spectacles, put them on, and pulled another envelope out of her bag. "Here," she said, patting it. "My ticket on the Queen Elizabeth. She sails at midnight. I planned it this way. If I got to feeling I'd better not fly, why fly? Who's there now to tell me what to do?"

Robert thought it best to say nothing, and continued to smile at her benevolently, but now he was genuinely interested. He had forgotten his tiredness for the moment, even his brother's urgent request. This capacity to block out the events of another time was one of the sources from which he drew new strength for the happenings of the present. How these old ladies could prattle! Old ladies? She wasn't an old lady; she was an old woman. You could tell by the way she sat, legs spread, feet planted firmly on the ground, by the size of her bag—like a market bag—by her outmoded hat. A peasant woman from Austria—that was what she looked like.

"And it's true, what I told him," she said, moving closer to Robert. "I am going home. You can't choose the place of your birth, but you ought to be allowed to choose the place where you want to end your

To page 56

Scrumptious breakfast — any-time snack!

TRY THIS DRY-MIX SHORT CUT TO SUNSHINE AMERICAN HOTCAKES

rich with Sunshine's full-cream goodness

Piping hot, light and golden every time you follow the easy Sunshine Dry-Mix method! Just take 1 cup S.R. flour, 4½ tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, ½ tspn. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 egg, 5 oz. water, 1 tbsp. melted butter. Sift all dry ingredients and add sugar. Beat egg lightly and add water and the melted butter. Beat half the liquid into the dry mixture until smooth, then beat in remaining liquid. That's quick, smooth batter the Sunshine Dry-Mix way. Heat frying pan or griddle, grease and pour in ¼ cup of batter. Cook until bubbly and browned at edges. Turn and cook on other side. Makes 6 large or 12 small hotcakes. Serve with butter, bacon and maple syrup, U.S.A. style. Vary with honey and butter or ice cream and a sweet sauce.

NE812

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ACCESSORIES

. . . now you can make your own

● **Hats and handbags in this feature are NEWS. News in the fresh color combinations that enliven winter outfits, and news in excitingly different yarn mixtures. Some are knitted, others crocheted.**

Directions for designs on this page are on page 54.

DRAWSTRING BAG and jaunty cap are crocheted in emerald wool and navy raffia. Other smart color combinations — hot pink and purple, lime green with aqua.

CLOCHE and matching bag (above left) are knitted in a raffia - wool combination. Two strands of wool and three of raffia are worked together throughout.

NUBBLY toque and large-scale bag (left) combine three different yarns effectively in one of the new hand - knit tweeds. The hat is lined with stiffening.

TASSEL - TRIMMED beret and matching handbag (right) are crocheted in a white synthetic yarn which washes with ease. It can be worn anytime from now to spring.

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Above: SCHLAGE Locks in Lend Lease Homes

Below: FOWLER WARE Toilet Suites in Lend Lease Homes

detailed superbly

Detail is Lend Lease. Planning is Lend Lease too. But detail makes a house a home. Little things. You know. Like how a door shuts. Or why the bathroom always looks so clean and bright. Or a switch that switches without a click. Or when washing up is practically a joy. All these things are Lend Lease. Because Lend Lease know. Because Lend Lease plan, and work, and strive, and scrap, and start again, until it's right. Until it's you. Here are some details that make Lend Lease your kind of home.

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Above: CLARK Stainless Steel Sinks in Lend Lease Homes

Below: HPM Switches in Lend Lease Homes

SCHLAGE LOCKS Elegant, dependable and practical. Schlage on front doors, Schlage for bedrooms, Schlage in the bathroom, Schlage at the back door: for every door, for every application, a clever thought. Press-button locking. Fingertip opening. Simple security. FOWLER WARE TOILET SUITES High density vitreous china in elegant modern designs. Long wearing good looks. Easy, simple cleaning. Silent flushing. Special systems available for unsewered areas. In pure white or a full range of modern colours from Australia's oldest, largest manufacturer CLARK STAINLESS STEEL SINKS Triple polished to quiet reflection. Smoothly rounded, seamless stainless steel in single and double bowls. Model illustrated Clark "Flushline" design. Finger-touch, splash free taps run quietly. Wash—ups in a trice. Wipe clean as a whistle for a lifetime's good looks. HPM SWITCHES Simple, elegant, white. Switches to grace an entrance. Switches to light a fine room. A touch — and they go: silently, deftly. Australian HPM switches have been produced for over a quarter of a century from the finest materials available, in a wide range of models for every application. They're guaranteed for ten years.

Lend Lease Homes

Build anywhere in Sydney, Wollongong & Canberra

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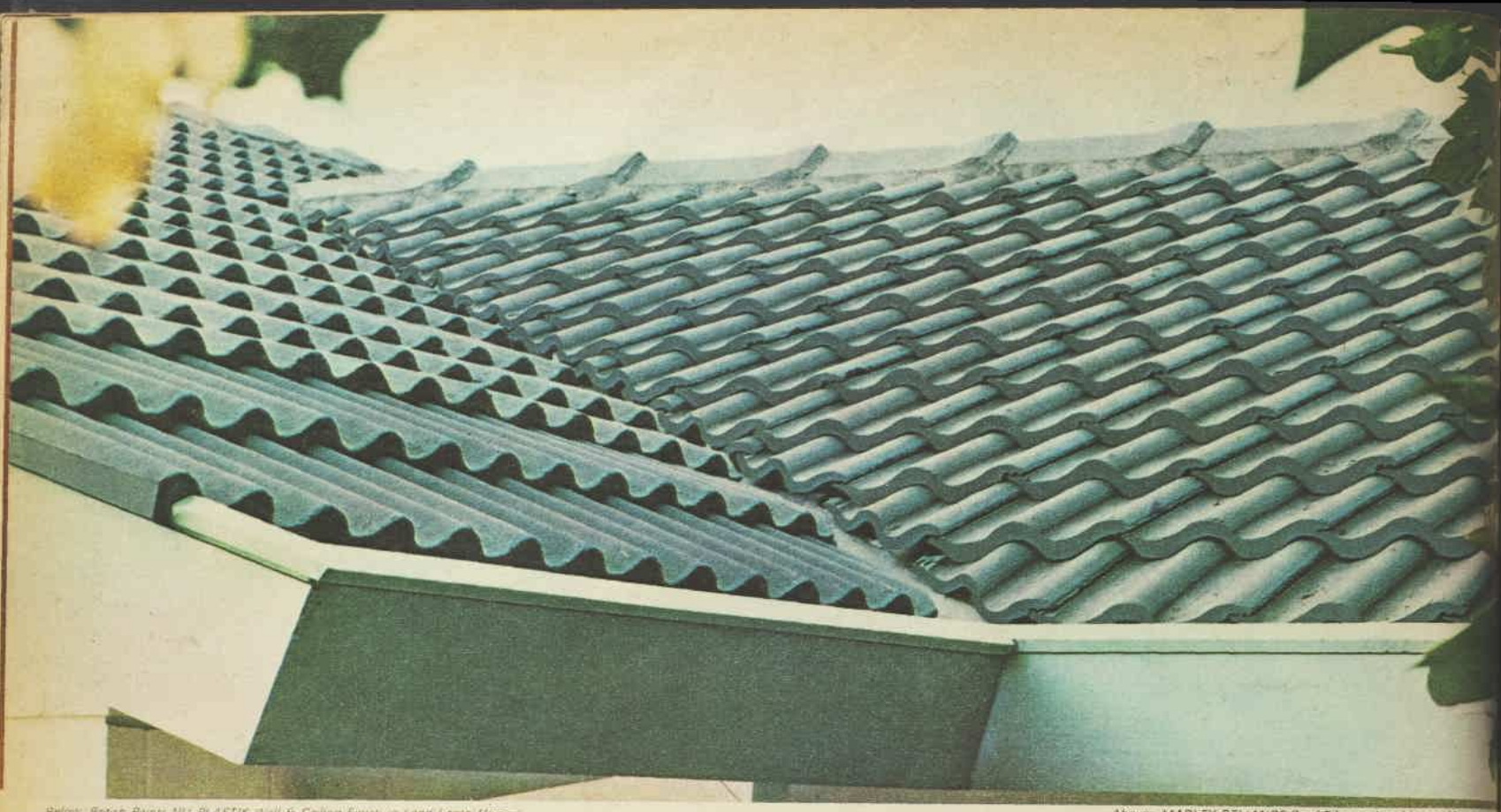
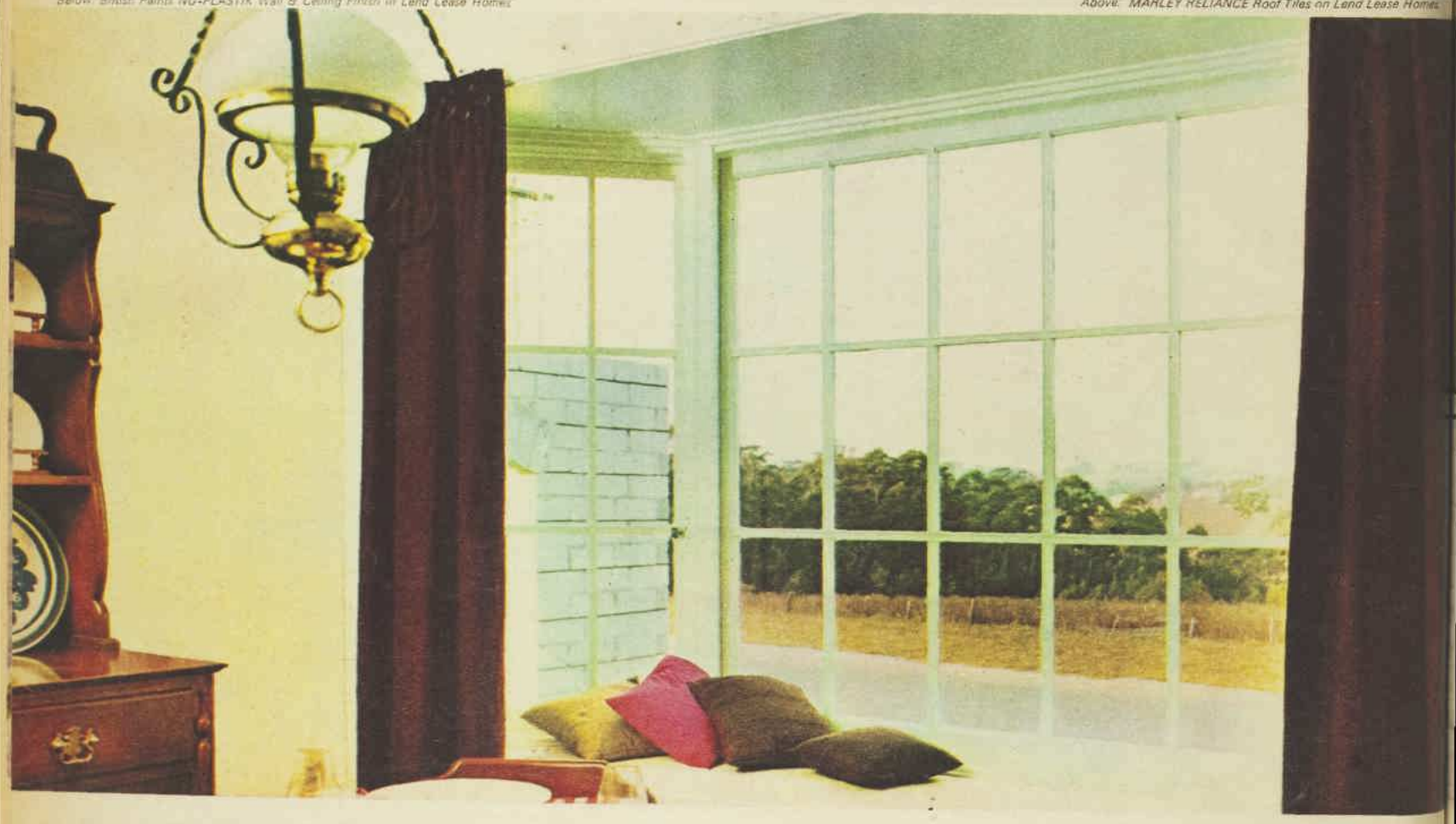


Below: British Paints NU-PLASTIK Wall & Ceiling Finish in Lend Lease Homes

Above: MARLEY RELIANCE Roof Tiles on Lend Lease Homes



finishes beautifully

Lend Lease means finish. Here's a home dressed to kill. Here's a home you can be proud of. Every nook, every cranny, every roof, every coat of paint, every work top and tile is thought out, fought over, and pampered into place. Lend Lease *care*. They plan, and fit, and test. And then they know it's right. They know it works. They know it's private, or it's quiet, or it's practical, or it's elegant, or it's just plain sensible. They know it's home. Here are some of the finishes that make a house a Lend Lease home.

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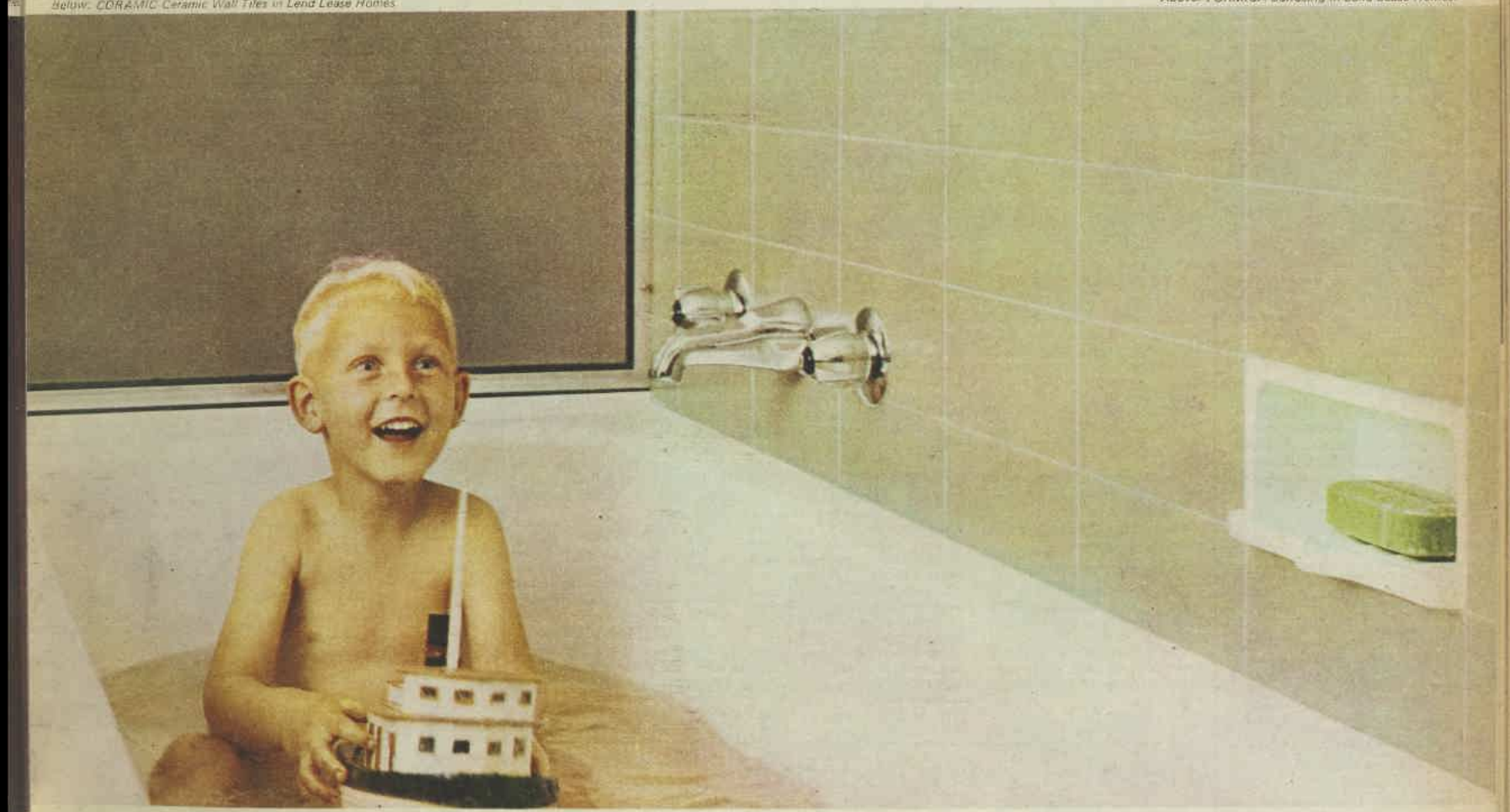
Below: CORAMIC Ceramic Wall Tiles in Lend Lease Homes.

Above: FORMICA Surfacing in Lend Lease Homes.



MARLEY RELIANCE ROOF TILES. Roofed to last. To endure. To be smart, light, colourful for ever. Stormproof too: *nailed* down snug, tight, dry. They're available in three designs: English, Pantile, and Roman — in 13 colours. Marley, Australia's best quality, are guaranteed 50 years. BRITISH PAINTS' NU-PLASTIK. Nu-Plastik Velvet Flat Wall and Ceiling Finish is used exclusively on all Lend Lease homes. Nu-Plastik needs no sealers or undercoats, it dries in 15 minutes, and you have a whole world of colour to choose from. Brushes and rollers are easily cleaned under the tap. FORMICA WORKING SURFACES. Bright shiny clean cupboards and benches for cooking in kitchens or living in lounges. Brilliant. Practical. Matchable. Durable beauty in plains from scarlets to charcoals, patterns in fantasies, pebbles, marbles, or wood grains. Hard wearing, laminated plastic. CORAMIC WALL TILES. Permanent beauty in practical ceramic. Designable colours, matched with pieces and fittings. Softly blendable. Steely hard. Warmly colourful. Coldly practical. Coramic wipes clean. Stays clean, stays bright. Coramic is waterproof, heat proof, permanently beautiful. Coramic is *the* ceramic tile.

Lend Lease Homes

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The doctor approved

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Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS

DIRECTIONS FOR HATS AND HANDBAGS

Drawstring bag and jaunty cap

CAP

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia (main color); 2 balls 4-ply knitting wool (contrast color); 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

Measurement: To fit an average head.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; loop-st., loop-stitch; inc., increase by working 2 loop-sts. into 1 st.; st.(s), stitch(es); tog., together; sl-st., slip-stitch; alt., alternate; y.o.h., yarn over hook.

Note: Use 1 strand raffia and 1 strand wool tog. throughout.

PATTERN STITCH
(Loop stitch)

Insert hook through st., wind yarn over hook and index finger 3 times, draw these 3 loops through st., slip loops off finger, y.o.h. and draw through 2 loops rem. on hook.

Ch. 4, join into ring with sl-st. Work 6 d.c. into ring.

Next Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. of previous round.

Next Round: (1 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (18 sts.).

Next Round: (1 d.c., 1 loop-st. into each of next 2 sts.) to end.

Next Round: (2 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (24 sts.).

Next Round: (2 d.c., 1 loop-st. into each of next 2 sts.) to end.

Next Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end (30 sts.).

Next Round: (3 d.c., 1 loop-st. into each of next 2 sts.) to end.

Cont. thus, working 1 extra d.c. between loop-sts. in next and every alt. round as before for 28 more rounds (102 sts.).

Work 14 rounds straight.

Next Round: Loop-st. into every st. of previous round.

Next Round: As previous round. Fasten off.

BAG

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia (main color); 3 balls 4-ply knitting wool (contrast color); 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; inc., increase by working 2 loop-sts. into next st.; st.(s), stitch(es); dec., decrease by missing 1 st.; in., inch(es); tr., treble crochet.

Note: Use 1 strand raffia and 1 strand wool tog. throughout.

Ch. 4, join into ring with sl-st. Work 6 d.c. into ring.

1st Round: 2 d.c. into each d.c. of previous round.

2nd Round: (1 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (18 sts.).

3rd Round: (2 d.c. 1 inc.) to end of round (24 sts.).

4th Round: (3 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (30 sts.).

5th Round: (4 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (36 sts.).

6th Round: (5 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (42 sts.).

7th Round: (6 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (48 sts.).

8th Round: (7 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (54 sts.).

9th Round: (8 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (60 sts.).

10th Round: (9 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (66 sts.).

11th Round: (10 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (72 sts.).

12th Round: (11 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (78 sts.).

13th Round: (12 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (84 sts.).

14th Round: (13 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (90 sts.).

15th Round: (14 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (96 sts.).

16th Round: (15 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (102 sts.).

17th Round: (16 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (108 sts.).

18th Round: (17 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (114 sts.).

19th Round: (18 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (120 sts.).

20th Round: (19 d.c., 1 inc.) to end of round (126 sts.).

21st Round: (19 d.c., 1 loop-st. into each of next 2 sts.) to end of round.

Rep. 21st Round for 3in.

Next Round: Keeping continuity of patt., dec. 1 every 10th st. (114 sts.). Work 5 rounds straight in d.c. without loops.

Next Round: D.c., dec. 1 every 10th st. to end.

Work 3in. straight in d.c.

Next Round: 1 tr., 1 ch. into every 2nd d.c. of previous round. Fasten off.

STRAP

Ch. 5. Work 3 tr. into foundation ch.

Next Round: Turn with 2 ch., 3 tr.

Rep. previous round until strap measures 40in. Fasten off. Thread strap through slots in bag, then stitch ends together.

Nubbly toque with bag

Materials: Hat, 3 balls Villawool Llama, 3 balls Villawool Argyll, and 2 balls Villawool 5th Avenue; bag, 5 balls Villawool Llama, 5 balls Villawool Argyll, 3 balls Villawool 5th Avenue; 1 pr. No. 2 needles; 12in. handle; lining and stiffened interlining for hat.

Measurements: Hat, to fit average head; bag, 12 by 16in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2in.

Note: Use all three yarns together inclusive.

PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): (K 3, keeping yarn at back, slip 1 purlwise), rep. to last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: (K 3, yarn to front as if to purl, sl. 1, yarn to back), rep. to last 3 sts., k 3.

3rd Row: K 1, (keeping yarn at back, slip 1 purlwise, k 3), rep. to last 2 sts., keeping yarn at back, slip 1 purlwise, k 1.

4th Row: K 1, (yarn to front as if to purl, slip 1, yarn to back, k 3), rep. to last 2 sts., yarn to front as if to purl, slip 1, yarn to back, k 1.

Rep. these 4 rows for pattern inclusive.

TOQUE

Using 3 yarns tog. and No. 2 needles, cast on 67 sts., work in patt. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 2nd row 4 times (79 sts.), taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until work measures 6½in. Change to garter-stitch and work as follows:

1st Row: (K 2 tog., k 8), rep. to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., k 7. Knit 2 rows.

4th Row: (K 2 tog., k 7), rep. to last 8 sts., k 2 tog., k 6. Knit 2 rows.

Cont. in this way, working 1 st. less on every dec. row until 15 sts. rem.

Knit 1 row. Break yarn and thread through rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly on wrong side. Cut interlining and lining to size of crown and base. Draw up sts. and seam ends tog. to within 1in. of base. Turn up 1in. hem and slip-stitch down. Join crown to base of interlining insert and stitch lightly into position. Attach lining in same way.

HANDBAG

Using the 3 yarns tog. and No. 2 needles, cast on 63 sts. and work patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 24in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side. Cut interlining and lining to size. Sew up side seams. Attach handles to bag tops. Insert interlining and lining and attach to bag.

Tasselled beret and bag

Materials: Villawool Ban-Lon 8-ply—hat 2 balls, bag 3 balls; No. 8 crochet hook; 1 bag handle.

Measurements: Hat, to fit average head; bag, 10 by 13½in.

Tension: 3 half treble to 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; h.tr., half treble; d.c., double crochet; tr. treble.

BERET

With No. 8 hook make 8 ch. and join into circle.

1st Round: One h.tr. into each ch. (8 h.tr.). Tie marker in at each side of circle.

2nd Round: (1 ch., 2 h.tr. into next space) rep. to end (16 h.tr.).

3rd Round: (1 ch., 1 h.tr.) into each space (16 h.tr.).

4th Round: * 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into next space (1 ch., 1 h.tr.) twice into next space, rep. from * to end (24 h.tr.).

5th Round: As 3rd round (24 h.tr.).

6th Round: * 1 ch., 1 h.tr. into next space (1 ch., 1 h.tr.) twice into next space, rep. from * to end. (36 h.tr.).

7th Round: As 3rd round. (36 h.tr.).

8th Round: * (1 ch., 1 h.tr. into next space) twice, (1 ch., 1 h.tr.) twice into next space, rep. from * to end (48 h.tr.).

9th Round: As 3rd round (48 h.tr.).

10th Round: * (1 ch., 1 h.tr. into next space) 3 times (1 ch., 1 h.tr.) twice into next space, rep. from * to end (64 h.tr.).

11th Round: As 3rd round. (64 h.tr.).

Rep. 11th round 8 times. Work 8 rounds in d.c. Finish off.

HANDBAG

With No. 8 hook make ch. 18in. long. Work 1 h.tr., 1 ch. in every 2nd ch. to end of row, turning with 1 ch.

Next Row: (1 h.tr., 1 ch.) into each space to end.

Cont. until work measures 15in. and finish off. Join in yarn 2in. from beg. of last row and work in d.c. until there are 2in. left on other side. Cont. working in d.c. on this centre part until work measures 2½in. Finish off. Return to other end of work and work to correspond.

TO MAKE UP

Fold bag in half and join sides. Attach top of bag to handles.

● Knitting and crochet directions for making the dashing accessories shown in color on page 49 are complete on this page.

Cloche hat and bag in double moss-st.

CLOCHE

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia (main color): 3 balls 3-ply knitting wool (contrast color); 1 pair No. 7 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit average head.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); tog., together; patt., pattern; in., inch(es); dec., decrease.

Note: Use 2 strands wool and 3 strands raffia tog. throughout. Cap is worked in double moss-stitch.

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 116 sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) to end of row.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 2) to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 7½in.

Next Row: (Keeping continuity of patt., work 6 sts., k 2 tog.) to end of row.

Work 3 rows without dec.

Next Row: (Keeping continuity of patt., work 5 sts., k 2 tog.) to end of row.

Cont. thus, repeating dec. row every 4th row, working 1 less st. between dec. each time until 24 sts. rem.

Work 2 rows without dec.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) to end of row (12 sts. rem.).

Break thread, leaving length for joining. Pass thread through darning needle, draw through last 12 sts., pull up firmly and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch side seam. Turn under 1in. hem along bottom edge of cap and stitch into place.

HANDBAG

Materials: Two spools Jolly Italian Raffia (main color); 3 balls 3-ply knitting wool (contrast color); 1 pr. slotted bag handles with bars; 1 pair No. 7 knitting needles; 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; double m-st., double moss-stitch; st(s), stitches; in., inch(es); tr., treble crochet; tog., together; patt., pattern.

Note: Use 3 strands raffia and 2 strands wool throughout.

PATTERN STITCH
(Double moss-stitch)

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) to end.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 2) to end.

Rep. these 2 rows inclusive.

MAIN PIECE

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in patt. for 17in. Cast off.

Using 1 strand wool and 2 strands raffia and No. 8 crochet hook, work a row of tr. along cast-on and cast-off edges for handle slots.

SIDE PIECES
(Make 2)

Cast on 12 sts. Work in double m-st., k 2 tog., each end every 6th row until all sts. are worked off (about 6in.). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin side-pieces to sides of bag; stitch into place. Thread handle through crocheted slots at top of bag.

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VP10

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Cut-loop beret

Materials: 5 balls Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; No. 8 crochet hook.

Measurement: To fit average head.

Tension: 4½ loop d.c. measures 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip stitch; lp. d.c., loop double crochet.

Beret is worked in lp. d.c. throughout with wrong side facing, i.e., loops are worked at back of work, which is right side.

TO MAKE A LOOP D.C.

With st. already on hook, insert the hook into a st. in the previous row. Wind yarn twice round top of 1st and 2nd fingers, pass hook under this yarn against finger. Yarn over hook and draw through. Slip loops off fingers. This leaves 2 sts. on hook (as in d.c.). Yarn over hook and draw through these two sts.

Begin at centre of crown thus: Make 4 ch. and join with sl-st. into ring. Place colored marker at beg. of each round.

1st Round: Make 8 lp. d.c. into ring, working through centre of ring each time, join with sl-st.

2nd Round: * 2 lp. d.c. into next lp. d.c., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st.

3rd Round: * 1 lp. d.c. into next lp. d.c., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st.

4th Round: As 2nd round. Rep. 3rd round 3 times.

8th Round: * 2 lp. d.c. into next lp. d.c., 3 lp. d.c. in each of next 3 lp. d.c., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st.

Rep. 3rd round 8 times.

17th Round: * 6 lp. d.c. into each of next 6 lp. d.c., miss 1 lp. d.c., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st.

18th Round: * 4 lp. d.c. into each of next 4 lp. d.c., miss 1 lp. d.c., rep. from * to end, join with sl-st.

19th Round: As 3rd round.

20th Round: As 18th round.

Rep. 3rd round 7 times.

Turn beret right side out and work 3 rounds of d.c. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Cut all loops.

CUT - LOOP beret keeps hair tidily out of the way when winter winds are blowing. See top left.

Norwegian rib bag

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia (main color); 2 balls 4-ply wool (contrast color); 1 pair No. 6 knitting needles; 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sl., slip; m 1, make 1; tog., together; rep., repeat; in(s)., inch(es); tr., treble crochet; patt., pattern.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia and 1 strand wool tog. throughout.

Using No. 6 knitting needles, cast on 72 sts.

1st Row: K 1, * m 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. this row until work measures 20in. Cast off.

With No. 6 crochet hook, work a tr. row along cast-on and cast-off edges for handle slots.

TO MAKE UP

Pin sides of bag tog. on wrong side. Stitch, leaving 2½in. open at handle end of each side. Thread handle through crocheted slots.

Kelly-green bag

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia; 2 balls 4-ply wool; 1 pair slotted bag handles with bars; 1 pair No. 6 knitting needles; 1 No. 8 crochet hook.

Note: Use 2 strands raffia and 1 strand wool tog. throughout.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s)., stitch(es); tog., together.

Using No. 6 knitting needles, cast on 87 sts.

1st Row (right side): K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., p 3 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: K 1, * p 3 tog. (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

These 4 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 15in. from beg. Cast off. Press.

SIDE PIECES
(Make 2)

Cast on 12 sts., work in patt., decreasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until all sts. are worked off.

TO MAKE UP

Work a treble crochet row along cast-on and cast-off edges for handle slots. Pin side pieces to bag, wrong sides facing, and stitch into place. Thread handle through slots.

All-purpose bag

Materials: One spool Jolly Italian Raffia (main color); 1 spool Jolly Italian Raffia (1st contrast); 3 balls 4-ply knitting wool (2nd contrast); 1 pair slotted bag handles; 1 No. 6 crochet hook.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble crochet; y.o.h., yarn over hook; st(s)., stitch(es); m.c., main color; c.c.1, 1st contrast; c.c.2, 2nd contrast; star-st., star-stitch; in., inches.

Note: Use 2 strands m.c., 1 strand c.c.1, and 1 strand c.c.2 tog. throughout.

PATTERN STITCH
(Star-Stitch)

Insert hook through base of previous st., y.o.h., pull up approx. ½in., insert hook into next st., y.o.h., pull up approx. ½in., y.o.h. and draw through loops on hook, ch. 1. This completes 1 star.

Begin by working 35 ch. very loosely.

1st Row: Star-st. into 3rd ch. from hook, then into each foundation ch. to end of row (32 star-sts.).

2nd Row: 2 ch., turn, * insert hook into space between 1st and 2nd stars of previous row, y.o.h. and draw through, insert hook into space between 2nd and 3rd star-sts. of previous row, y.o.h. and draw through, y.o.h. and draw through loops on hook, 1 ch. Rep. from * to end of row.

Rep. 2nd row 38 times, turning with 2 ch. after each row. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Join sides of bag with d.c., leaving 2½in. open at handle end of each side. Using 1 strand m.c., 1 of c.c.1, and 1 of c.c.2, work a row of tr. along top edges of bag for handle slots. Thread handle through slots. Tuck in top of side edge to a depth of 1in. and stitch into place.

NORWEGIAN rib bag. Directions above.

KELLY-GREEN handbag is knitted.

ALL-PURPOSE bag goes with everything.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 24.

ARIES
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ For a few weeks the going could be tough. High accident risk this week. Still, marriage and partnership are favored, but there is a lot of opposition, especially of the passive sort.

TAURUS
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blk. Lucky days, Fri., Sat.

★ Keep a tight rein on the purse-strings — the stars don't favor finance or business. There are solid gains for the industrious, while domestic and real-estate affairs flourish.

GEMINI
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ You haven't quite had the breaks you were normally entitled to, but this week gives a chance to build financially. However, stay put on the 24th—and watch those nerves.

CANCER
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling cols., green, t'quoise. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ This period is your moment of truth, when Cancerians should go full steam ahead, especially on the 26th. Just don't get mentally mixed up. It could spell trouble. Shelve vital letters.

LEO
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, red. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ All could not be quiet on the domestic front — the 27th is hostile to the hearth. If you have important letters to write, do so on the 26th for long-lasting results.

VIRGO
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, yellow. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ Not a good time to launch a project or turn over a new page. Influences are mixed, but mainly adverse. The domestic side benefits — good for that house renovation or repaint job.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ The 24th and 27th are certainly not the days to speculate, whether in the lottery or in stocks and shares. However, romance and marriage come under smiling stars.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blk. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ You could be disappointed in the conduct of a friend, could even come to a downright break. Yet one, or some, could rally to your banner. You could also form a lasting emotional tie.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors, tan. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Main accent is on your career, status, and ambitions. There could be delay to some plan of advancement — even an abrupt jolt. But friends compensate to soften the blow. Romance favored.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Your ruling star is in its "fall," which means it is not too happy, and feels all fenced in. There are compensations. Matters matrimonial are pressured adversely, but you could gain career-wise.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20—FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ The 24th is adverse for romance and finance. So is the 27th, with unlucky complications re friends. You could have an emotional storm with someone close to you, but love should triumph.

PISCES
FEB. 20—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, cerise. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ The planet Saturn is getting off your back and pedalling into Aquarius. But the 24th could be bad for love and marriage. Still, romantically, things could have been much more disastrous.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Painful Haemorrhoids?

NEW EFFECTIVE ORAL★ TREATMENT BRINGS RAPID RELIEF— EVEN TO LONG-TIME SUFFERERS

The revolutionary Swiss Varemoid tablet-with-meals method treats the cause— rapidly and with positive results.

The Varemoid method is a major advance of medical science as an adjunct in the treatment of haemorrhoids. It is as easy as eating—you merely take your tablets with meals . . . anywhere, anytime. By this simple dignified method you eliminate the unpleasantness of suppositories and other means of temporary relief of piles.

Ten years Swiss Research developed Tri-(hydroxy-aethyl)-rutosidum—specific therapy for inflammation of the anal veins. This is the active principle of Varemoid. Its positive effect is proven in years of testing on actual sufferers from piles. Remarkable improvement was recorded with patients, many of whom had suffered for more than 15 years.

Varemoid decongests and shrinks haemorrhoids. It strengthens the weak veins. A week's course will convince you. Ask your chemist today for Varemoid tablets.

★ Two tablets with meals three times a day

From the Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland.

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Continued from page 48

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

days. That's why I'm going to Zell, to my beloved mountains." She leaned even closer. "I'll tell you something — I'm running away." She sat back and let out such a guffaw Robert began to wonder if perhaps she wasn't insane. "Seventy-five years old and running away. Oh, I'm proud of myself. I've fooled them all. Ha, ha, ha!"

An airport attendant came to announce that passengers for the flight to Munich-Salzburg had to get ready. The old woman watched them get up and leave before she turned to Robert, who had risen, too. "I like you," she said. "You remind me of my husband. He was tall and blond. You even have eyes like his, when he was young, of course — like the glaciers, I used to say. God rest his soul. He swallowed a chicken bone, got red in the face, the next thing I knew — he was dead. I always told him he ate too fast."

"Thank you again," said Robert. "You've done me a great favor. I was certainly lucky to meet you."

"How polite you are!" she said and suddenly she winked. "I know you think I'm cracked. Well, I'm not. It's true, I don't like flying, but that's not why I let you have my seat. It just occurred to me that he might have notified my grandson that I've disappeared, and he'd know where I'm disappearing to. So he might be in Salzburg when the plane lands, and he'd put me right on the next one back. But nobody knows anything about my boat ticket, and if I go by boat he should be gone by the time I get there. He never stays long, anyway."

SHE laid a hand that showed it had done hard work on Robert's. To his surprise a quite large, perfect diamond shone on a finger slightly crippled by arthritis. "The plane isn't going to crash," she said. "I was really trying to find out if he was waiting for me in Salzburg or not. You can always trust a daisy. So don't worry, young man, don't you worry for a moment."

Wendrix came rolling around the partition, flushed, and out of breath, holding out the ticket for Robert. "Hurry," he said, handing Robert his coat. "Your bag's already on."

"Would you cable my brother at Nepomuk, in Zell, and tell him to pick me up?" Robert called back from the door. The chair on which the old woman had sat was empty.

. . . .

There were nights when Christine couldn't sleep, when she was awakened by strange sounds that didn't sound human, but rather like those of an animal in pain. They roused her the moment they started, as if she had been waiting for them subconsciously. For several minutes then she would lie as if held in a vice, unable to stir, while her heart beat more and more rapidly until it felt like a hammer pounding in her ears, and cold sweat covered her hands so that she would have to wipe them on the cool sheets of heavy, homespun linen.

And her mind would spin like a toy around one person, one man, one name—Robert Brisson, Robert Brisson, Robert Brisson. And she could see him quite clearly — a young man with a shock of red-blond hair and a smile that showed his strong, even teeth and made a dent in his left cheek. Then the smile would fade from his face and without it she no longer recognised him, only his name would continue to echo in her mind.

She never knew at what moment the feeling of panic would leave her and allow her to act. But once it did she acted quickly and automatically. She would throw on a dressing-gown, open her door, run down the corridor that smelled of the pine of which the farmhouse was partly built, into the bathroom, strike a match, and light the old-fashioned gas stove that heated the water. While the water ran into the tub she would open the medicine chest and take out a small box of sedatives. She always kept a bottle of soda-water on a shelf, in which the tablets dissolved quickly, without stirring.

And while the tablets crumbled to white powder she would look at herself in the mirror and try to compose her face, a small, heart-shaped face. From way back, Hungarian and Italian blood had fought for predominance in the Tanner features, tinting the skin a tender olive and the hair ebony black. Curls, cut very short, tumbled over her high, round forehead; under silky, straight brows lay her eyes, almond-shaped between long, black lashes. Her full, rather large and generous mouth was the color of ripe cherries, making any application of lipstick unnecessary. It was her mouth that always betrayed her feelings. She had no control over it. When she was excited it trembled.

Christine bit down hard on her lower lip. The pain made her flinch, and she forced herself to smile, the unnatural smile she had finally learned to master. She could put it on or take it off as the occasion demanded and it made the trembling of her mouth less noticeable, but it didn't change her eyes, which remained serious, sad, resigned, and all she could do to hide their expression was to let her lids drop over them so that they looked sleepy or — as someone had told her once — enigmatic.

She reached into the tub to make sure the water was hot enough to be just about tepid by the time it would be used and, leaving the bathroom door open, entered the room from which the terrible sounds came. There, on his bed, lay a man, his head buried in the pillows, his body heaving with his efforts to control himself. Holding the glass in her hand, Christine sat down on the bed and with her other hand began to stroke the back of her father's head gently, counting silently to herself. When she could feel the muscles of his neck relax, she said. "Here, drink this."

The man lifted himself on his arms, turned without looking at her, and reached for the glass, swallowed, handed it back, and let himself slump into the position in which she had found him. Christine spoke as to a child. "It's all over, darling. It's all over. You must try to forget it. You mustn't think about it any more. You are home. You are free. We are together again. No one is going to hurt you." But the words had been said too often, for so many nights, to carry conviction. Too much use had robbed them of the assurance they had once held, and she could hear her own voice, dead with routine. The man turned. Now he was lying on his back.

He was in his sixties, but looked older. The deep lines running from his thin, aristocratic nose to the corners of his mouth looked as if they had been carved by the crude knife of a wood-cutter rather than by life. A scar ran horizontally across the full width of his prominent chin, showing white against the deep tan of his gaunt, narrow face. His eyes were an extraordinary blue, the blue of a mountain lake in which the sky is mirrored just before dusk.

"You don't understand," he said angrily. "You simply refuse to understand."

"But I do understand," said Christine. "I do, darling, I do."

"Then how can you say it's all over? Nothing is over. Nothing."

Christine looked up at the little Gmunder madonna with the black face that stood on a shelf above her father's bed. Oh, dear heaven, she thought, give me strength. I'm trying so hard to forget. I know it isn't good, it isn't right to drag up the past again and again. But how can I stop when he won't let me?

AND her mind went back with his — seven years . . . the war was over, had been for a decade, but to them it made little difference, for them it would never end. The Russians had seized their estates in Hungary; and its revenues, on which the Tanners had lived for generations, were gone forever.

The Tanners had never needed to earn money, to work for a living. What they had studied, they had learned merely to satisfy their own interests—archaeology, philosophy, history—but they had never studied sufficiently to meet the requirements of a career. To be able to master a horse, to shoot an eagle, to play an instrument, to live graciously, had seemed to suffice, and they had depended on people professionally trained for the task of administering their vast holdings. None of the Tanners had been blessed with a head for business.

She could see the poor crowded lodgings in Vienna, where they had lived after the war, two tiny rooms and a makeshift kitchen which was all her father could afford in 1955. She was thirteen and unable to earn anything except infinitesimal sums as a baby-sitter. And there had been too many other girls clamoring for the same chance. Her mother, weakened by that time by the long, anxious war years and malnutrition, had contracted tuberculosis.

They had been unable to realise anything from the property they had inherited quite unexpectedly from a distant relative, and the little money her father had been able to make giving French and German lessons to members of the occupation forces hadn't begun to meet their needs. There was no doubt that he had been desperate, and that with every sale of the few valuable pieces they had left his desperation had mounted.

A dying wife, a growing child, and his own inability to care for them had nearly driven him out of his mind. He grew more and more taciturn. In his efforts to find a job he often spent days and nights away from them, seeking out friends who might be in a better position and willing to help.

"I should have killed us all," Tanner said now, and he began to tremble again. "Rolf shot his three children and his wife before he killed himself, and he was right."

"You're talking nonsense. I don't care what happened. I don't care how hard it is now."

"A great help I've been to you . . . in prison . . ."

"It helped to know you were alive. I had to live for the day when you would be free."

Oh, that night when they had come and searched the poor, tiny rooms, tearing down the curtain that hid the rubber tub from which a hose led to the kitchen sink; rifling through all their possessions which, because there were no closets, they had to keep in laundry baskets.

They had flung out one shabby garment after another until the whole small floor space was covered; they had stepped on them and over them to the rickety table that served as a writing desk, and there, in the still folded envelope paper, they had discovered the evidence they had been looking for — a letter addressed to a certain Georg Leiter, which contained the design of a German invention the Allies had been hoping to find for years. Georg Leiter, a name that meant nothing to the Tanners.

They had taken Tanner away, leaving her alone with her mother, who had fainted and looked frighteningly as if she were already dead. At the trial they had set eyes on George Leiter for the first time. He had sworn under oath that on two previous occasions Tanner had handed him information the Russians wanted, and that he had an appointment with Tanner on the very night of his arrest. And although Tanner swore that he didn't know the man, had never seen him before, he had been found guilty of betraying military secrets to a foreign Power.

"Free," said Tanner, the way he had said it ever since he had been released, with a mixture of fury and contempt. "But dishonored. Freed by an amnesty for political prisoners. What do I care if I am free or not as long as I stand accused of one of the lowest crimes a man can commit?"

"But you didn't do it," said Christine. "What does it matter what people think as long as you know . . ." How she had fought within herself to remember that when the boys and girls living in the same tenement had treated her as if she were a leper. Any other attitude on their part would have been easier to bear than the tongueless whispers and icy silence that greeted her whenever she appeared. If they had spat at her or called her names or even tried to hurt her, she could have fought back, but against their silent curiosity she had been helpless. They would gather when they knew she was going on an errand, gather in little groups, and watch her pass, then follow her at a distance, whispering among themselves, pointing her out to a child from a different neighborhood.

Sometimes she would let them come quite close only to whirl around unexpectedly. Then they would scatter and run off shrieking in high-pitched little screams as if she had touched them and by her touch alone, had contaminated them with a strange and terrible sickness. And they wouldn't talk to her. Whatever she'd say, they wouldn't respond. Even when she shouted at them, "It's all a dreadful mistake!" and screamed hysterically that her father was innocent, that one day, one day soon, he

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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Helen is already airing her knowledge of nautical things.

Hi! . . . come join the crowd

My friend's Helen. The boys *(cute, aren't they)* are Bill and George. Me? Well I'm a sort of author. Log-writer might be more correct. I'm keeping the diary of our trip. It's sure to be a hit. At home, at least. Mum says she wants to hear all about the voyage. She never thought I'd make it . . . saving isn't a virtue of mine. Besides, I'm not the highest paid person in the world! But the concession fare* made all the difference *(between staying at home and going away, that is).*

These P & O - Orient liners are a lot of fun. Ours is a one-classer . . . we have the run of the ship. And what a 'run' it's been. Swimming all day . . . dancing all night . . . then swimming after dancing. Not to mention parties. I've never been to so many in all my life! And with this gorgeous tan I look absolutely fabulous *(really I do)* in my bare-back dresses. Anyway, you'll read all about it in my very first publication . . . 'Adventurer's Log'. ★ *You can have a copy by filling in this coupon:*

*Go to Europe in the concession season, August/December, when the going's best for budget travellers . . . return January/May next year, or 12 months later. 'Boomerang' Excursions to Britain and back are from only £376 (from £426 if First Class both ways). Off-Season Single Tickets are at greatly reduced fares in all Classes.

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Things to do for fun (or profit)

Amateur dramatics

MOST people have a deep-down secret feeling that they are great undiscovered stars of the stage — and perhaps they are!

Even if you never win an Oscar, there's a lot of fun in joining a local amateur dramatics group and taking a part — perhaps only a backstage part — in their productions.

Most groups have enough young, glamorous members but have difficulty in casting "older woman" or character roles.

But if you don't crave the spotlight you could offer to help with make-up, wardrobe, scenery and props, or lighting. Someone also has to sell the tickets and make sandwiches and coffee.

Many groups have their own dramatic classes which you can attend for a few pounds a term. There is no joining fee as a rule, though you will be expected to make yourself helpful in as many ways as possible.

Animals

TROPICAL fish, cats, birds, dogs — all can be bred at home for fun and profit if you love animals.

It will be expensive to start because you will need special quarters and equipment — and the animals themselves.

Make thorough inquiries first to make sure what the venture entails. The relative club or society will advise you and help you tot up the overall cost.

Don't forget you'll have to support your charges till they breed and you can sell the offspring.

Most animal breeders say they make little profit, though the animals in effect pay for themselves.

Most large bookstores carry a series of quite cheap books (about 3/- each) giving some details of the breeding and keeping of various animals.

Astronomy

STAR gazing and the infinite wonder of the sky and outer space can be turned into a fascinating hobby—astronomy. Nowadays there is the added interest of the man-made machines which can be seen as they pass over.

Begin with a good book ("Astronomy Made Simple," 16/9) and an adequate telescope (from about £15).

There are Astronomical Societies in each Australian capital city.

Astronomers suggest that beginners start with the stars to get their "sky bearing." "Norton's Star Atlas" by A. P. Norton (about 30/-) is regarded highly for this. "Astronomy" by R. H. Baker is another book that is recommended.

Birdwatching

AUSTRALIANS, says an English bird-watcher, have no idea of the wealth of bird life in their country — there are no fewer than about 700 varieties, many of them unknown anywhere else in the world.

Birdwatching is a tranquil side-interest to any outing or trip.

You will need a pair of binoculars (the ones costing about £7 are good enough) and a good book.

"What Bird is That?" by Neville W. Cayley (45/-) or "Bush Birds" by A. Keast (13/6) are excellent books.

Start in your own garden and nearby parks, then go for outings in bushland areas.

If you're really keen then, join a naturalist society and go on their organised rambles to spots where local birdwatchers give assistance and hospitality.

Clubs to join

SPORTS Club
Debating Society
Music Club
Poetry Society
Choir
Bridge Club
Bushwalking Society
The Red Cross
Lapidary (stone-polishing) Club
Historical Society
Gardening Club
Social Club
Drama Club

Compile a family tree

YOU may find that one of your ancestors robbed a bank . . . or married a king's cousin. Perhaps you are the unknown heir to unclaimed millions.

Whatever you find out, it will be interesting and fun to do.

For a small fee registry offices will send you photostats of the marriage or birth certificates you need after you fill out a form.

It will take time, especially when you get to the stage of requesting information from overseas, but who knows what stories of adventure or romance will come to light?

Cooking

EVEN if you are already a proficient cook there are sure to be things you haven't tried yet. Mediterranean, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Scandinavian dishes are some varieties to try.

You can also go beyond cooking main meals and try sweet-making, cake-icing, preserving, wine-making, or bread, jam, even cheese. Join a class or buy a book and get cooking!

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education accepts part-time students in Chinese Cookery and Cocktails and Mixed Drinks if vacancies occur in ordinary classes.

Dancing

REMEMBER how you used to go dancing when you were younger—before you had to stay home with the children?

Now you can probably go again and, let's face it, the foxtrot isn't the rage any more.

So join a dance studio or buy a teach-yourself-to-dance record, get the cobwebs out of your bones, and learn anything that takes your fancy—from the Mod's Nod to the Hula.

If your husband will go with you, so much the better.

Dressmaking

YOU will be amazed at the number of people always looking for a good dressmaker.

Though it helps if you are trained and can draft patterns, there is no reason why you can't make a profitable business out of being able to follow a pattern, cut to size, and sew neatly.

Even if you decide only to make for yourself and family, a dressmaking course (look for the advertisements in your local paper) will give you the skill to give the clothes a professional look.

A new sewing-machine, with all the trimmings, costs from about £25 to over £100, though you can buy a secondhand one.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has part-time courses in Dressmaking, Special Lingerie, and Millinery.

Drive a car

AGE need be no barrier to driving provided you have the health and eyesight to pass the test for a Learner's Permit and can muster the confidence to give it a go.

If you are over 40 you may be slow to learn.

Young people with natural aptitude can reach licence standard in about eight lessons, but you may find that ten professional lessons (at 30/- an hour) take you only part of the way.

We know an Englishwoman aged 45 who had 40 lessons before she felt confident. Now she drives daily in London.

It is a good idea to take three or four lessons close together, then intersperse the professional lessons with some help from a friend who is a licensed driver.

Even husbands can be teachers if they are patient, but not all of them qualify.

GIVE IT A GO!

Carpentry and woodwork

DON'T laugh — it's not as hard as it seems and there are many, many things a woman can turn her hand to.

We don't expect you to build a house—but you could learn to put up shelves, make coffee tables or even lamp-bases.

Evening Colleges run some carpentry courses.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has a part-time course in Homecraft Woodwork.

"Woodcarving and Whittling Made Easy," by F. H. Gottshall, will show you the pleasure of creating something out of a natural material, in this case wood. It's not so hard once you master the techniques explained in this book.

Flying

IT'S expensive but exhilarating to get that far away from it all, though lady pilots we know say it's worth every penny.

You must be under 50 to pass the medical test (with emphasis on eyesight) which enables you to get your student's licence.

Then you must clock up 50 hours (at £7 an hour) before you get the private pilot's licence, and you must also pass the written course, which costs £10/10/-.

After 30 hours flying on the Student's Licence you can get what is called a Restricted Licence, which allows you to fly solo but only in the Metropolitan area.

Learning to fly isn't hard and you need no specific ability other than confidence and the will. It doesn't even matter if you can't drive a car. All you need is about £400 to spare!

Skin diving

QUITE a few middle-aged women attend the skin-diving classes held in Sydney by a large sporting goods firm. Provided you are in good health and not too shy, there's no reason why you shouldn't get as much pleasure out of underwater diving as younger people.

You don't have to go very deep — the beginners' equipment consists only of flippers, snorkel, and face mask and the lot can be bought for about £5. This course costs £8.

Enter contests

SOMEONE has to win, and Lady Luck is full of surprises. Your only outlay will be a bit of time and the cost of postage.

Flower arranging

ANY of the books by Patricia Easterbrook Roberts, Julia Clements, Constance Spry, or Norman Sparnon will be your reference library. There are various classes to attend in most cities, too.

If you have any sort of a garden you'll find enough there to learn and experiment with before you start to look farther afield.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has part-time classes in Floral Art.

Gardening

IF your garden is frankly a mess, then there's a satisfying pastime right outside your door. But even if it's beautiful and you love gardening there must be things you haven't tried.

Start a herb garden, a hothouse, or a fernery.

Many rare or delicate flowers and plants —such as orchids, waterlilies, or tulips— can be sold.

Experiment with hard-to-grow species, soil mixtures and temperatures, or develop a new color. The cost will depend on what you do.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has part-time courses in Australian Wildflowers, Floriculture, Home Gardening, Indoor Plants, Orchid Culture, Rose Pruning, and Shade and Ornamental Trees.

Go to auction sales

HERE'S something that really gets you in. It's amazing what you can find if you look under the paint and dust. What appears to be cheap junk can be turned, with time and elbow grease, into useful, and often beautiful, pieces.

Look up the times of auctions in the paper and don't take more money with you than you are prepared to spend.

Jewellery

UNLESS you have done, or intend to do, a course on it you will have to rely on imagination and ingenuity — and that's often enough. Interesting jewellery can be made from shells, beads, wood, metal, raffia, seeds, coins, stone, ceramics — almost anything.

Knitting

KNITTING machines vary from about £50 to over £100, but this expense can be very quickly absorbed if you advertise in a local paper and knit for other people and you will save on garments you make for yourself and the family.

If you cannot afford a knitting-machine you could still offer to hand-knit other people's patterns for a charge.

Or you could knit Fair Isle pattern ski jumpers and perhaps sell them through a city store.

If you are not interested in selling, there are many charities which will be delighted by donations of anything you make.

Learn a language

THE obvious languages to learn are French, Italian, German, or Spanish. Any of these will make all the difference if you intend to travel and will be fun and useful even if you never leave Australia.

You could also be rather more ambitious and try one of the Asian languages such as Chinese or Japanese — or even Russian. A knowledge of these countries and their languages is becoming very important and could be the key to many fascinating experiences.

There's money in it, too. Interpreters are always in demand, and a person with one or two extra languages is a valuable employee.

We suggest you look through a simple teach-yourself book first, then, if you're sure you will see it through, join a class or buy a language record.

These range from the easiest children's series, through such sets as "Basic Conversational German" (£9/15/-) or "Instant Italian" (£5/10/-) to the Linguaphone series, which cost about £34.

Most of these records come complete with textbooks.

One of the easiest languages to learn is Esperanto—the universal language. There are only 16 rules and no exceptions.

The Australian Esperanto Association in Canberra will give you more details about the classes and other activities of the association in your State. Some people in every country of the world speak Esperanto and a knowledge of it leads to correspondence with these people and friendship.

Mosaics

GO to a tile firm and ask if you can buy a variety of colors in the smallest wall or floor tiles available. The range is enormous, with new ones coming from Japan and Italy all the time.

They're expensive (£4 or £5 a yard), but with them you can make table tops, murals, bowls, pictures, vases — or cover any kind of bench or shelf.

Design a pattern to scale on paper, then transfer this pattern to the table top with the tiles.

The tile firm or a hardware store will advise you on the best way to do it and what fixing compound to use. We know a woman whose husband makes her a simple wood coffee table base which she covers with a mosaic tile pattern. The tables sell at quite a profit.

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if you're feeling down in the dumps

HOW TO BEAT BOREDOM

● Do you remember how, when you were younger, life seemed too short for all there was to do? Life was a question mark and the days were busy with finding answers.

MOST things had fascination, and you burned with a thousand plans and ambitions. Did your fingers itch to create something beautiful? Did your mind spin with unformed poetry? Did you yearn to be out of doors and doing?

For many women these secret dreams are subdued by the responsibilities of marriage and children; or a career.

Then the children grow and become independent, or you retire, or get into a rut. For a hundred reasons a woman can find herself in the middle of her life with more time than ever before to feel bored, frustrated, useless, or lonely.

(Actually no one can pinpoint what age or circumstance determines this state of mind. A young woman with six children and a farm can feel she would like to take up amateur dramatics, while another, aged 50 in a serviced flat, is perfectly content to sit by the radio in the afternoon sun.)

If you are unhappy and complain and do nothing, you are your own worst enemy. There are a thousand and one things you could turn your hand to.

Don't be frightened of not being good at whatever you take up — what does that matter? You'll find many others who are worse and still getting fun out of it. And, who knows, you MAY just be very good!

Don't be bothered about not looking as nice as a 20-year-old doing it (if it's a sport, for instance). You aren't 20 and nothing will change that. Make an effort to look as nice as you can, then forget about it and enjoy yourself.

All in all, don't say "can't."

You CAN, and in these pages we list some ideas for hobbies or past-times to take up. You will find they lead to friendships, outings, some even to profit — and all to a fuller, more satisfying life.

Pick one (or two, or three) that suits your time, money, and inclination.

Music

IF you don't know Beethoven from The Beatles, it's time you did. A knowledge of classical music opens up another world and it's not nearly as hard to learn to appreciate as you might think.

There are many books on music appreciation and the lives and thoughts of composers ("Music and the Listener," by Barry, 9/6; "An Outline of Music," by Malcolm Sargent, 86/3).

Read some of these, then buy a record that appeals to you, and **listen.**

You could also learn to play an instrument yourself.

It helps if you've had some basic training, or even if you just know the scales, though it's never too late to start from the beginning. The recorder (from 7/6 to 30/-) is a simple start, and not hard to learn to play.

Then there's the violin, guitar (from under £10 to £300), zither, drums, xylophone (from about £7), piano, and flute (from a few shillings to £100) to be considered.

There are teach-yourself books (about £1) and records for most instruments.

Painting

YOU won't know if you're good till you've tried — anyway, it doesn't matter. There are many art societies and groups to join, and the fees to attend their classes vary.

The average small group usually charges from about 10/- to 15/- a lesson.

Basic materials that beginners need include brushes, colors, canvas, palette, and a few other things.

This list costs just under £5 to get together, though you could make do with cheaper equipment and you could also buy more expensively.

Books on various painting techniques can be bought from artists' suppliers for about 10/-.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has part-time courses in Children's Art, Drawing, Commercial Art, General Design, Painting, Sculpture, and Textile Design.

Photography

PHOTOGRAPHY can never be called an economical hobby, but if you have £10 in the biscuit jar you could buy a camera and some black and white or color film and have a lot of fun.

Even if your first few films are not outstanding you still have the camera, and, who knows, you might find you have just the touch to take delightful photographs.

If so, and if you have the money, you could start getting together more elaborate equipment. A home-developing kit costs £5/10/-.

Join a camera club or take a photography course. You'll find other enthusiasts only too willing to help and give advice, and the big film companies have all sorts of free booklets, lectures, and services.

Pottery

THERE is no end to what you can do with clay once you know the basic rules of pottery. You can make anything from buttons to lampbases.

And it is not a very expensive hobby unless you decide to buy a kiln and do all the glazing and firing yourself.

If you do that the original outlay could run into hundreds of pounds, though if you sell what you make (and fire for other people as well) it could be a good investment.

However, you can get as much fun out of spending a few pounds on clay and tools, attending pottery classes, and having your creations glazed and fired by someone else.

Clay is usually just under 1/- a pound and beginners' tools are about 3/- each. You will also need a sea sponge (about 7/-).

There are many other things advanced potters use — a wheel, for instance — but you can do without these till you get the "feel" of clay and are sure you want to go on with it.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has a part-time course in ceramics which includes history and design, drawing, building, throwing, coiling, moulding, casting, glazing, and firing.

Reading

PEOPLE who love to fill their leisure hours with reading have a permanent source of enjoyment and interest. And they have no difficulty in finding new worlds to explore in books.

But if you're a "new" reader, who for years hasn't had the time to indulge in books, remember the classics are not classics for nothing. They offer great rewards.

Don't be frightened to try something new. Even if you have always liked historical novels best, find time to try travel books, autobiographies, mystery novels, and so on.

You can get wonderful pleasure out of sharing the thoughts and discoveries of good writers.

Redecorating

YOU will need some money — but there is no reason why you can't cut down on costs by doing the painting, even the upholstery, yourself. You could incorporate a lot of other hobbies, such as carpentry, sewing, lampshade making, and ceramics, into this project.

Most big paint firms have a free color advisory service.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has part-time courses in Interior Decorating and Interior Design.

Social work

EVEN if you can't give much money, there are a million and one practical things you can do for any given charity.

Decide on the organisation you would like to help, then just ring up the central office (or a branch in your town), and offer your services.

If you can drive a car, and, better still, have one, you will be greeted with whoops of joy.

You can donate anything salable, edible, wearable, or useful. And you can donate time.

If you have any particular skill, be it typing or hairdressing or reading aloud, there'll be something for you to do.

However well-meaning you are, you will be little use if you are unreliable or don't put your best into what you do. Make sure you will be able to do what you commit yourself to.

Look up charities in the phone book or inquire at your church or local council and ask among your friends to find one that you feel will satisfy you best.

Sports

MOST sports, except perhaps fishing or athletics, are quite expensive to begin, though you don't have to buy new gear if suitable second-hand things are available.

Take your pick from golf, bowling, skiing, riding, sailing, table tennis, fencing, shooting, judo, croquet, and archery.

The best start is to make inquiries at a club in your district about what you will need, the approximate costs, and how to join the club.

You will probably be able to go along a few times before you get the equipment to make sure you like the sport enough to warrant the expense.

The Y.W.C.A. League of Health has classes in athletics and gymnastics, which women of any age can attend. They also have classes in yoga, trampolining, and slimnastics (gymnastics with an accent on slimming).

Start a club

CONTACT a few friends and acquaintances and discuss with them their interests and needs. You might find they would all dearly love just one day a week on their own in town, or that they are all interested in, say, dressmaking.

Form your club on the "progressive party" system, so that you take it in turns to mind the children or to be hostess to the others at meetings and get-togethers.

You don't need to be too formal or strict, but try to make certain rules about such things as costs so that you don't have one member spending more than others on afternoon tea.

Once your club is formed and running smoothly you can branch out from your original idea and start other group activities. Theatre tickets, for example, are often reduced if the group is large enough.

Take a beauty course

ABSOLUTELY everyone can stand some improvement and the expense will be well justified by the better figure, better grooming, and boosted morale. You could even take a modelling course and make pocket money by modelling fashions for older women.

The average cost of a general beauty course at the big model agencies is about 20 guineas, and the course lasts approximately 14 weeks.

Take a job

YOU could baby-sit. Not only at night — there are many women who would love to have an afternoon or morning off now and again to go into town.

You could help at parties or dinners by serving, even preparing the food, and helping get things in order before and after the event.

You could work at busy times in a local store. Many stores find they are over-staffed in slack periods and under-staffed at busy times and would welcome someone they could call on just when they needed them.

Many elderly people cannot afford a full-time companion but would like someone to take them out, read to them, or shop for them just a few hours a week.

You could put your name down with an employment agency as a person who would be willing to take on another person's job just for a few days or weeks. Naturally you are bound to what you are trained or capable for. But there are some other jobs you could do for which you only need a sense of responsibility and womanly instinct.

Working parents sometimes advertise for a woman who will mind school-age children during the late afternoon.

(All these suggestions are made on the basis that because of family responsibilities or for some other reason you don't want to take a regular full-time job.)

Things to make

SOFT toys, patchwork, basketry, lampshades, tapestry, embroidery, hats, leatherwork, hooked rugs, raffia work, felt work.

All these hobbies require very little outlay and are relatively easy, and fascinating, to learn. Big bookstores have a range of do-it-yourself and how-to-make books which are almost as good as going to classes. With imagination and a few good ideas you can acquire a satisfying — and profitable — pastime.

Continued overleaf

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HOW TO BEAT BOREDOM

Continued from previous page

University kit groups

MOST Australian universities have a department catering for Adult Education in some form. The Kit Groups (run by the Department of Tutorial Classes at the University of Sydney) are very popular.

Groups of not fewer than five and not more than 18 can apply at the university for details and costs.

Sydney University has kits in public speaking, reading, writing, art appreciation, play-reading, astronomy, homemaking, and design. The fee per group is £4 for 12 or fewer members, £6 for over 12 members.

University and schools can help

AN adult education service for the whole of N.S.W. is provided by the Department of Tutorial Classes, University of Sydney.

It conducts Tutorial Classes in Sydney and the larger country towns, makes provision for self-acting groups through its Discussion Group and Kits schemes, and publishes the fortnightly "Current Affairs Bulletin."

It is assisted in these activities by the Workers' Educational Association, which organises classes, and by the Adult Education Section of the Public Library of N.S.W., which supplies each class or group with books, prints, records, or slides.

For information about any of the Department's activities write to The Director of Tutorial Classes, University of Sydney. There are regional offices in Newcastle, Wollongong, Wagga, Canberra, and the Western Region.

The N.S.W. Education Department runs Evening Colleges at various schools throughout the State. Courses vary with each school and are not necessarily the same from year to year.

If you are interested in an Evening College course, contact the Education Department, who will tell you what school in your area holds the classes and what the classes are.

For further details you should ring the principal of the school.

Useful books

TWO books on creative hobbies are the "Reinhold Craft and Hobby Book," by Gunther Voss (85/3), and "Creative Crafts for Everyone," by G. Alan Turner (color illustrated, 44/9).

Wildflowers and botany

FLOWER-WATCHING has all the pleasure and fascination of birdwatching. All you will need is a good book on identification of the wildflowers found in your State (any good bookstore will help you select one) and a liking for quiet walks through bushland.

You will be amazed at the number and variety of native plants and flowers and at their extraordinary beauty.

Once you become really keen, you will want to know a bit of simple botany. If you cannot find a botany class to attend, a book such as those used by high-school students will help.

The N.S.W. Department of Technical Education has a 12-week course in Australian Wildflowers, including four field excursions.

Writing

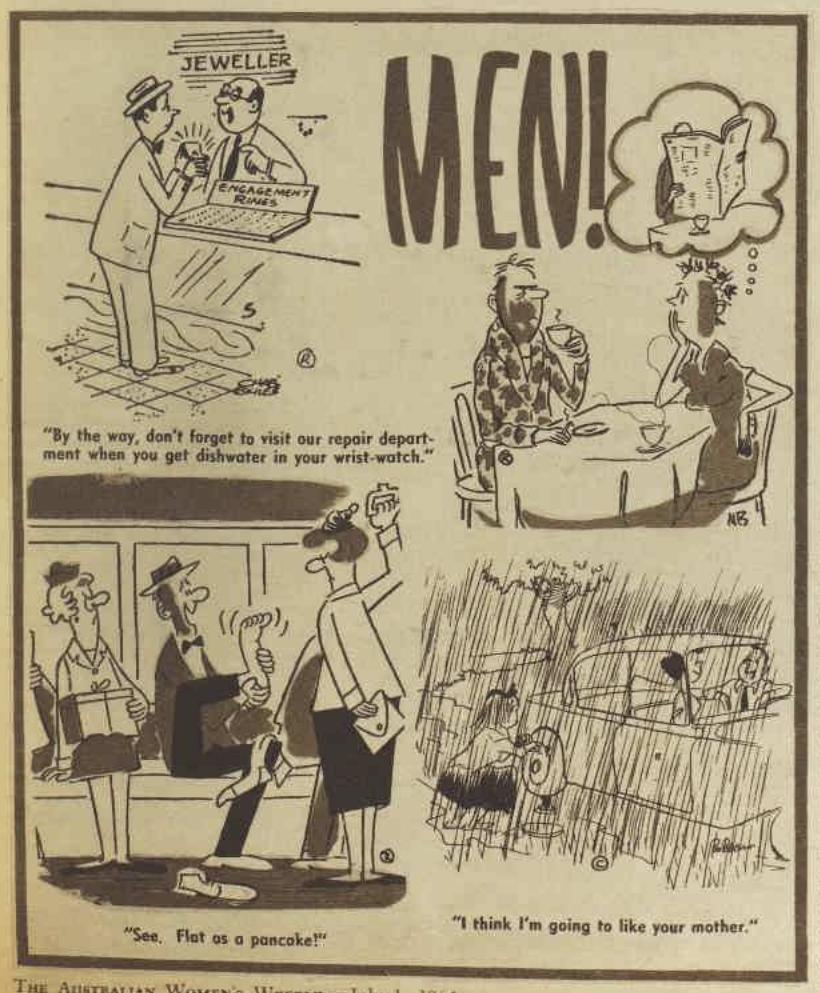
MAGAZINES, newspapers, radio, and television will pay for accepted contributions. If you don't feel you can tackle a radio or television play, start by sending letters, home hints, or short stories to magazines. Poetry, too, is often welcomed. All writers, even the most famous ones, have their share of rejection.

Yoga

MR. MICHAEL VOLIN, of Sydney, who claims to have brought yoga to Australia 15 years ago, says life begins not at 40, but at 55, for yoga devotees.

"Yoga is becoming so popular that I believe that in three generations Sydney beaches will be full of beautiful women in their sixties and seventies, still wearing bikinis, and still a feast for the eyes!" said Mr. Volin.

Mr. Volin's best and most satisfying students are women over 40. He has one class for over 60s alone. One of his students started four years ago, when she was 63, and can now do the most difficult poses, and looks and feels many years younger than her age.



A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 56

would be back and everything would be cleared up, they merely stared at her as if she was a crazy girl talking nonsense.

And when her mother had died, they had looked upon her loss as a new punishment from heaven and grown even more quiet when they saw her, awed now by the series of disasters that had befallen her. It was then that she had taken to walking proudly, her head thrown back, ignoring them, and even when after a while their curiosity ceased, and she was once more treated like any other child, there remained in her carriage and the way she looked about her a certain haughty indifference which made some people say she was a snob.

"You don't understand," Tanner said. "My only child, my daughter, refuses to understand . . ."

"All through history, men and women have been unjustly accused . . ."

Her father interrupted her again. "And when we read about them, don't we regard those who couldn't clear themselves as criminals?"

Christine sighed. How clumsily she had expressed what she wanted to say. "Unless I can prove my innocence," her father went on, "future generations will think of the last Tanner as a man who betrayed his country."

"But what can we do?"

They had tried everything. When it had become possible to do so, they had sold most of the property they had inherited, and had tried to find the man called Leiter and get the case reopened. But George Leiter seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth; their lawyer had been unable to trace anyone who had known or even heard about him. Perhaps he had disappeared behind the Iron Curtain, or migrated under another name to the Americas, Australia, New Zealand . . .

"Dearest, there is nothing more we can do."

Suddenly Tanner's eyes narrowed. "You think I did it, don't you?" he whispered. "Just as they did . . . that I did it because I had to get medicine and decent food for your mother, because you were running around in rags, thin as a hairpin, and always hungry." Christine stared at her father, too shocked to reply. "But you must believe me." He folded his hands in a gesture of prayer. "You must, my child, you must. For me there was never a choice. I would let your mother die again and you starve rather than disgrace our name."

"I know, my dearest, I know." I must take him to a doctor, she thought. What have they done to him; oh, what have they done? Anger flared through her like a searing flame. She wanted to jump up, run out, run and run until physical exhaustion would make it impossible for her to feel anything. She controlled herself with great effort. "I let a bath run for you, Papa."

Tanner didn't seem to hear her. "If I see him again," he murmured to himself, as if he had forgotten her presence, "I'll shoot him."

"Shoot whom? What are you talking about?"

Tanner frowned. "Did I say anything?" He reached for his dressing-gown which hung over the chair next to his bed.

"Whom have you seen?"

He didn't look at her; he was searching the floor for his slippers. "I haven't seen anyone. Did anybody come here?"

"But you just said you would kill someone if you saw him again."

"You're imagining things," her father told her. "You're tired. Poor Chris, I woke you up again, didn't I? Now go back to sleep like a good girl. And don't worry too much. One day you will be able to carry your head high again, I promise you. The day will come when I shall be able to prove my innocence."

He stood up, a tall man of slight, sinewy build, who seemed to have grown suddenly with new hope, and walked quickly toward the door. But once he had reached it, he hesitated, and turned around to Christine, who was straightening his bed. "We will have to sell this place," he said. "I shall need money to start proceedings all over again. And this time I shall not fail."

The farm in Dienten and the grazing lands in the foothills of the Hochkonig were all that was left of the estate they had inherited. Several years ago, when her father had been freed, they had moved here.

All of it — the century-old farmhouse, the flower-strewn meadows that swung from the valley up to the mountain, at first in gentle waves, then growing steeper and steeper, through the dark forest to the high patch of green Alpine pasture where the cows grazed all summer, until the first rocky spurs of the Hochkonig ended the property like a stone wall built by giants—it had given her the only security she had ever known. For she had come to the farm before her father had been released.

One day a man she had never seen or heard of before had come and taken her to Zell. He seemed to know all about her and, what was far more important, believed in her father's innocence, so that she liked and trusted him immediately. After a few days he had taken her up to Dienten and given her into the care of Lise, an old peasant woman who had been born and raised on the farm. And not only had the mountains and meadows, the trees and flowers been consolation, but even the people in the neighborhood had seemed convinced of her father's innocence and were not only kind to her but treated her with respect.

Gradually the terrible memories began to fade, and by the time she went back to Vienna and boarding-school she went without fear of what she might encounter — a serious girl, a lonely girl, a girl who wore armor, armor wrought of disaster and disappointment, but a girl mentally sound and physically healthy.

It had come as a shock to her that the farm had failed to have the same healing influence on her father, but one day it would, one day it must. Never, she thought; I'll never let you sell the farm. But she didn't say anything. She continued to puff up the pillows, allowing her father to believe she would finally give in.

To page 62

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near."***

—Isaiah 55:6.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

Continued from page 61

The sun was like a thousand spotlights, singling out a snow-covered mountain peak here, a dark green meadow there, painting the forests a hazy blue, picking up the white roads that curled like snakes through the valleys, and up to the mysterious world of glaciers, playing with the spray of waterfalls, dipping and dancing across streams and lakes. Robert Brisson was the first one out of the plane from Munich which landed on time. It was early afternoon, two o'clock.

For a moment he stood quite still, breathing deeply and wondering how it had been possible to forget the beauty of the landscape. No memory could match it. Then he shook his head a little, first to the left, then to the right, to get the deafness out of his ears, straightened up, and hurried toward the main building.

He had been so sure that Reid would be waiting for him there that he was surprised when he didn't see him. He checked through Customs, looked into the restaurant, walked out to the parking lot, but Reid wasn't there. Had Bill Wendrix forgotten to cable? And why hadn't it occurred to him to phone the Nepomuk while he was waiting in Munich for the plane to Salzburg?

He walked back into the restaurant. No. There was no message for him. Nobody had called and left word that Mr. Brisson had been delayed and would be there in a little while. Robert frowned sharply. Reid was one of the most punctual people he knew, and one of the most considerate. As a matter of fact, Robert's unpunctuality as a boy had been the cause of a lot of trouble between them. Only gradually had Robert discovered the comfort of perfect timing and learned to estimate correctly how long anything he was going to do was going to take him. Even if Reid's client had occupied his time to an extent Reid couldn't have foreseen he would have managed to communicate with Robert somehow.

He tossed down an enzian, the white, clear fluid made from the roots of the lovely blue mountain flower which had such a strange taste, quite unlike any drink he knew. Suddenly he was sick to death of airports, of the bright posters advertising resorts, of the strained, polite smiles of waitresses and waiters, the shrewd glances of porters and taxi chauffeurs, the whining of tired children, and the exaggerated greetings and goodbyes of arriving and departing groups. For a while he tried to concentrate on finding, among the occupants of the restaurant, a man who could possibly be the grandson of the old woman who had given him her seat, but found no one he could link with her.

He was debating if he should order another drink, when he suddenly hit on the only reason that could have prevented Reid from meeting him. Of course. Reid was on some mountain, climbing the Mandlwand, perhaps even the Selbhorn . . . and sudden fog, a rock slide, an unexpectedly needed rope . . . Okay. Robert made a little gesture with his hand as if he could actually see Reid checking a rope. "Take your time," he thought. "I'll see you at the Nepomuk."

But the buses and taxis had already left the airport when he started to look for transportation. As he stood there, wondering what best to do, a man called out to him. "Can I give you a lift?"

Robert glanced at the big, black Mercedes from which the voice came and shook his head. The man looked pleasant enough and, in spite of his informal attire—a white shirt open at the throat, a jacket slung across the shoulders—elegant, the way Latin men looked elegant even when they were shabbily dressed. But Robert wasn't in the mood for making polite conversation with a stranger. "Thank you—no."

He walked back into the restaurant, had a cab called, and haggled for a couple of minutes with the chauffeur about the fare, determined not to be gipped, and when he found the price fair, got into the cab and made himself comfortable on the back seat. "Just don't talk," he told the driver. "Don't point out anything. I've been here before. I don't want to hear or see anything, I just want to sleep."

He slept through Hallein, Golling, Bischofshofen, Bruck, but woke up as if he had set the alarm for the moment of their arrival in Zell. Leaving the town behind them, they drove along the shores of the lake past a parking lot at the bottom of a wooded hill, and up to the hotel.

ROBERT had never stayed at the Nepomuk. Although it looked old, with its orange-tint facade and painted wooden shutters, it was a comparatively new building. The statue of the Bohemian saint after whom it was named stood almost lifesize at the left of the huge entrance. The little dome over its head, designed to protect the beautiful carved and painted wood from weathering, was upheld by small gilded cherubs. Above the balconies adorned with hunting trophies—antlers of all sizes and ages—ran the whole length of the front. When the taxi stopped, the gate folded back to give passage just wide enough for one car to pass into a cobblestone courtyard.

A servant, dressed in the customary green loden, with a red vest and bright blue stockings, took Robert's luggage and showed him into the entrance hall—a big room with a beamed ceiling, low, modern furniture, a fireplace at each end, the white walls painted with maps of Zell and its immediate surroundings. The desk was nowhere to be seen and Robert had to look twice before he discovered it discreetly hidden under the bend of the staircase that swung from the second floor in a graceful curve down into the lobby. The drive from Salzburg had taken a little over two hours. Surely Reid would be back.

"Mr. Brisson?"

The man behind the desk missed the question in Robert's voice. Instead of answering, he gave Robert a broad, welcoming smile. "We've been worried about you. We expected you yesterday. We almost didn't hold the room." He turned, reached for the key, and with it handed Robert a cable. "But then this came for you. Your luggage will be right up. Is there anything I can send to your room?"

"This cable is for my brother," Robert told him. "Mr. Reid Brisson. Hasn't he come back yet?"

The clerk stared at him, obviously at a loss. "Mr. Reid Brisson? But aren't you . . ."

"I'm Robert Brisson. My brother, Reid Brisson, is staying with you."

"I'm afraid you're making a mistake, sir."

"But you have a reservation for me, don't you?"

The clerk picked up the telephone, spoke—his hand discreetly covering his mouth—then he turned to Robert again. "We have only

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one reservation, for Mr. Reid Brisson. He wanted a room for Wednesday, but we told him we had nothing until Friday and were advised, in that case, to put it down for Friday." The clerk shrugged. "Of course I thought the room was for you."

It was not just irritation over the man's polite indifference that began to stir in Robert. Something was wrong. He tried to refuse to believe it, but suddenly he could hear his brother saying, "Could you possibly hop the next plane and meet me here? I think it's quite important." Those had been Reid's exact words. He would never have asked him to fly over, indicating that something was afoot that made Robert's presence necessary, and not be there.

"But he must be here!"

"Where are you staying?" he had asked Reid, and, "At the Nepomuk in Zell," Reid had answered. Therefore he should be at the Nepomuk unless . . . "He looks a lot like me," he said, almost pleadingly. "Blond, blue eyes, same height, same build . . ."

The clerk let his eyes rest on the tall young man in front of him and slowly shook his head. Robert almost shouted, "You mean to say he hasn't stayed here, that you haven't seen or heard from him?"

"Precisely, sir."

AND it was then that Robert all of a sudden remembered that Reid's call from Austria had been interrupted unexpectedly, and that his efforts to re-establish the connection had failed.

It had been Robert's experience that police inspectors all over the world resembled each other, that in fact all people of the same profession shared certain characteristics, as if the occupations they had chosen lent them a deeper relationship than the one manifested by similar parentage. Laborers, truck-drivers, intellectuals, scientists, carpenters, cooks, artists, engineers—you could nearly always spot them no matter what their nationality was.

But Johann Strubb didn't seem to be cut of the cloth woven for men engaged in the enforcement of law. He was of about average size and

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

surprisingly slender for a man his age. Judging by the grey in his dark hair, he was probably in his early fifties. He showed none of the indifference, true or pretended, none of the sarcasm that normally formed the top layer of their skins, none of the boredom of a man tired of the same old story, none of the impatience to get rid of another complainant. Instead, he seemed genuinely interested.

"Brisson," he said, with emphasis, as if he intended never to forget the name, and spelled it out, "B-r-i-s-s-o-n. Robert Brisson."

After he had listened quietly and given several orders, he asked Robert to join him in a cup of coffee, and took him across the street and around a corner to his private quarters. Robert was surprised but grateful. Yet he felt embarrassed when he saw the crumpled cushions on the old-fashioned leather chaise-longue, an open book, the plaid rug on the floor, all unmistakable signs that Strubb had already settled down for an undisturbed evening when the call from his office had come in that a crazy American insisted on speaking to him right away.

"You are very kind."

"I do my best," Strubb sighed. "I've seen so much misery." He shook his head and sighed again. "The war was a bitter lesson."

Robert glanced at him sharply and wondered, *What were you doing then? Didn't you raise your hand and shout Heil! when Germany annexed Austria?* But he didn't ask. To his surprise Strubb answered his unasked question.

"I was in a camp," he said, "not far from here. In Ebensee. Maybe you know it."

Who didn't know Ebensee? Nearly everyone who had visited this neighborhood after the war had been drawn by deep interest, curiosity, sensationalism or grief to the hell of Ebensee, where slave laborers from all over Europe had been herded through rock-faced entrances into black caverns; and had shuddered at the sight of the high galleries, carved into the hillside, that were to be turned into factories for new and secret weapons.

Was Strubb telling the truth? How had he managed to escape death when thousands of workers had been murdered if for no other reason than that they had helped to pack and therefore knew of the fantastic treasures the Nazis were hiding in the immediate neighborhood.

Robert went over to the wall where large, framed photos hung in a neat row. There they were—Reid's beloved mountains — where buried in the mountain or sunk in the deep waters of lakes, vast Nazi treasures were still believed to lie undiscovered.

Strubb came to stand next to him. "That whole district," he said, "how it grew during the last weeks

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD

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A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

of the war! From about twenty thousand to nearly ninety thousand, all trying to reach what seemed safety to them. And the worst among them, the S.S. . . . everywhere."

It's all so long ago, Robert thought; it's almost forgotten. In our time seventeen years equal a thousand. Enough has happened since 1945 to make all this sound historical. I was a boy then . . . well, a very young man, but Strubb must have been in his middle thirties . . . the same age Reid is now. Reid. What had happened to Reid?

"What did you want to say?" Strubb asked.

"The more I think about it the less I understand anything." Robert began to pace up and down the small room, from window to door, from door to window.

"Your brother's message read that he was going to Salzburg to meet a client. Since he asked you to come to Zell, we can assume that he was merely going to be picked up in Salzburg. We can also assume that, since he couldn't get a room at the Nepomuk until Friday, he was staying somewhere else. And if he stayed anywhere around here, we shall soon know it."

Strubb spoke with the same assurance he had shown in his office. "His name and passport number will be on the tourist lists for the week. It's unfortunate that the office was already closed and we have to wait for the man who has the key, but he won't be long."

Robert stopped pacing and sat down on the bench running around the green-tiled stove that stood in a corner of the room like a guardian against winter snow and cold, and leaned his head against the small cast-iron lid behind which apples would stew slowly in winter, filling the whole room with their pungent aroma. It was a strange sensation to feel panic creeping up on him—a tightening of the stomach muscles, a constriction of the throat, an almost uncontrollable desire to run out, to ask everyone, anyone at all, if he had seen Reid. Don't be an ass, he told himself.

For the second time the inspector anticipated what was going on in Robert's mind. "Mr. Brisson," he said, "I can't knock on the bedroom doors at the Nepomuk and wake up the guests who may be sleeping after a long day's outing; or intrude on those who are just enjoying their dinner." He looked up, and Robert, following his glance, saw that the little cuckoo clock showed seven twenty-five. In five minutes that damn bird would stick its head out of the little carved door and announce the half hour.

"The Nepomuk has an international clientele, quite a few titled people. We have to treat them with consideration." Now there was a sudden grimness in his voice. "At any rate, we do until I feel justified in asking a few questions."

"The clerk was hesitant about my posting a note in the hall, asking anyone who has seen or heard of Reid Brisson to get in touch with me immediately."

Strubb nodded. "I'm going to check with the border stations. It's possible that your brother's client changed his plans and asked your brother to accompany him somewhere else. They may have left Austria."

Something in Strubb's voice reminded Robert of Wendrix — perhaps nothing more than the dry phraseology — Wendrix's answer when Robert had reminded him that he had managed to get his brother on a plane on Monday at a moment's notice. "That was arranged at the other end." By whom? Obviously by Reid's client. And suddenly it seemed imperative to know who that client was. If only Reid were not so discreet, he would have mentioned the name of the man he was going to see, and there wouldn't be any difficulty about it now. Of course he could call Reid's office . . . no, he couldn't. It was Saturday. He would have to wait until Monday, and by then . . .

The door of the clock flew open, the bird stuck out not only its head but also flapped two tiny wooden wings, cuckooed loudly once, then, with a click, disappeared.

"I tell you, he's here," Robert said, as if the inspector had just categorically denied the assumption. "I can always trust my feelings. Somehow I know he's here."

"The client or your brother?"

"My brother, of course. I have no feeling about the client. Are you laughing at me?"

"Not at all." Strubb blew out a cloud of blue smoke. "I believe in hunches. No doctor, no policeman would be any good if he didn't have them once in a while and follow them through."

There was a knock at the door and a young gendarme came in. "We've checked all the lists," he said. "The name Reid Alan Brisson isn't on any of them."

Robert said nothing. What was there to say? He watched the inspector go out with the young officer — the way they walked was almost identical — he could hear them talking outside the door, but he didn't try to listen to what was being said. After a couple of minutes Strubb came back and sat down in the armchair opposite Robert. "I have asked that the borders be checked, but that will take some time. Tell me, is it possible that your brother might have travelled under an assumed name?"

The idea of Reid hiding his identity behind false papers was almost comical. Robert laughed, laughed loudly and harshly, began to cough, and fell silent.

"There is of course the possibility," Strubb mused, "that your brother and his client decided to do some climbing around here." He rose, walked over to his desk, and began to leaf through a calendar.

"We've had comparatively good weather all week. What did you say were your brother's favorites?"

For a moment Robert thought he couldn't remember the names of the mountains Reid liked to climb, but his memory was too well trained not to respond automatically. "The Grosse Priel. The north wall of the Schermberg."

"Both in the Totes Gebirge. Either from Grunau or the Almtaler House. Go on."

"The Mandlkogel."

"In that case he would have driven to Gosau or Hallstadt."

Robert looked at Strubb. "You know your mountains."

"I was born here and I love them. When I was young . . ."

But Robert cut him short. "When Reid didn't meet me in Salzburg, my first thought was that he must have gone climbing and got held up somehow, but no—he's much too experienced a climber to have tackled anything difficult like that without getting in shape first and used to the change in altitude." And the sight of a broken rope dangling over the sharp ledge of a rock, Reid lying somewhere with every bone in his body broken, fog descending so quickly there was no chance for orientation, Reid groping for the way and reaching into emptiness, vanished from his mind.

"The call," he said. "Inspector, you've forgotten to do something about the call: I told you, didn't I, that it was interrupted quite suddenly? That night I thought nothing of it. Everything important seemed to have been said. But now . . ."

Strubb stepped away from the desk, rubbing his knuckles. "I haven't forgotten the call, and I am well aware of the fact that your brother could have phoned from Zell and not been staying here. He could have been passing through and phoned from a public booth, a restaurant, the lobby of a hotel. I just thought we might check and eliminate other possibilities while we are waiting for the report from the central telephone office. I'll try them again."

His face was a mask, inscrutable, bored, the face of a poker player, as he listened without speaking, but when he put the receiver down and turned to Robert it expressed the alertness of a boy. "They were just going to ring me. Your brother's call was placed in a cafe, from a pay booth. Let's go."

The cafe was situated on a small side-street, yet it was close enough to some of the bigger hotels so that one could hear the music being played on their terraces and feel the breeze from the lake, on which sailboats and rowboats glided peacefully. The fat beeswax candles in the showcase, the ceramic madonnas, the high-stemmed platters with their creamy tortes, cookies and chocolates, all were typical. There was the small counter where one could make one's choice of the delicacies offered, and a bar complete with an Italian espresso machine, and one of those glass bowls in an iron stand that miraculously measured the exact amount of wine into your glass. Two steps down from the bar, an oval space with tables opened up, and a door to the right led to the washroom.

"Sit down," Strubb said, "and order something to eat. The kitchen at the Nepomuk may be closed by the time you get back." He left Robert alone at a table close to the bar.

In spite of the late hour there were quite a few people, most of them natives, with a sprinkling of foreigners who could be easily recognised — the men by the newness of their green and grey jackets, the women by the self-consciousness with which they wore their unaccustomed dirndls. A waitress put rolls and a platter of cold-cuts down in front of Robert. "That's all we have," she said apologetically. "We don't go in much for food, but the raspberry tart's very good and I'll put an extra portion of whipped cream on it."

Robert shook his head, but to his surprise found he could eat and had almost finished before Strubb came back, followed by a buxom young blond woman. With her two heavy braids spun like a wreath around her head, she looked as if she had just stepped out of the cast of "The White Horse Inn," and when he took a second look at her he saw that in a conventional way she was very pretty, with a perfectly shaped face, clear grey eyes and smooth silky skin. But the tension that swept through him like a tide, now weaker, now stronger, made him resent everything he might otherwise have found enjoyable. He managed a smile.

"I just told the Herr Inspektor that I'm never here before nine in the morning. Why should I look at empty tables? It would only depress me." She spoke gently, as she had been taught or knew by insinct that in the long run nothing soothed a man so much as a woman's indefatigable gentleness. "Besides, I need my sleep. I work late every evening and I have to take care of my house before I come here. The telephone people must have made a mistake. It wouldn't be the first time."

"A mistake is out of the question," said Strubb, and the impatience in his voice made it obvious that he had said so before. "Now try to remember, Frau Huber. Didn't you see an American on Friday morning who resembles this man here?"

The young woman scanned Robert fleetingly. "Now Herr Inspektor, that doesn't make sense. How could I have seen anyone when I wasn't here? You know as well as I do that the cafe is never open until nine. Sometimes later."

"Not true!"

It sounded more like the growl of a dog than a human voice. From behind the bar a face popped into view, like a cork shot from a bottle, one of those corks decorated with a carved, grinning little head. "Why Anton," said Strubb, "what did you say?"

"Eavesdropping again, Anton?" Frau Huber laughed as if this were an old joke between them. "Well, come on out."

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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No. 120.—SHEATH FROCK

Attractive easy-to-make sheath is available cut out to make in black, red, ming-blue, and lilac silicone velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/9/6. Postage and dispatch, 4/- extra.

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Readers' hints

• Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these helpful household hints.

BEFORE going away for a holiday, put a coating of metal polish over all brass and steel. A rub with a soft duster on your return will polish the metal brightly. — Mrs. J. N. Burke, 115 Roslyn St., Mid Brighton S.5, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Tear old sheets, pillowcases, or towels into pieces about six inches square and keep in a container in a cupboard near the sink. They are very useful for wiping grease from dishes and pans, or wiping up water on the floor. Each piece can be thrown away when used. — Mrs. H. O'Rourke, 5 Glaisher Parade, Sth. Cronulla, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Stuff the hollows of baked apples with short lengths of rhubarb and a little brown sugar before you put them in the oven. For a toffee finish, rub each apple with buttered paper and roll in brown sugar.— E. Harris, 5 Perseverance St., Gympie, Qld.

★ ★ ★

If you fix a set of castors to your small kitchen table you will save many a step. Dirty dishes can be wheeled to the sink and clean ones to the cupboards or shelves. It can also be kept close by the oven ready for hot dishes, cakes, etc.—Mrs. E. Clagne, 15 Nikau St., New Lynn, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

Having burnt a hole in the bag of my barrel-type vacuum-cleaner I repaired it quickly and easily with one of the iron-on patches used to mend clothes. Simply apply with hot iron in usual way. — Mrs. J. Tesch, 37 Evelyn Rd., Ringwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Pour a small can of celery soup over cooked carrots, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, and bake in hot oven until top is crisp and golden brown. It makes a delicious and different vegetable — A. E. Brown, 18 Balmain St., Wooloowin N.3, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Don't discard winter coats, skirts, or dresses. From them cut as many 10in. squares as possible on the straight of the material. When you have about 40 squares, join on the machine and back with flannelette. You will have a handy, tough, and inexpensive rug.—Mrs. Peggy Light, 34 Brewster St., Essendon, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Place a large sheet of aluminium foil under the ironing-sheet. Foil reflects heat and you will find the ironing will be done more easily and quickly.—Mrs. C. Bennett, 519 Cummins St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Left-over mashed potato makes a delicious topping on a casserole. Whip up potato with a little milk until fluffy, then add chopped parsley. Cover casserole with potato, sprinkle with grated cheese, and place under griller until golden brown.—Mrs. E. R. Seekamp, Box 194, Berri, S.A.

★ ★ ★

To help prevent your raincoat blowing about on windy days, sew a smooth piece of metal into the bottom corners of the front hem. — Mrs. R. Wilson, 2 Govett St., Randwick, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To keep an open fireplace looking clean and attractive in winter: Buy 1lb. yellow or red ochre and a cheap whitewash brush at the hardware store, mix ochre with a little water in tin or small pail and brush it over the blackened fireplace daily after cleaning out ashes. Before using ochre for the first time remove soot with a stiff old brush. — M. Freeland, 13 Union St., Malvern S.E.3, Vic.

Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion about a reader's unusual vase.

Could you please tell me the date and origin of my rock crystal vase which bears the letter "F," a leopard, and a lion? — Mrs. W. Wiesener, Strathfield, N.S.W.

This unique gondola-shaped, silver-mounted vase appears to be Austrian and bears the date letter "F," for 1901. However, similar examples were made in Germany and France during the latter part of the 19th century.

Some examples of carved rock crystal were also embellished with silver mounts in England, so the leopard may be the London assay mark and the lion the sterling standard mark. However, this is mere conjecture — a thorough inspection of the marks would be necessary for me to give you a positive opinion about your lovely vase.

• *Beautiful rock crystal vase.*

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HAZEL . . . **. . . by Ted Key**

"Dig HIM!"

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 6.20 p.m., Thursdays.

Continued from page 64

A CALL FROM AUSTRIA

The creature who emerged from behind the bar was no taller than a thin, twelve-year-old boy, yet his hair was white, his face wrinkled. He wore a green apron and held his hands folded across it as if bracing himself against any eventuality. "Not true," he repeated solemnly. "She . . . she . . . she told me," he swallowed, "first of . . . of . . . of July, clean up . . . clean up mornings." He unfolded his hands, reached with one under his apron and pulled forth a key.

Frau Huber tapped a finger against her forehead. "I forgot," and Robert couldn't tell if she was speaking the truth or trying to cover a lie. "But he's right, I did tell him last week that I wanted him to clean in the mornings. It gets too late in the evening." She turned to face the little man. "Well, speak up, Anton. Tell us what happened."

Anton hopped forward, rather like a rabbit, and peered at Robert. He had large, dark eyes, quite beautiful eyes, even though they protruded a little. After what seemed a long time, he nodded. "S — . . . s . . . same man."

At last someone who had seen Reid, had seen him on Friday morning. Impulsively he stretched out his hand to touch Anton, but Anton hopped out of reach. "Come back." Robert spoke gently. "It wasn't I, Anton, but my brother. We do look rather alike."

Strubb motioned to him to be silent. "Tell us in your own words what you saw, Anton."

"I was cleaning," Anton stammered, pointing to the bar. "Behind there. I did not hear the door open; I did not know somebody was there until he spoke. 'Where . . . where is the telephone?' he said, and his eyes looked all over the place. But there is only one telephone, in . . . in the little office.

"I showed him, and he went past me and he saw the coffee machine and he smiled and said, 'Would you fix me a cup of coffee?' He was in the office a long time, and I was afraid the coffee would get cold and I carried it in to him, and he smiled at me again and drank it and then he got up and paid me and he was almost out when suddenly he turned back and asked me—can he try again. And he went into the office again . . ."

"You didn't hear him talk?"

Anton shook his head.

"What did he say when he left?"

Again Anton moved his head from side to side slowly, then quite unexpectedly he spoke again, rapidly now, as if he had thought over every word during his silence, and how to speak without hesitation. "I had much work," he said, "in the cellar. I could not wait. When I came back, he was gone."

THE inspector leaned forward. "Can you remember how long you were in the cellar? Twenty minutes? Half an hour? An hour?"

"Half an hour."

"And you didn't see or hear anything. Nobody else entered the cafe while you were downstairs?"

"I don't know."

So they were back where they had started. They had achieved nothing; they hadn't even solved the question where Reid had spent the days and nights after his arrival. Robert tried to suppress a sigh, but Anton noticed his deep disappointment. "So-so-sorry," he stammered, "but such a lot of noise. Buses and cars. I did not even hear the gentleman move overhead."

"How was he dressed?"

"Like everyone. Leather shorts. White shirt. Green hat. Knee-stockings. Heavy shoes."

"He sees more than I thought." Frau Huber seemed genuinely astonished.

"Did he carry a knapsack?"

Anton frowned. "I don't remember."

"Ropes?"

"I'm not sure."

Robert looked at the inspector. Strubb rose. "Thank you, Anton. You were very helpful. Sorry to have had to bother you, Frau Huber."

"It's quite all right, Herr Inspektor."

Once outside they walked slowly toward the lake.

"Do you think Anton is keeping something from us?"

The inspector sat do one of the benches stretched his legs. "I c tell you." He spoke h "There are times wh isn't quite clear in the then he runs off and hi the mountains like a wo animal. At other time behave like a perfectly mal person. He was a b child before the war. sadistic Nazi got hold and forced him to act dog. He never grew a after it was all over, began to stammer."

For just a moment tried to imagine the Anton must have en until his own problems whelmed him again. the young woman, Huber? What kind of son is she? Can trusted?"

"Trusted?" Strubb his head. "There are many people I would Tell me, is it possible your brother might stayed with friends where privately?"

"He had no friends in tria; not that I know o

"Perhaps there woman?"

Robert stared at the light that seemed to be ing down from the capped mountains to across the water. When he felt that he really know his brother? W only two nights ago with the words of his f letter engraved on his he had asked himself kind of a man Reid was?

What had happened Reid's divorce? How h compensated for it? bother," said Strubb Robert didn't answer. understand that one c very close yet know vers actually about one an Well, let's turn in. T nothing more we can d night. Tomorrow I'll g touch with the guides of them might know your brother went or made any inquiries. An tomorrow we'll know d itely if he's still in Aus He rose. "One more que if you don't mind — did brother have enemies?"

"As far as I know, e one liked him. He's a trial lawyer. He's a corp tion lawyer and deals with business matters."

"I didn't mean it pr sionally, not necessarily. A one can have enemies. W me to drive you back?"

"Thanks, no. The cler the Nepomuk arranged f car for me. I've got it pa near the station."

To be continued

(The novel "A Call Fr Austria" is published by H der & Stoughton.)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TI

Modess* because

Only Modess napkins have such fine features . . . an exclusive Masslinn* cover for extra softness, a "Magic Channel" of protection and a discreet deodorant you can trust.

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'SHORTBREAD KISSES'

make sixty (baking time fifteen minutes) with the delicious goodness of Tulip

TULIP SHORTBREAD KISSES:
8 ozs. Tulip margarine, 8 ozs. plain flour, 4 ozs. icing sugar, 2 ozs. cornflour, 1 teaspn. brandy or vanilla essence, pinch salt, cherries, almonds to decorate.

METHOD: 1. Cream Tulip margarine, sugar and brandy or vanilla. 2. Add sifted flour, cornflour and salt — blend well. 3. Pipe or force onto cold greased trays—decorate with cherries or almonds. 4. Cook in moderate-hot oven till straw colour, about 15 minutes.

ALTERNATIVE: For chocolate biscuits add 1 tablespoon of cocoa blended with hot water to ½ (half) the mixture. If desired "Kisses" when cold can be joined together with cream.

HAVE YOU A COOKING PROBLEM?
The Daffodil Cooking Centre has all the answers. Write, phone or call personally Daffodil Cooking Centre, 4th Floor, McDowells, King Street, Sydney Telephone 2 0159, extension 170.

TULIP

Australia's quality Margarine a product of VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD.

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4TH MARVILLE Mother's Choice

NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

1,032 PRIZES WORTH £11,244

YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE COULD WIN!

NATIONAL PRIZE

Australia's Baking Queen wins

OLYMPIC GAMES CRUISE FOR TWO PLUS £500 CASH

Sail with Sitmar on a fabulous 45-day luxury cruise for **two** to Tokyo for the Olympic Games. Departing Sydney September 26, 1964. £500 cash to spend—and your Morris 850 State Prize waiting when you return.

You don't have to be a Blue Ribbon Cook to win a prize in Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest! This Quest is especially for **you**—the housewife. **Home economists and professional cooks are not permitted to enter.** So send your favourite recipe in **now** . . . you may be Australia's next National Baking Queen!

STATE FIRST PRIZES

6 MORRIS 850's

Plus free travel to Melbourne by **ANSETT-ANA** with free accommodation at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel to participate in the National Bake-off for Australia's Baking Queen.

STATE SECOND PRIZES

6 METTERS RANGES,

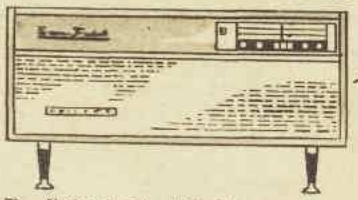
each valued at £145/17/6. A luxury range with every modern feature, including Metters exclusive "East-West" barbecue in Turkey-size oven.

STATE THIRD PRIZES

6 Kenwood MIXERS

Each valued at £39/10/-. Complete with glass heat-resistant mixing bowl; "k" beater for mixing cakes, pastry, puddings; high-speed whisk for egg whites, omelettes, meringues; doughook for heavy mixes and a spatula. Plus big illustrated recipe-instruction book.

SCHOOLGIRL PRINCESS AWARD



The National Schoolgirl Princess wins a Philips Partigram and £50 cash for her recipe. State Princesses win £50 cash. (This section open only to schoolgirls under 18.)

IT'S EASY TO ENTER

HERE'S HOW

1. Send your favourite recipe for biscuits, cakes, scones or pastries made with Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour to: 4th Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest, Box 300, P.O., Wahroonga, N.S.W.
2. Detach entry form, fill it in and attach it to your recipe. Extra entry forms available from your grocer.
3. Attach your entry to a Marville Margarine wrapper and the "pre-sifted" seal from the front of a Mother's Choice Flour pack (except where this contravenes State laws).

Weekly and Princess prizes (see prize list) will be awarded on recipe alone. 6 State Finalists will be selected in each State and will actually bake their recipes under controlled conditions in State Capitals.

Winners of State Bake-Offs will compete in the National Bake-Off at Melbourne, and the winner of this will be crowned "National Baking Queen."

Competitors in State Bake-Offs enjoy free travel on their trip to the State Capital. National Finalists will be flown to Melbourne via Ansett-ANA with accommodation at the luxurious Southern Cross Hotel.

Weekly winners announced in "Australian Women's Weekly" from issue dated July 8.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

26 PHILIPS EXPLORER '7' TRANSISTORS

Each valued at 26 gns.—awarded to State Finalists who do not win a car, a range or a mixer, and to National Weekly Winners.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

980 CROWN CASSEROLE DISHES

4-pint casseroles awarded to State Weekly Winners

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES JULY 31, 1964—SEND IN YOUR RECIPE NOW

Pin attachments here

ENTRY FORM (detach along dotted line)

Conditions of entry: Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. Employees of Marville Margarine, Mother's Choice, or their associated Companies (and their families), home economists, bakers and chefs may not enter. All recipes become the property of Marville Margarine and Mother's Choice Flour.

I enclose my recipe and accept the conditions of the 4th (1964) Marville-Mother's Choice National Baking Quest as advertised.

Name . . . . . .

(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Signed . . . . . State . . . .

Schoolgirl Princess Award. Tick here if school student under 18 ☐

MM304

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Continued from page 29

THE BEAUTIFUL SLOOPS

e has already spent the oney on the hot-pink shift e is wearing. To be fair to er, I must admit Mother ould purr even if she did y the bill; she is by nature purrer at men.

She is a good cook of the otic and the house is decored with what the ladies' agazines call flair; but til Father took over the eekly marketing we always ached a night when there as nothing left in the freezer cept a package of artioke hearts.

My bedroom cupboard hich has a splendid ompe l'oeil wisteria vine, nd-painted by Mother, ver held a pair of matched cks throughout my childood. Finally, when we all re in school, Father nailed boxes with our names on em to the wall of the upirs hall.

Every evening thereafter directed the placing of e accoutrements of each ammar-school uniform in respective box. They made traffic hazard out of the ll, but we wouldn't have aduated without them; our senteeism had grown to ch proportions that we ver would have been proted.

All this is in the past, hower. I am twenty and fined with junior college, and other is thirty-nine and her ildren are old enough to their own shoes. The uble is, Mother is not quite enty and I am thirty-nine heart.

I have never believed in trology since observing the o of us. No sun was in enus when I came along; e stars must have changed eir courses in the years beeen her birth and mine. I n conscientious, hardworkg, efficient, and methodi— it is awful, but I am d I know it.

I inherited Mother's green es and her ankles; but along th them came my father's edisposition to be an chor instead of a will-o'-e-wisp. I suspect that noody is ever going to love me st for being; whereas all rts of people—men, women, nd children — adore Mother recisely for that. Most pecially men.

The postman delivers our ail by hand; the newsboy es around to the back orch so that Mother may ad the paper while retched out on the lounge; e butcher telephones when e has a choice piece of meat. Creditors implore Mother keep her account open, st to have her around; the ce-president of the bank onors her cheques when she overdrawn and pores over e statement with her until e has it balanced. The inrance man doesn't seem to re that she never buys any surance from him so long he can sit around with her nd talk about it.

Down through the years, it ways has been that way; om goggle-eyed youth to nerable gentleman, men ave flocked to our doorstep. view of this, I suppose the Fair of Derek Blaine should ot have had the significance did; but, even from the beinning, somehow it stood ut. Derek Blaine was diffrent.

From the start, Derek laine frightened me. You e, despite the masculine dmirers, through all the ears of my parents' marage, there never had been ny question that there was nyone for my mother except y father.

Their peculiar, inviolate tooetherness was our security; was the thing that made e missing socks and the artihoke hearts unimportant. We all revolved around the fact that they loved each other.

When Derek came along, I tried to tell myself that I was grown now and didn't need the oneness of the hearth any more. But what about the younger ones? What would happen to them if they should lose it? I pondered it for months after the day Derek burst upon us.

"We have a new neighbor," my mother said at dinner one evening. "In the Sutter house across the street. He's a widower—terribly attractive —with a little girl four years old and the most dour old housekeeper you've ever seen."

She paused and buttered a roll thoughtfully. "Poor fellow," she said. "What a lonely kind of life. You know, John, you really ought to go over and get acquainted."

It was a polite fiction maintained by my mother that my father was the people collector in the family. In actual fact, he could be trapped in an elevator for three days with someone and never learn his name; whereas Mother cannot enter a store without getting to know the salesgirls.

"Good idea," my father said. "I'll stop in this weekend."

HAVING thus established the fiction and knowing that for Father the weekend *might never come*, Mother proceeded along her own lines. The following day she baked a pie and a collection of tarts for the little girl and took them to the Sutter house.

She presented them to the dour housekeeper along with a little note saying, "Welcome," and returned home to await developments. And that evening Derek Blaine paid his first visit to our house.

He didn't open the gate; he vaulted it, balancing a handful of summer roses from his garden. He was a tall, dark-haired young man who bore no resemblance to anyone who had led a sad and lonely life. He had a walk that owned the world and a smile that made your breath catch and a charm that was so strong it was almost visible.

He bowed to my mother, who was weeding a batch of annuals, smiled the smile, and said, "I hope you do not have rose fever. I would certainly hate to endanger a friendship with a pastry chef. Dinner was wonderful, thanks to you."

"I adore them," Mother said, burying her nose in the roses. She smiled up at him. "And, do you know, I don't believe I ever received roses before from a man whose name I didn't even know. It's really quite exciting."

"Derek Blaine," he said.

She held out her hand. "Cissy Cartwright," she said. "And this is my daughter Amanda."

I was walking toward them from the garden.

"Well, you certainly look old enough to have a grown daughter," he said. "I see no reason why you shouldn't."

"Mr. Blaine," Mother said, "I do not."

"Call me Derek," he said, "or I will feel that old myself. And mine's only four." He turned to me. "And yours is so pretty. You're awfully pretty—did you know that?"

"My, he's a curious fellow," Mother said after he had departed.

"Curious?" I said. I frowned.

It was odd that she did not see it when it was as plain as the morning. There are people in this world whose sun is in Venus no matter when they were born; you can see it in their eyes and the way they walk; you can see them skimming where others sink; you can see them floating where others are becalmed; you can see them dauntless, no matter what happens.

Age never withers any of them; age never matters. They are the beautiful changelings. My mother was one of them — and so was Derek Blaine. I had gone down the path that evening and seen them standing together and in an instant, like a piece of a jigsaw puzzle locking with another piece, I knew. And that is what I was afraid of.

"Well," my mother said thoughtfully, "he's not like your father. Of course, he's a young man, but even when your father was a young man —" She stood up from her weeding. "But think of that poor little girl with that sour woman all day. It's enough to give her a neurosis. I'll have to do something about it."

She did not have to do very much. Derek took to wandering over to our house almost at once. On the long August evenings and the weekends, with Annemarie, his daughter, by the hand, he came. And because he was there and my mother was there, and they were people who made things happen, all that summer it was like an endless party. They were guarded against woe, the two of them, and they communicated their joy to us as easily as they breathed.

I was taking a course in shorthand, and when Derek was on vacation he would pick me up at the school, toss a bathing-suit in my lap, and we would head for the shore and race Annemarie into the water to ride the waves.

Derek's wife had died when Annemarie was born and when they had been married just ten months. I fought off the thought that there was a certain gallantry in the way he was raising a daughter alone

I was afraid, and I fought off any kind thoughts I might have. I kept remembering my father patiently fixing the washing-machine after Mother had done something to it, or sorting the scrambled cheques at the end of the month, or nailing those boxes to the upstairs wall. Then I watched my mother learning a samba step from Derek, and there seemed nothing fair about it at all.

Father would sit on the porch complacently smoking a pipe, and I would wish that he weren't smoking a pipe. Suddenly a pipe was stodgy. I wished he would collect jokes, the way Derek did, or bring home a set of bongo drums, or learn a new dance step, or miss his train once in a while. Maybe twenty years of common sense were too much for any woman, much less my mother, with her blithe-spirit air and her walk that owned the world.

Once, late in the summer, we were going to hire a boat and cruise in the bay.

"There's a cabin cruiser available at the fourth dock," I said.

"Ah, no," Derek said. 'We want a sloop, don't we? A beautiful, long, low—"

"A sloop is no good unless the wind is right," I said. "And how can we tell?"

My father leaned forward and draped an arm carelessly across my mother's shoulders. "I imagine your mother wants a sloop, too," he said. "She usually does. Amanda, it isn't the wind that has to be right for one; it's the attitude."

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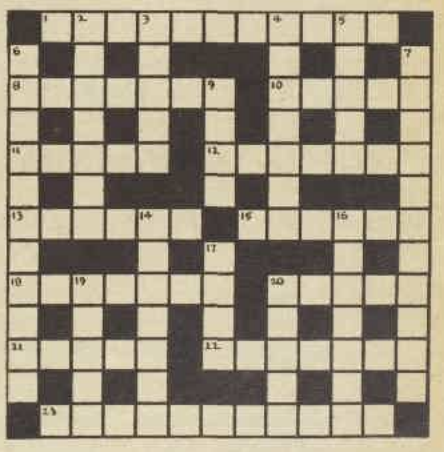
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

LOOKING for the runaway asteroid, Narda looks at the moon and sees a huge head. She does not know this creature from outer space could save the Earth from being hit by the asteroid. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. English university depression (6, 5).
8. Sue, so so; bony (7).
10. Hill starts a portable lamp (5).
11. Requires with ease inside (5).
12. Answers wittily concerning wrongs (7).
13. For packing pistons use first airy substance (6).
15. A short revolution turns in brown in this inn (6).
18. Speech containing no fixed allowance (7).
20. A graduate turns in a stroke for custom (5).
21. Belongs to them (5).
22. A rat turns to a dissected ant with a blast of trumpet (7).
23. Fruits which will stick in anybody's throat (5, 6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Bone scrapers (7).
3. Boose with wind instruments (5).
4. Ancient name of Paris (7).
5. Mistake or mistake (5).
6. The real end of Scotland (4, 1, 6).
7. Suitable subjects for small talk (4, 3, 4).
9. An ancestor ending in anger (4).
14. Concise saying (7).
16. Include (7).
17. Tie together (4).
19. Improve a repair (5).
20. Large drinking vessel good for a nap (5).

N	E	C	K	O	R	N	O	T	H	I	N
O		H		P		E		A		R	O
B	R	A	K	E		F	I	B	R	O	U
E		P		N		A		U		N	S
L	E	T	S		D	R	O	L	L	Y	O
		E				I		A			O
W	O	R	D	S	W	O	R	T	H	I	A
A				C		U		E			
R		G	A	R	I	S	H		E	A	R
D		A		U		N		L		L	A
O	F	F	E	N	C	E		A	M	I	S
F		F		C		S		R		B	T
F	R	E	S	H	A	S	A	D	A	I	S

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Despite such moments, I admit that I had nothing specific to go on in the matter of Derek and my mother. Our house is ever crowded; we all have friends coming and going; and since my mother is my mother, there is an open-house air about it every day.

If it was a bit more wide-open with Derek around, the difference was only in degree. And if I was aware of his presence and inclined to think he spent an inordinate amount of time in someone else's living-room, he was certainly surrounded whenever he was here. Not until the question of the hi-fi arose did we get down to bedrock.

In September I completed my shorthand course and got a job as a secretary in an office in midtown Manhattan. After that, Derek and I commuted to work together every morning. My father is an early

Continued from page 69

riser and took a train before ours; but invariably Derek and I found each other walking down our block at the same time, and soon he took to whistling at the gate until I emerged.

My mother is the lipstick-for-breakfast type, and I'm sure this was not lost on him whenever he caught a glimpse of her; but there was little time for the amenities at that hour. We would walk briskly and arrive at the station a minute or so before train time. He would buy a paper for himself and one for me, then solemnly accept the dime I handed him.

"I'm sure it would throw your careful budget all off if I should treat you to this," he said.

THE BEAUTIFUL SLOOPS

"Don't be silly. I wouldn't think of permitting you to," I said.

"Your entire purpose in life is to find a man to support you for the rest of your days," he said. "You can't begin too soon. There's an economic principle you never learned in college." He smiled. "Or at your mother's knee, either, I might add."

I had a dim realisation that I faced a long lifetime of paying the retail price for whatever I got; but I disliked being reminded of it by him, so I frowned and didn't answer and read the paper in silence all the way to New York. I talked, in fact, as little as possible on these morning rides. I was on guard against him, as any woman in her right mind would be against any man who had that amount of charm at that hour.

It was a month or so after we had begun our daily rides that he remarked quite casually one morning, "Say, I understand there are some birthdays coming up at your house."

"Two of them," I said. "My mother's and mine."

"And what are you planning for the occasion?" he said.

"Nothing in particular."

He looked thoughtful. "Well, you know, Amanda," he said, "your mother is so good to so many people — she's certainly been good to me —"

"She certainly has," I said.

He was not fazed by this. "And remember the party she gave for Annemarie?" he said. "Now, was a nice gesture. And I've thinking. Maybe something ought to happen to her this around. Something special, thing handsome."

"Handsome?" I said.

"Oh, a particular gift — I'll help you with a party. you're a working girl now. of some special gift you'd li get for her."

Or you'd like to get for thought. "I've been working only a month," I said.

"That record player of you about had it," he said, ignoring "What would you say to a hi one of those custom jobs?"

"A hi-fi?" I said. "I even begin to afford it."

"There are ways to afford my dear," he said. "You heard of charge accounts?"

I had heard of charge acc Charge accounts were thing mother and my father ha when the credit managers nasty. "I don't have one," I "And I don't intend to have

"Oh, don't be such a stick said. "Everybody has one."

WE anchor long moments of hating being we are; this was one of mine. —well, I couldn't get one," I "I don't have any bank acco don't own anything."

"I have several," he said my guest."

I stared at him. "You mea said. "In other words—" In words, he would be the one bought the gift.

"You don't need other wor give you a little card with a on it; you present it to the the store—in fact, I'll go wit and help you pick it out. I think you know much about

"I know how much they co said. "And absolutely no. I be in your debt—"

"I'm not planning on m away," he said. "And you ha honest face."

"No," I said again. "Just no."

"She's an awfully good mo you," he said musingly.

"That has nothing to do wi I said.

He shrugged. "All right," he "Have it your way. You disap me, however."

I opened the morning paper a snap and read it for the re the ride.

He did not dismiss the lightly, however. Every da some fashion, he would allude He would point to an advertise for a record sale in the newsp or hum a song, then break off say, "I suppose you haven't that one. It just came out."

He would study me in si we walked along and then re apropos of nothing, "You strong will isn't good in a wo No good at all." He was we me down, and he was makin mad, and when that particular in October dawned, without rea it, I had been waiting to meet

Once every autumn, a day that one comes to New York. Sp has its moments, too, and w its starry nights. Other cities have their seasons in the sun in New York, when it arrives, day is unique. It is the on which summer goes away for

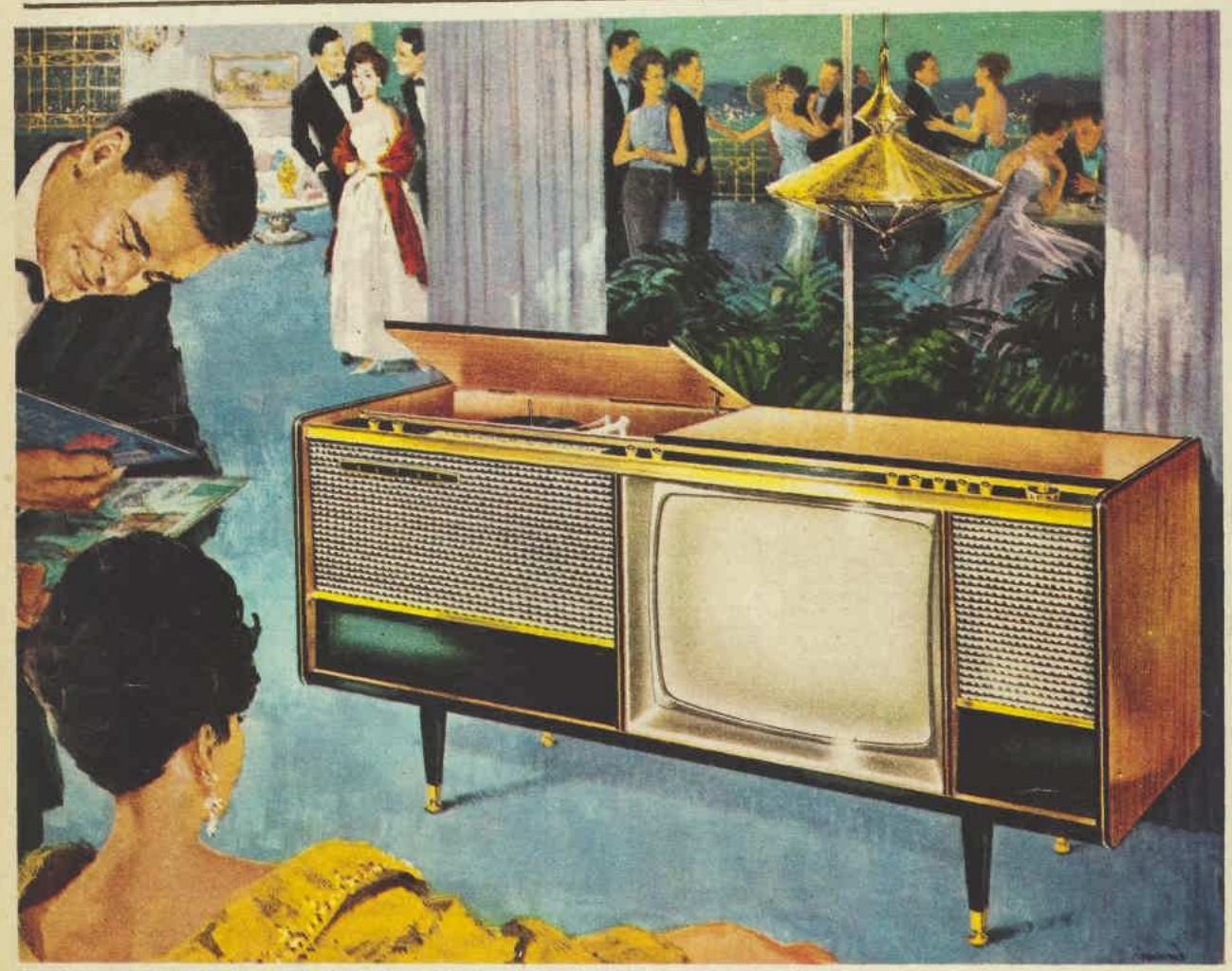
Derek and I emerged from station in the morning and st to cross the street to the bus Suddenly he stopped. "I do belie he said, "that this is it. This is day. We are taking today off. C on, let's go."

"But—" I said, "but—I c How could I? I've only been w ing—"

"You have only been wor for a month. You have told that five times this week alre However, I've been working for years. I need a day off, and is the one to take." He squee my elbow. "Come on, follow

It was another one of the moments. Being sensible is a sentence you are doomed to se at times like this, you would for pardon.

To page 71



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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LTD.

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Continued from page 70

THE BEAUTIFUL SLOOPS

I closed my eyes while Derek kept on squeezing my elbow and saying, "Oh, come on. You can do it."

Then, like a plunge off the highboard into the cold water, I did it. "All—all right," I said.

After that, nothing was really real. We took a trip on the Staten Island ferry, and we walked through the old caverns of streets at the bottom of New York, Old Slip, and the rest. We ate in a very dark, tiny spot uptown; we wandered through the garden of the Museum of Modern Art; we watched the first leaves turning amber on the trees in Central Park.

We held hands, and we exchanged small, crazy confidences about each other, as if we were drinking champagne all the while we talked.

And at four o'clock we entered Macy's department store. We proceeded to the proper floor; Derek handed me a card with a number on it, and I completed the purchase of a custom-model hi-fi, with a fruitwood French Provincial cabinet and five albums of records to play on it. The total cost was four hundred and eighty-nine dollars; it was the unrealist thing of all.

DEREK signed the sales slip with a flourish, took my arm, and smiled down at me broadly. "Now," he said, "now you feel good. Now you've done something for somebody, and it makes you feel wonderful. Isn't that right?"

I swallowed. "I don't know," I said. "I think maybe I felt better before."

"Don't be silly," he said. "Money can't buy it, that feeling. And I'll treat you to champagne for the party. Shall we make it a surprise?"

By now I was too far gone for anything to matter. I was inextricably bound to him financially for what probably was years to come; I was going to be fired from my job, which would demolish my means of support right there; and he had achieved precisely what he wanted so effortlessly that my head still was spinning.

I nodded unhappily. "All right," I said. Suddenly I felt miserable. I blamed it obscurely on my mother for having six children and ankles and a twenty-four-inch waistline. And I blamed it on Derek Blaine for buying a house with a backyard for his daughter and picking one across the street from ours.

"Now, not a word about this," he said, "or the party, either. And you leave that part to me."

I did not lose my job, which was something, at least, and I sat down with a pencil and paper and estimated just how much I would deduct from my biweekly salary cheques for just how long, in order to pay for the hi-fi. I gave Derek Blaine a typewritten sheet of figures, and he folded the paper with great care and placed it in his wallet.

Then I had a long talk with myself about the folly of talking as if one were drinking champagne, and I began setting my alarm clock earlier. I arose with my father and took the train with him to Manhattan. Since my office did not open until nine and I had no key, this left me with considerable time for wandering the street, and I did it with a kind of pain.

Derek had been quite right about it; that day did not come back again — the mornings were quite ordinary now. I never skimmed the pavements at all.

"You have smudges under your eyes, pet," my mother said. "I don't know why you are getting up so early. Derek's been looking for you every morning."

"Derek Blaine is lazy and frivolous," I said.

"I know," my mother said. "But he's company, at least. And he's lonely, you know."

"He is about as lonely as a Sunday driver in traffic," I said. "He's never been lonely in his life."

He did not catch up with me until a day or so before the birthday.

"I know you have debts," he said, "but you don't have to work overtime to pay them. I am a patient man."

"I like getting up early," I said.

"Well, suit yourself," he said, "but plan to stay up late on the eighteenth. I've arranged for delivery when your mother is out; the champagne is ready to be iced, and I'll meet you in town and take a train out with you."

"That isn't necessary, is it?" I said.

"No, but it's efficient. You see, I have my moments, too. Why don't you leave work early?"

"Derek Blaine," I said, "do you want to ruin me completely?"

"I'd love to," he said cheerfully.

We met that evening at the appointed time, and he pinned a giant golden chrysanthemum on my lapel. "After all, it is your birthday," he said. "And you have reached the age where it is safe to abduct you. I find that quite a relief."

He propelled me through the hordes of commuters streaming down the station stairs and out on the express to our stop and down the block to the house. Even before we reached it, however, everything seemed strangely silent. Our house is never silent; its silence was more evident than noise would be. Derek opened the gate, bowed low, and stepped aside for me to enter.

I frowned. "I don't think anybody is home yet," I said. "Are you sure you had everything arranged?"

"Don't worry," he said. "It is all arranged."

We walked up the steps together; he opened the door, and we went inside. The empty living-room glowed with more golden chrysanthemums, bowls of them everywhere. One bowl was set on the French Provincial hi-fi, resplendent in the centre of the room. It was circled with a satin ribbon, from which a huge label dangled. On the label was printed the single word "Amanda."

I stood absolutely still. "I don't——" I said. "I don't understand——"

He took my hand and led me closer to it. "All you ever needed was to be set to music," he said. "From the first day I saw you, I knew that — and it's all I ever wanted to do." He smiled down at me. "But I had to have a little fun while I did it. Never make me give up a little fun." He turned a few buttons on the hi-fi, and music began filling the room.

"But—but—my mother—" I said.

He drew me toward the sofa beside him. "Isn't that the most amazing thing of all?" he said. "That somebody like your mother could manage to produce somebody wonderful like you? No disrespect to your mother, but she'd have scared me to death if you hadn't been there from the start." He leaned back and smiled at the ceiling. "And now," he said, "all you have to do is badger me into faithfully paying the instalments on this. After that, I'll be able to afford to marry you."

"Marry me?" I said. "Me?"

"Well, your next sister's only fourteen — and besides, you appeal to me more." Then he put both hands on my shoulders and it was funny —my feet were skimming the rug, the way, that day in New York, they had skimmed the pavements. "Oh, Amanda, Amanda," he said, "don't you know that people like me need people like you? And doesn't it follow that people like you might need people like me, too?"

Now, I had lived with it for a lifetime; but when I looked at him that night, the wonder of it was all new. "Do you suppose it's really true?" I said.

"Amanda," he said, "in matters like this I don't suppose at all. I wouldn't dream of it."

"Well, of course, Amanda," my mother said, "Derek Blaine is not like your father, you know." She threw back her head and gazed dreamily across the room to where my father was sitting with his pipe. "He doesn't have the same warmth, the special charm your father has."

I looked at her, at her beautiful radiant face that was forty and laughed at it, at the gleam in her eye she would take to her grave. I looked at her and I knew. The beautiful sloops don't recognise each other at all. They pass in the night, one never knowing the other, both heading in opposite directions. That was the gift given to people like my father and me, the lucky ones—the gift that made up for the rest. We inherited the changelings of the world. They gave us the magic and we gave them rest. And in a lifetime no one of them ever knew that another existed at all.

MY mother shrugged and walked across the room to my father. "Oh, I suppose when you're in love, it doesn't matter," she said. "Nothing really does."

It was useless to explain—and who would want to try? "That is exactly what I mean," I said to her. And that was the end of the subject.

Of late, however, I have noticed something else — which I do not intend to tell. I have watched Annemarie, who is four years old. I have seen her sitting soberly at parties, noticed her trudging about on her own little errands, watched her clutching her coins at the store and purposefully, carefully dropping them into the clerk's hand.

I know the straight up-and-down, whole-wheatbread look of her—and I have seen the kinship in her eyes. For she is an anchor, too. Together we share a highwayman, she and I, to love in our separate ways. We have years to spend, picking up the pieces and listening for a certain footstep on the walk.

And she, of course, has a second chance as well. She may grow up and go out and find a beautiful sloop of her own. If she is one of the lucky ones, that is.

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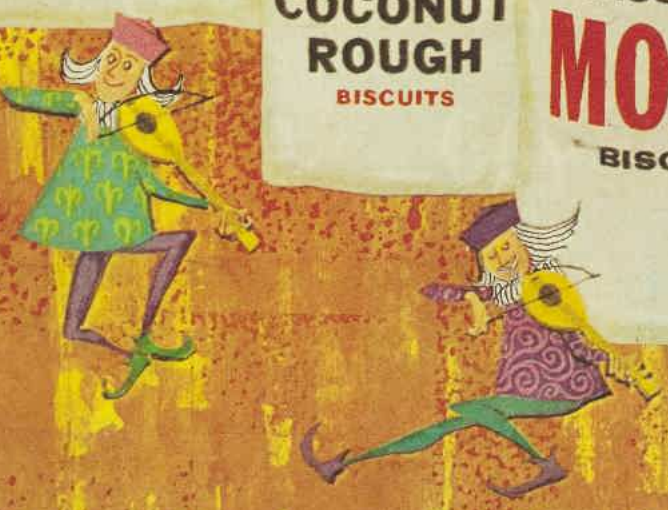

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